Attractive Truths in Lesson and Story

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ATTRACTIVE TRUTHS

IN LESSON AND STORY.

A SERIES OF

OUTLINE LESSONS WITH ILLUSTRATIVE STORIES

FOR

JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES,

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS,

AND

HOME TEACHING.

BY

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WITH INTRODUCTION BY

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OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

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DEDICATED
TO
MY MOTHER,
IN MEMORY OF HER LOVING DEVOTION
IN CHILDHOOD'S DAYS,
AND
TO THE DEAR CHILDREN OF THE TABERNACLE IN
JERSEY CITY WHO HAVE SO FAITHFULLY MET
TO STUDY THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS
OF OUR BLESSED MASTER.
BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

AS WE look abroad, today, we see countless numbers of young people who are making sad shipwrecks of their lives. In the families of rich and poor alike there are cruel disappointments over children who are certain to fill dishonored graves. Even the Christian family is not exempt, for too often we find in it the embezzler, the drunkard, the thief, or the profligate of some sort. Now, the question which forces itself upon us is this: Was there no way in which these unfortunates could have been saved? Doubtless all were born with wicked propensities to a greater or lesser degree, but I doubt if many or most of them could not have been rescued had they been properly instructed in youth. More and more are we realizing the mighty power of *early* training. As people grow older their memories are more taxed and less retentive, while the impressions made in childhood seem almost impossible to efface.

If, then, these little ones, which God has given us, are to stand the storms and not be stranded when tossed on the sea of life, they must be thoroughly instructed in the dangers they are to meet, and prepared to direct themselves aright. Christ came into the world to give us certain grand principles for the guidance of life, and to mark out the channels, not forgetting to indicate the haven; and it is *this* instruction that must

be fixed in the minds of the children. If this training were realized in the home, there might not be the urgent call for church instruction; but the fact is that in many families the children are very poorly equipped for the voyage of life. Lessons on dress and etiquette are not neglected but too frequently the warnings are very feeble in regard to the great rocks of sin against which the little mariners may so soon strike. The father neglects it, perhaps, because he is so much absorbed in business that he has little time for home training, or perchance, not being perfectly true himself, he may feel as the boy did who broke a window: "I'd rather not talk now." The mother, with her abounding love in her little ones, confidently tells you that she has no fears that *her* darlings will do anything amiss; but, alas! the poor woman awakes from her delusion to find some loved child floundering in deep waters, and she powerless to save.

The perils to the young in this age are overwhelming, and children of the church, and children of the street, need to be gathered in and taught. Let the devoted women of our land, who are crying "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" recall His words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

"Only an hour with the children
Pleasantly, cheerfully given;
Yet seed was sown
In that hour alone
Which would bring forth fruit in heaven."

But many who are willing to do spiritual work among children lack, at first, just that experience in originating and combining ideas that is so requisite for success in the work. Extensive fields of thought must be roamed

over, and buds and blossoms gathered which shall prove attractive to the little ones. This requires much labor, and, if one does not know the hiding-places of these little beauties, the search for them will seem so laborious that many will hesitate to engage in it. The writer, therefore, has endeavored, after extended research, to arrange thoughts, both old and new, in a way that will prove helpful for religious instruction among children.

Parents who have the spiritual education of their children in view can, by the aid of this little book, mark Bible verses, and teach noble principles in an attractive manner.

The Scripture verses, which have been chosen for each day, will enrich the character and prove invaluable in times of need. When turning the leaves of their Bibles in years to come, they cannot fail to point forcibly to the way of holiness.

Stories are a never-failing source of enjoyment to children, and, when chosen with care, they can become a mighty power in clinching divine truth.

The outlines, it is hoped, will give added force to all other thoughts on the subject; they are designed merely as threads of thought, which can be woven into any size or shape that may be desired.

Hints are given on all points which are deemed necessary for successful religious teaching, and it is hoped that the work is so simplified that a novice can readily engage in it, thus becoming instrumental in developing noble men and women.

May the mission of this book be to induce many to undertake the religious training of the young, thus leading the dear children early into the Christian life!

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS book is indicative of the fact that the church is living in an era when the training of her children is her chief concern. It is indicative as well of the better things to come to the church of God when, with patience, care and loving zeal, generation after generation shall have been trained, from the cradle, for Christ. Growth by conquest from without, rather than by training her children within the church and for the church, was the old idea. Now on the banner of the church is written "*Nurture and Conquest.*"

The comparative disregard of Christian nurture within the church was perhaps due to the perversions of certain truths, like the doctrines of total depravity and original sin. Insensibly men reasoned, if this child is totally depraved there must be some *startling* transformation scene necessary. He must be converted, as Paul was converted on the road to Damascus. Hence he must first be expected to go to Damascus as a blasphemer. It will not be strange if he is willful and wicked, for then saving grace will interpose to do its work. Most happily for the children, most happily for the church, has the truth prevailed in more recent times that while the nature is depraved and the heart prone to evil, while a radical cure is

needed for the heart of the boy as well as for the heart of the man, yet no startling manifestation is necessary or to be expected in the life of the comparatively innocent child. He can be truly converted, truly give his heart into the keeping of Jesus Christ and choose Him for his Everlasting Portion, without the paroxysms of terror or the raptures of joy at deliverance, which the more hardened sinner might be expected to experience. In other words it has become plain that a child can become a Christian in a childlike way, quietly and naturally, and that previous training and parental guidance are the means used by God and blessed by the Holy Spirit in bringing the child to Christ. It has become plain that this is true not of the little prodigy, the precocious and sickly little girl who was "born good," but of the average, wide-a-wake, fun-loving child.

With a more complete realization of this truth have come the more modern methods of Christian nurture as a natural result. If the child can be converted and brought into the visible fold, and set at work for Christ as a child may work for Him, then a weighty responsibility rests upon the church to thus care for and train all these children. Most heartily has she, of late days, accepted this responsibility, and, while the conquests from without, among the men and women hardened in the ways of the world, are no less, her acquisitions from within, from among the children of believing parents, are vastly more numerous.

This book, as we have said before, is one of the indications that this glad day has dawned, and, as such, we

most heartily welcome it. Not only for what it indicates, but for what it is, we welcome it, for we have never seen any work more admirably fitted to its purpose. In fact, literature of this sort is very scanty, and, so far as we know, this book occupies a place all its own. If others have received as many letters as we have asking for just the information which is here given, how to teach children to study the Bible, how to teach them to pray, how to conduct a religious meeting for them, how to interest them in missionary efforts and in all benevolent work, they will agree with us that few more helpful or timely books have been issued for many a year. In the home, in the Sunday-school class, in the mission circle, above all, in the children's meeting, this volume will find its place and will be welcomed eagerly by many a perplexed parent, pastor and teacher.

One of the indications of the remarkable interest taken in work for children is the growth and development of Junior Christian Endeavor Societies, which seem destined to rival in numbers and rapidity of growth the Senior organizations of the same name, the Christian Endeavor Societies for young men and women. We do not see why this book, with its wealth of suggestive material, its outline studies on all matters of practical Christianity and its happily chosen stories, may not be used as a text book by leaders of these societies. In all these ways we believe it is destined to do much toward hastening the time when the earthly Jerusalem "shall be full of girls and boys."

F. E. CLARK.

Boston, June 21, 1889.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT TO TEACH CHILDREN.

(1) HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

Comparatively few children nowadays love to study their Bibles; indeed, very many do not possess one. Sunday-school quarterlies they have, and from them they gather most of their Bible instruction. The day of learning whole chapters has largely passed away. Here and there a child can recite a golden text of the Sunday-school lesson, but too frequently they have no idea from which book in the Bible it is taken.

One object, therefore, of a child's meeting should be to teach God's Word, and, in order to do this, every child should have a Bible of his or her own. Where children are too poor to buy, the church should provide one, loaning it until the child has attended at least a month, and then presenting it. Bibles, of good coarse print, can be procured for twenty or thirty cents. Every week, seven verses, or parts of verses (one for each day in the week), should be selected from all parts of the Bible, to be underlined with red stylographic ink. This can be done by young ladies or girls (called Bible markers), who may sit at a table in the same or an adjoining room, doing their work while the leader and assistants are conducting the meeting. Stylograph

pens are the best to prevent blotting. Great care must be taken to mark only that part of the verse that is written down in the programme, for the writer has learned by experience that if the texts are too long they will not be learned by the children. Too great stress cannot be laid on this mode of Bible instruction. In searching hither and thither for the various texts they learn to become very familiar with the books of the Bible, and soon delight to roam over its pages.

The red lines under the verses which emphasize the noble principles of our divine Master are stamped indelibly on the pages of the sacred book, and whenever in after years the children shall turn the leaves in any form of Bible study their attention cannot fail to be directed to such sentences as "Walk honestly," "I hate every false way," "Be kindly affectioned one to another," "Forsake not the law of thy mother," "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation." Who can doubt the mighty power which such verses will exert, especially if they shall serve to awaken also the valuable instruction given at the time they were marked?

The texts have been arranged in their natural order, and if the work is done by two who are sitting together, it goes very easily. One can find the places while the other underlines and blots them, and, taking two or three Bibles at a time, the work is soon accomplished. If the class is large, it may take six or eight Bible markers. Try to secure such young persons as can be relied upon for *regular* attendance.

A small note-book (paper cover, costing, by the dozen, two cents each) should be furnished each child, to be kept in the Bible for daily reference. These should be brought to each meeting, in order that the

Bible markers may put in the texts and the days on which they are to be learned. For instance, the little note-book should be written in as follows:

Lesson I.—Unselfishness.

Saturday, Isaiah 41 : 6.
Sunday, Matthew 7 : 12.
Monday, Mark 12 : 31.
Tuesday, Romans 15 : 2.
Wednesday, Galatians 6 : 2.
Thursday, Galatians 6 : 10.
Friday, Hebrews 13 : 16.

Lesson II.—Purity.

Saturday, Psalm 19 : 12.
Sunday, Psalm 24 : 3, 4.
Monday, Psalm 51 : 2.
Tuesday, Psalm 51 : 10.
Wednesday, Isaiah 1 : 16.
Thursday, Amos 4 : 6.
Friday, James 4 : 8.

With the books written in this way, the children can readily find their verses, for when they turn to the chapter and verse as indicated in the little book, the red lines will point instantly to the portion to be learned. Impress upon the children that these little books are most valuable in reviewing, and they must take great care to preserve them.

There should be Bibles in every seat before the meeting commences, as they will be needed for the responsive readings and other study. These must be furnished by the church, as those that the children possess are in the hands of the Bible markers during the service.

(II) THE RULING PRINCIPLES OF CHRIST'S LIFE.

Religion, to many children, is vague and misty. A young lady of eighteen years or more said once to the writer, "Now, I understand what religion is; you say it is doing, acting and being good. It is being Christ-like. I always thought it was *feeling* in a certain way, and I never could feel as I thought I should, no matter how hard I tried." All her life her conception of spiritual things had been wrong, and thus many years of usefulness had been wasted. Religion, to be understood by children, must be intensely practical. It is not enough to say to them that being a Christian is being Christ-like; we must go farther, and by a series of lessons analyze the character of Christ, until they can see that He was unselfish, pure, truthful, patient, obedient, etc. Christ's life and words show His spirit in regard to the following subjects:

UNSELFISHNESS. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. John 10 : 11.

PURITY. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Matthew 5 : 8.

TRUTHFULNESS. I am the way, and the truth, and the life. John 14 : 6.

PATIENCE. In your patience possess ye your souls. Luke 21 : 19.

OBEDIENCE. Not my will, but thine, be done. Luke 22 : 42.

PROFANITY. I say unto you, Swear not at all. Matthew 5 : 34.

OUR COUNTRY. Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. Matthew 22 : 21.

PRAYERFULNESS. Watch, and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. Matthew 26 : 41.

CHEERFULNESS. Your sorrow shall be turned into joy. John 16 : 20.

PUNISHMENT FOR SIN. Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness. Matthew 25 : 30.

SALVATION FROM SIN. Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. John 6 : 37.

MISSIONS. Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Mark 16 : 15.

ATTENDANCE AT CHURCH. They found Him in the temple. Luke 2 : 46.

VANITY. Beware of the scribes, which love to go in long clothing, and love salutations, and the chief seats in the synagogues. Mark 12 : 38, 39.

CHARITY. Freely ye have received, freely give. Matthew 10 : 8.

PROMPTNESS. Be ye therefore ready. Luke 12 : 40.

EVIL SPEAKING. By thy words thou shalt be justified; by thy words shalt thou be condemned. Matthew 12 : 37.

COURAGE. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? Mark 4 : 40.

BEARING THE CROSS. If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. Matthew 16 : 24.

ENVY AND JEALOUSY. By the way they disputed among themselves who should be greatest. He saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all. Mark 9 : 34, 35.

PERSEVERANCE. He that endureth to the end shall be saved. Matthew 10 : 22.

CRUELTY. And, behold, one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest, and smote off his ear. Then Jesus said unto him, Put up again thy

sword into his place: for all they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword. Matthew 26: 51, 52.

KINDNESS TO MOTHER. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home. John 19: 26, 27.

WHAT TO DO IN TROUBLE. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matthew 11: 28.

KINDNESS TO THE POOR. Give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. Matthew 19: 21.

LOVE YOUR BIBLES. Search the scriptures. John 5:39.

JESUS' LOVE FOR CHILDREN. But Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Mark 10: 14.

HONESTY. All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Matthew 7: 12.

CHRIST OUR PATTERN. If any man serve me, let him follow me. John 12: 26.

FATHERS. For God commanded, saying, Honor thy father and mother: and he that curseth father or mother, let him die the death. Matthew 15: 4.

GETTING RICHES. What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Mark 8: 36.

WHAT TO DO WHEN TEMPTED. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan. Luke 4: 8.

MORMONISM. For false Christs and false prophets shall rise. Mark 13: 22.

PEACEABLENESS. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God. Matthew 5: 9.

CONFESSION. Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. Matthew 10 : 32.

WHAT TO READ. Whoso readeth, let him understand. Matthew 24 : 15.

KEEPING THE SABBATH. The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath. Mark 2 : 27.

SLANDER. Judge not, that ye be not judged. Matthew 7 : 1.

These are the lessons to be taught during the year.

(III) HOW TO PRAY.

Prayer shou.d form a part of every service, and frequently the children should participate. It is well to explain a little about not being heard for "much speaking"; and also before the service to ask the children who are willing to pray to raise their hands. Show them that it is as easy to ask God for what they want as their mamma or papa. If, however, the children are timid, let them write a little prayer at home to read or say at the meeting. Our Lord's Prayer is printed, and all the prayers in some churches are read. It will be only for a short time that the children will need this kind of support. It is well to close the eyes while in prayer, for it will help to overcome the wiles of Satan, who is always vigilant at this time.

A helpful thing to recite in unison before commencing the prayer service, is:

"To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I mean the words I say;
Unless I think to whom I speak,
And with my heart His favor seek.

"In prayer we speak to God above,
We seek the blessed Saviour's love.
We ask for pardon for each sin,
And grace to keep us pure within.

"Then let me, when I try to pray,
Not only mind the words I say,
But let me try with watchful care
To have my heart go with my prayer."

An assistant can offer a simple little prayer, if at any time there is a pause, asking God to help those who feel timid, to pray. The following prayer may be taught, to make variety in closing the service, and to make *all* feel that they have had a part in it:

O God, our heavenly Father, we come to Thee with thankful hearts for all Thy goodness to us. May we remember that without Thy tender care we could not live in this happy world. Thou gavest us life and all the good things we enjoy, but best of all, thou didst give us Thy dear Son, our blessed Saviour. May we try to be like Him, hating all that is evil, and loving all that is good. Help us to do right, and forgive us our sins, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

(IV) HOW TO CONDUCT A RELIGIOUS MEETING.

In this day, much is expected of the young people in our churches, and it is, therefore, of the utmost importance that they acquire a little experience in childhood. It is wise, therefore, to teach every child, who is willing, how to conduct a meeting. At such times as the leader may see fit, she can assign the subject and give all needed suggestions. Teach the child thus selected how to make a programme and a little outline.

Let him or her write out some questions and answers upon the subject, to be distributed among the children, to be read at the meeting; and also choose the scripture and the hymns, calling on the leader to explain the Bible verses for the coming week, and also to read the story. Prop up any who seem frightened, with occasional ideas of your own.

Begin with the older children, and you will be surprised at the ease and grace they will display, if properly taught beforehand. Encourage their originality, and never forget to praise even the most feeble effort.

(V) A SIMPLE CREED.

Every child should have a definite idea of the essentials of religion, but in teaching them take only clear and simple truths, that the minds of the little ones can grasp, and that will not be affected by the changing interpretations of time. A creed that seems able to stand such a test is the following:

"I believe in God the Father,
Who made us every one;
Who made the earth and heavens,
The moon, and stars and sun.
All that we have each day,
To us by Him is given;
We call Him when we pray
Our Father who art in Heaven.

"I believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's only Son,
Who came to us from Heaven
And loved us every one.
He taught us to be holy,
Till on the cross He died;

And now we call Him Saviour
And Christ the crucified.

"I believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day,
And if we do not grieve Him,
He ne'er will go away.
From Heaven upon Jesus
He descended like a dove,
And dwelleth ever with us,
To fill our hearts with love."

(VI) SACRED SONG.

The value of music must not be underrated in the training of children, for it is a most powerful agent in sowing the good seed. Choose a few hymns, which are stimulating to holy aspirations and deeds, and yet are simply expressed, and so familiarize the children with the words and music that they will not require the book while singing. Remember that your words may fade and die; but these song words may live in the memory forever. Frequently allow the children to select the hymns, teaching them to choose such as will be in accord with the sentiment of the meeting. If their first choice is out of harmony, allow them to select again, after explaining why it was not suitable. Develop all the musical talent that you find in the children, thus teaching them early to consecrate their gifts to God. If several of the children play the piano, let each learn one piece perfectly, and whenever it is sung allow him or her to play it. Give to the children with sweet voices occasional solos to sing. If any of the boys play the violin, call on them also to aid in the work.

It is well always to stand while singing, as it gives a restful change of position and a better opportunity for the sound to come forth. Have an inspiring leader, who will throw an earnest spirit of worship into each hymn. Explain always the meaning of the words, until it reaches the comprehension of the youngest. A hymn having these words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," is said to have been interpreted in a fashionable church thus, "He that hath yaws to yaw, let him yaw." It is needless to say that this is the style of rendering to be avoided. Never choose gloomy hymns. "Down life's dark vale we wander," may strike a sympathetic cord in some sad soul who has given up many that were dear to her; but the valley of childhood is rarely mournful or dark, and we should aim to keep it bright and cheery as long as possible. "I feel like singing all the time," would more nearly accord with the spirit of childhood.

(VII) SACRED POETRY.

People of the present day are not overburdened with sentiment. There is little enough poetry in the web of life, and it is therefore wise, in order to touch religion from every point of view, to drop into the minds of the children occasional gems of religious poetry. Select from the best authors, but give only small portions.

(VIII) ORGANIZATION.

Many people who are conducting Children's Meetings have found organization a great aid. The growth of the Societies of Christian Endeavor, by means of a constitution, has been so wonderful that it seems very desirable to train the children along the same line.

Providing, as it does, for almost every branch of Christian work, it also opens an easy mode of transfer for the children to the societies for young men and women.

If it is urged that children may in some instances fail to keep the pledge, it may be said that there are transgressors in the older societies, and even among those who take the sacred vows used when uniting with the church. Shall, however, all these noble methods be ignored because some fail to be true?

A Junior Endeavor Constitution.

I. This Society shall be called The Junior Society of Christian Endeavor of ——— ———

II. Its object shall be to promote an earnest Christian life among the boys and girls who shall become members, and prepare them for the active service of Christ.

III. The members of this society shall consist of boys and girls under fifteen years of age, who shall take the following pledge:

"Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will try to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will pray to Him every day; and that just so far as I know how, I will try to lead a Christian life. I will be present at every meeting of the Society when I can, and will take some part in every meeting."

IV. The officers of the Society shall be a Superintendent, Assistant Superintendent, Secretary and Treasurer. There shall also be a Lookout Committee, and such other committees as may be needed.

V. The Superintendent and Assistant shall have charge of the work of the Society.

The Secretary shall keep a record of the names of the members, and the minutes of the business meetings.

The Treasurer shall safely keep all money belonging to the Society, and pay it out only as directed by the Society.

The Lookout Committee shall bring new members into the Society, and affectionately look after and reclaim any who seem indifferent to their pledge.

VI. The Superintendent and Assistant shall be appointed by the

Pastor, subject to the approval of the Church. The Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected by the Society. The Lookout Committee shall be appointed by the Superintendent and Assistant. All officers shall be chosen once in six months.

VII. A consecration meeting shall be held once a month, at which the pledge shall be read, and the roll called, and the responses of the members shall be considered a renewal of the pledge of the Society.

VIII. Part of the hour of the weekly meeting shall, if deemed best, be used by the Pastor or Superintendent of the Society for instruction, or for other exercises which they may approve.

By-Laws.

I. The last regular meeting of each month shall be a consecration meeting.

II. The officers and committees shall be chosen for six months, beginning on the first of the month following their election.

III. Special meetings of the Society may be held at any time, at the call of the Superintendent.

CHAPTER II.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

HINTS TO LEADERS.

Leading in children's work is not so much a natural gift as many suppose. Almost anyone of fair ability can become a good leader. There are a few requisites, such as cheerfulness, unselfishness, etc. Some people love the mournful things of life. They rather prefer to live in or near the Valley of the Shadow of Death. They are excellent to draw up resolutions of condolence, and write telling obituary notices; but they make poor leaders for children. It needs a person of a bright, happy disposition, with time and inclination for work; one who possesses the combined qualities of gentleness and firmness, spirituality and mirth; one who is in the spirit of "Pray without ceasing," and yet expresses in her happy face, "God giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

Tact, also, is an essential element, for there are troublesome children who often try one's patience to its utmost extent. Scolding, however, must not be resorted to, for spiritual lessons will not be kindly received from one who has shown an impatient temper. Then children are quick to catch at inconsistencies, and if the lesson or songs should chance to touch on kindness, the leader might find herself

embarrassed to proceed. Assistants to preserve order, and a little tact, are more effective than hasty words, as the following instances will show. At a meeting, once, a little girl complained that a boy seated behind her had pulled off her hat, at which the leader quietly said, "Listen, children, something new has happened in the history of this church. I have attended here for some years, but I have never seen a gentleman pull off a lady's bonnet. Have you?" A hearty reply of "No," from the children, brought a sheepish look to the face of the culprit, which gave evidence that the act would not be repeated. At another meeting, a wide-awake lad thought to promote a little fun, by suggesting that they sing a hymn that was very difficult, and not at all suitable. The leader, not understanding the trick, did not discover the mistake until the page had been given out; instead, then, of showing that she was annoyed, she coolly said: "Well, Charlie, *we* don't know this hymn; but I can play the accompaniment, and you can sing it as a solo." Her kind invitation was of course declined, and the boy determined never to get caught that way again.

Never send a child away from a meeting, for these mischief-loving boys and girls are just the kind we should seek to draw in, for they are the ones who will be the most tempted later in life. Once turn them away, and they may never come under your influence again. If you have one who especially annoys you, write a kind note, or extract a promise of good behavior before the meeting commences. Seat one who is troublesome a little apart from the rest, or in close proximity to an assistant; do anything but send him away.

PLACE OF MEETING—NAME.

When possible, hold all meetings in some room of the church, for thus you help to establish a fixed habit for weekly attendance at the House of God. The church will suffer in after years if other centers are too much employed for religious instruction. Christ left His work to be carried on through the Church, and if children are made better within its walls, their faith in it will be deepened. Take the most attractive room, of course, and make the children feel at home.

Give the meeting an appropriate name, such as The Truth-seekers, Little Climbers, or Junior Endeavor Societies.

TIME—AGE.

Friday afternoon is a desirable time of meeting, as the children are not burdened on that day with thoughts of lessons for the morrow.

The meetings should be discontinued two or three months in each year. Do not let the interest die out as the end of the season approaches. Give a closing reception to the parents, reviewing the study of the year, and let the meeting close with social intercourse and refreshments, thus leaving in the minds of the children impressions which will be bright and happy. Such pleasant occasions frequently serve also to kindle in the parents a new interest in the spiritual welfare of their children.

In gathering a class, let the ages range from four to sixteen. The older ones are very helpful in taking the leading parts in the meetings, and the amount of instruction taken in by the dear little lambs of the fold is truly surprising.

REWARDS — ENTERTAINMENTS.

Scripture reward cards should be distributed, at the close of each month, to those who have continuously attended every meeting during that time. The "Roll Call," therefore, must be kept accurately, to prevent injustice. The name and residence should be taken, at once, when a new-comer joins. The children may answer to the roll-call by reciting a verse of Scripture which begins with the letter of their last name. Occasionally, cards of a little more expensive kind than those given for attendance may be given to those who can recite perfectly all the verses for a month. These cards, with other necessary outlay, will require money, but children, guided by those with experience, can give pretty and simple entertainments which will bring in the requisite amount. Parents, as a rule, are only too glad to stimulate them in their efforts at self-improvement; the children, too, will thus learn the valuable principle of self-support.

BENEVOLENCE.

Children should be taught to give. It is usually a painful operation to extract money for benevolent purposes from those who did not acquire this habit in youth. With quick sympathies, and natural enthusiasm, children can be interested in almost any worthy object. Urge them to set aside each week a part of their spending money to aid in carrying on the Master's work in various parts of the world. Have a mite box or jug in which to receive their money, and when it is sent forth on its errand of love, let it go freighted with the prayers of the little givers. Take no pennies that are grudgingly given, for "God loveth a cheerful giver."

MODE OF CONDUCTING MEETINGS.

One should always plan to be fresh for leading a meeting, leaving when possible the exhausting things of life for other days in the week. There must be no mechanical action on the part of the leader. On the contrary, she must throw herself soul and body into the work of the hour. She must have her subject well in hand, else the children will lose interest, and feel as the little girl did who said, "Mamma, when you begin to talk and say, 'And—er—and but—er,' I don't think it is one bit interesting."

Take care to use a natural tone of voice, avoiding the "goody-good" style of oratory, which resembles a whine. Always close the service promptly. If you have too much prepared, preserve it for another time, rather than tire the children. Weary a child once, and you may lose it forever. An hour should be the outside limit.

The children must be made to feel from the very first that it is their meeting. Encourage them to make replies; in fact, make their interest in the subject so absorbing that they cannot refrain from speaking. One of the chief designs in gathering them together is to teach them to express themselves freely on religious themes.

Preserve a reverent spirit throughout the entire service, but remember that it is not the object of these meetings to produce long faces, and give doleful views of religion. The good Book says, "Serve the Lord with gladness," and every effort should be made to keep the meeting brisk and stirring.

PROGRAMMES.

Prepare every item of the programme carefully beforehand.

Never have two meetings exactly alike. Vary the order, the manner of reading Scripture, the mode of conducting the prayer service. The following hints for variation may be found helpful.

VARIOUS WAYS OF READING SCRIPTURE.

In unison—Leader and children alternating verse by verse—A girl standing to lead the girls, and a boy leading the boys, each reading alternately—Leader and children alternating, reading between the punctuation-marks—Let a child begin the chapter and read until he or she makes a mistake, then allow the next child to go on reading until incorrect, and so on to the end of the chapter—Children and leader alternating, each reading *two* verses at a time.—The leader reading the first verse, girls the second, and boys the third, etc.

Recite occasionally the Commandments and the 23d Psalm, and teach the 1st and 100th Psalms as invaluable guides in life.

PRAYER SERVICE.

A little variety will be an advantage, even in this solemn part of the meeting. Commence sometimes with the Prayer Poem, page 15, then let the children follow with sentence prayers, afterwards reciting in unison the Lord's Prayer.

At another time follow the leader's prayer, by all chanting the Lord's Prayer. For another meeting, let the children pray, and close the service with the prayer on page 17, given in unison. Of course this must be previously learned by the children.

A solemn and helpful way to close the service occasionally is by singing a short prayer response, one or

more of which may be found in almost any Sunday-school hymn-book. At times have the prayers for specific objects, such as "Power to overcome the temptations one meets at school," for "Truthfulness," etc., etc. In cases of sickness, observe a few moments of silent prayer, and follow it by short prayers by the children for those who are afflicted. By a little change of order, the variations can be continued still farther.

DIFFERENT MODES OF TEACHING THE BIBLE.

Let the leader give out the chapter and verse of some familiar text, and ask the children to look for it in their Bibles. Allow the one fortunate enough to find it first to stand and read it. Give out then another verse, and continue in the same way until the children show signs of weariness.

Tell of some Bible character, withholding the name, and let the children guess *who* is meant. The one who guesses first may go on with the story.

Let the children name any place spoken of in the Bible, and talk about it, each contributing any fact concerning it. At another meeting take similarly the mountains of the Bible, see page 341. Ask for the names of the children of the Bible, and specify their characteristics.

Tell a story of some person in the Bible, leaving out the prominent words, and allowing the children to supply them. For sample, see page 337.

Familiarize the children with the women of the Bible by relating stories of them and letting them guess of whom you are speaking.

Let the assistant choose some familiar object in the

Bible and allow the children, by asking twenty questions, to guess what is meant. They must be taught to put the questions skillfully. For sample, see page 338,

After the children, by years of teaching, have become well acquainted with Scripture, an interesting exercise is for one to recite a verse, and then allow the one sitting next to repeat a text in which must be found the last word of the verse previously recited.

For instance, No. 1 says, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting *life*." *Life* being the last word of the text, No. 2 recites, "Your *life* is hid with Christ in *God*." No. 3 takes "*God* is *love*," and No. 4, taking *love* for her word, recites, "Love one another, as I have loved *you*."

So many interesting events in the life of Christ are connected with the Seas of the Bible, that it will be found profitable to talk with the children about them. See page 340.

The precious stones are given, page 342, in order to bring to mind some Bible incident whenever the gems are seen.

Take the most prominent and helpful fact from each book in the Bible, and arrange the books with their facts in order, and teach them to the children. This gives them some knowledge of what is contained in every book in the Bible.

A pleasant exercise is to call for verses containing the word temptation, or love, or any other theme which has a number of easy verses concerning it.

Before the meetings begin for the year, a definite line of study should be planned by the leader, and the programmes from week to week should contain a little of everything to be taught. One item of the pro-

gramme should follow another in such quick succession as to remind one of a moving panorama. Teach only a little at a time, but review often, and it is amazing how much can be learned.

CHAPTER III.

LESSON I.—SUBJECT: UNSELFISHNESS.

Song.

Read Romans 12, responsively, the leader and children alternating verse by verse. Commence with verse 10.

Song.

Teach verses A and B of Gospel Alphabet. See page 330.

PRAYER SERVICE. A short prayer by leader, followed by sentence prayers by the children; closing by chanting the Lord's Prayer.

Teach first stanza of Prayer Poem. Page 15.

Teach four questions of Temperance Catechism. Page 332.

Tell a story of some mountain of the Bible, and let the children name some facts concerning it. Page 341.

Song.

Explain the following texts, which are to be learned during the week by the children (one each day); these same texts being the ones which the Bible markers are recording in the little books (see chapter I) and underlining with red ink in the Bibles:

Saturday, Isaiah 41 : 6. They helped every one his neighbor.

Sunday, Matthew 7 : 12. All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Monday, Mark 12 : 31. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Tuesday, Romans 15 : 2. Let every one of us please his neighbor.

Wednesday, Galatians 6 : 2. Bear ye one another's burdens.

Thursday, Galatians 6 : 10. Let us do good unto all men.

Friday, Hebrews 13 : 16. With such sacrifices God is well pleased.

Outline Talk.— How few people there are who think themselves selfish! They will tell you that Mr. A. or Mr. B. is a close, mean man, but they don't seem to see that they possess the same spirit. I knew of a little girl once who was very selfish, and yet she never dreamed of it. One day a little friend came to play with her and took the largest orange when it was passed. At this she cried out angrily, "You stingy little thing, you took the biggest orange, and I meant to have it myself!"

How quickly you can tell a selfish child! See her run for the best chair, watch her pick out the cake that has the most raisins or frosting; see her hunt in the candy box to get the largest piece, and notice how she worries for fear her brother's piece of pie may be a little larger than her own. Watch her, too, when mamma wants her to do an errand, and see how reluctantly she leaves her book. Oh, how many such children there are! Do you know any of this kind? Think now of the most unselfish persons you know, and see how every one loves them. All their loving acts are done so quietly, and with so little thought of personal comfort. Be careful, children; selfishness grows by indulgence! If

we are a little selfish today, we shall be much more so a year from now, unless we overcome it. Cultivate the spirit of Jesus, who was willing to sacrifice even life itself.

Read the story called "Pollie's Sacrifice."

Song.

Teach one stanza of the Child's Creed. Page 17.

Teach two or three verses of the Clock on Giving. Page 329.

Song.

MIZPAH BENEDICTION. The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another. Genesis 31 : 49. Recite it standing, with heads bowed, at the close of every meeting.

OUR STORY.—POLLIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY ORA SHEFFIELD.

"Pollie! Pollie Graham!'

Pollie paused in her rapid walk and waited for Myra Good to come up.

Poor Myra! There was no merry sound of hurrying feet, but the hard tap, tap, of the wooden crutches that were necessary to help along the poor weak feet and wasted limbs. The face was bright, in spite of all, yet with a wistful look in the dark eyes that told of suffering.

Her faded dress was worn and thin, and the thin shawl around the slender shoulders seemed but scant protection against the keen wind that swept past, drifting the dead leaves up into little heaps.

Pollie stood burying one warmly clad foot in the

leaves, when Myra came up, panting and breathless, but with even then no rosy glow in her pale face.

"Oh, Pollie!" she cried, "is your essay ready? Mine is, all but one page yet to copy."

"Do you expect to get the prize?" asked Pollie, almost abruptly.

Myra's bright face clouded a little as she answered,—

"No, I don't, but I do wish that I might, because——"

"Because what?" asked Pollie, as she hesitated.

"Because I can't go to school unless I do."

"Can't go to school!" cried Pollie, in astonishment.

Myra's pale face flushed now, and her eyes fell; then she said, with brave honesty, though her lips trembled:

"We have no money to buy books for next term; and besides, I cannot go to school much longer in these shoes."

"Oh, Myra!" cried Pollie, much surprised and shocked; for though she knew that Myra and her widowed mother were poor, she did not realize that they were so destitute as that, and she had never thought of any one's being too poor to go to school!

Myra tried to smile, but it was such a pitiful, wan smile; and something bright shone for an instant in the dark eyes; then she answered, cheerfully:

"It will be all right, some way. I am sure God will provide a way. I don't want to complain, even if I can't go to school, but I do want to so!" and a few tears rolled down the pale cheeks and were lost among the leaves.

When the girls reached the corner they separated, Myra going to the little brown house under the hill, where a pale-faced, hard-working woman awaited her, while Pollie walked on towards her own comfortable home in a very thoughtful mood.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the

law of Christ." She had read those words that morning, had pondered them thoughtfully, and had wished there was some one for whom she could bear some burden, that she might show her love for the Master whom she had chosen to serve.

But there was nothing that she could do beyond home duties and school work, and these things she tried to do faithfully. But here was the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and her heart burned within her for some great sacrifice by which she might obey Christ and show her love for Him.

And now? Suddenly the words came back with new force, plain and clear, and with a little sting in them, too. For here was a burden she might bear for one of Christ's little ones, but she felt that she did not want to do it. Miss Day had told her that day that the prize for the best essay lay between her and Myra Good, judging from their work in composition during the term.

Not wise in a teacher to say so much, perhaps, but she had said it, and what Pollie had listened to with a thrill of pride she now recalled with a feeling of pain, for if she did not give in her essay, in all probability Myra would win the prize.

And this would be an easy thing to do; for it had been decided that the essays were to be given in to a committee to decide upon, and only the fortunate one was to be read the last day of the term.

Easy enough in one way, then, for no one need know that her essay was not given in; but hard in another, for Pollie longed to win the prize. It was not so much the five dollars, though that would buy the series of delightful books she had long wanted, but the glory and honor of it! How glad and proud father, mother

and brother would be when she stood on the rostrum to read her essay and receive the shining gold coin!

And when she had showed her essay to Fred the week before, he said, "It is good, Pollie. Won't I be proud of my little sister!"

As she thought of these things she felt that she could not give it up.

"Myra stood an equal chance with the rest, and she might win the prize after all; anyway, she could not give up her chance."

As she came to this conclusion she resolutely swallowed the big lump in her throat, and put her feet down very forcibly on the walk, determined to think no more about it; but it would not be put down. "Bear ye one another's burdens." How the words followed her around, all the evening, at the pleasant tea-table, even coming between her eyes and the page she tried to study, until at last she closed her book and went to her room to think it out.

As she stood by the window, looking out at the great yellow moon that flooded the earth with mellow light, she turned the matter over and over in her mind, with almost a feeling of impatience that the question had come up at all, when suddenly the words, "for the love of Christ constraineth us," came to her, melting her hard mood. With a low cry she sank on her knees, and, hiding her face in her hands, sobbed like a child.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us." Yes, she could do it, for Him!

Then she crept away to bed with a new and beautiful peace in her heart.

The last day of school came, bright and clear, and brought many visitors.

There was music, recitations and dialogues, in some of which Pollie took part.

At last the reading of the prize essay was called for, and many hearts beat faster as they waited for the name of the successful one to be announced.

"Pollie sat with eyes bent down, nor did she raise them until she heard the words, "Miss Myra Good has been awarded the prize for the best essay." Then she looked up to see Myra go forward, with such a happy, happy face!

"Pollie," said Fred, as they walked home together, "it was too bad, for yours was the best. That committee was unjust."

"Oh, Fred," said Pollie, "I did not give mine in."

"Why!" came in astonished tones from Fred.

"I wanted Myra to win," said Pollie; then, seeing that Fred looked still more bewildered, she went on, tremulously:

"It was that verse, you know, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' Are you displeased with me?" she added, timidly, as Fred made no answer.

"Displeased? no," was all he said; but as he turned towards her she saw that his eyes were dim with tears.

And years afterwards, when she had long rejoiced over this much-loved brother as one of Christ's, she learned that his heart had first turned towards God with the knowledge of her girlish sacrifice.—*The Golden Rule.*

CHAPTER IV.

LESSON II.—SUBJECT: PURITY.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalm 19 : 12. Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Sunday, Psalm 24 : 3, 4. Who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart.

Monday, Psalm 51 : 2. Cleanse me from my sin.

Tuesday, Psalm 51 : 10. Create in me a clean heart, O God.

Wednesday, Isaiah 1 : 16. Wash you, make you clean!

Thursday, Amos 4 : 6. I also have given you cleanness of teeth.

Friday, James 4 : 8. Cleanse your hands.

Responsive Reading. Matthew 5 : 1–16.

Outline.—Cleanliness is one form of purity, but, oh dear, how hard it is to keep clean, the world is so full of dust and dirt! Think of the washing and sweeping days, and of all the articles required for cleanliness. What should we do without brooms, pails, dust-pans, wash-tubs, soap and water? How energetically these need to be used to keep the house tidy! The little hands and faces, how easily they soil, too; even the little hearts need to be purified. What can we do to

keep them clean and unspotted? Soap and water and brooms and dust-pans cannot be used, for the heart is out of sight; but by prayer and Bible study, by the corrections of father and mother, and by attendance on church services, we can help to cleanse our hearts of all that is evil.

When the Bible speaks about clean hands, it means, not only must we keep our hands washed clean, but we must keep them from wrong-doing. If Johnny's little hand strikes Willie, it is not a clean hand; if Hattie takes a penny from mamma's purse without permission, she has a hand that is badly soiled with sin. How God is watching all the little hands to see whether they are kept clean! Remember that those who shall stand in His holy place must have clean hands and a pure heart.

Did you know that there is a verse in the Bible about clean teeth? When the new little tooth comes for baby brother, how white and shiny it is, and how clean all the other little teeth are that come to keep it company. What a pity not to keep them as God gave them! Don't be untidy! Have clean nails and smooth hair, and tidy clothing, and thus give pleasure to all who see you.

OUR STORY.—CLEAN HANDS.

BY ELIZABETH E. BACKUP.

"See what I've got!" cried Rob, exultingly, holding high in the air a large and handsome pocket-knife. "That Ned Howe is a perfect ninny! It was his own doings; we swapped at school today. He took a fancy to my tablet and asked me to change. It was a perfectly fair bargain."

"Are your hands clean, Rob?" asked Mrs. Smith, with seeming irrelevance.

"Tolerably so, mother," Rob replied, "but I'll give 'em a rinse, and be ready for dinner in a jiffy."

"So you think your hands are clean, Rob?" asked Mrs. Smith again, as Rob returned from the rinsing process.

"Dear me, mother!" said Rob, holding up his hands for a critical survey, "don't they look all right?"

"Very tidy-looking hands, Rob, and yet again I must ask, 'Are your hands clean?'" said Mrs. Smith with a significant glance.

"Oh, you mean about the knife," said Rob, coloring. "I don't see how I soiled my hands there. Ned proposed the swap, and I simply agreed to it."

"Yet you called him a ninny for making the proposition. He's younger than you, and he's apt to yield foolishly to a passing fancy. Ought you to have let him take the tablet? He'll repent of it by tomorrow."

"Shouldn't wonder if he did—the great goose! But a bargain's a bargain, all the same."

"You know the Bible says so much about clean hands; hands clean from dishonest gains and from tampering in any way with unclean things. He who ascends unto the hill of the Lord must have clean hands and a pure heart; and another verse says, 'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.' Soiled hands mean a soiled character; clean hands mean strength and peace. It's the clean hands which receive the blessing."

"Well, mother, I'll give back the knife. I'm afraid my hands are not quite clean. I did jump at the bargain. I suppose I ought to have reasoned with Ned;

indeed, I suppose I oughtn't to have swapped, anyway."

"Here's your knife, Ned," said Rob next morning, "and you may give me my tablet. It wasn't a fair exchange."

"Father said I was a fool, and that you were a sharper; but whatever I am, you are all right," said Ned, cordially.

"You see I want clean hands," said Rob, eagerly, "more than I want a knife. Mother has such a fashion of harping on 'clean hands' that I have to look pretty sharp to my ways; and I know she's right, too."

Rob needed to have a strong desire for "clean hands" to be proof against the temptations which assailed him.

"Come, let's have a game of marbles," said Sam Hooper, one night after school; "a real old rousing game, such as we used to play before we took hold of base-ball!"

"If you mean to play in earnest," said Rob, "you'll have to count me out, for mother doesn't approve of it."

"Play in earnest!" cried Sam, mockingly. "Why, man alive, how else would you have a fellow play? We don't want any babyish, milk-and-water game! Come along!"

"No, thank you," persisted Rob. "I'm going home."

"Before I'd be such a prig!" cried Sam, scornfully. "Go home, then, and let your mother tie you to her apron-strings!"

It was a very angry Rob who rushed home with Sam's jeers ringing in his ears.

"It costs something to keep your hands clean," said his mother, when she heard his story, "and it ought

to. Are you going to give up an honest conviction for the sake of a few jibes and jeers?"

"Not I," said Rob. "I'll fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer!"

And fight it out on this line Rob did. Standing on Clinton Bridge the following Saturday, with a group of comrades, Rob watched the boat-race with boyish enthusiasm. Bets as to the probable result of the race were being exchanged by their elders, and the betting spirit soon extended to the little group of school-mates.

"I'll have nothing to do with anything of the kind," said Rob, promptly. "Mother says it's but another form of gambling."

"Some mighty good people indulge in it, nevertheless," said Sam Hooper; "and what do you care if you are in good company? You are as full as you can stick of narrow notions!"

"Well, I'm content to be narrow," said Rob, bravely. "The right or the wrong of a thing is the point in which I am interested. Perhaps some of the good people you brag about will skip to Canada soon; that's what that kind of goodness leads to, father says."

"Three cheers for Rob! Give me your hand, Rob," cried Dick Harlow, a leader among the boys. "I admire your grit; and you just stop your bulldozing, Sam Hooper! Boys, don't let's bet; let's follow Rob's example. My father talks about the courage of one's convictions; that's what Rob has, and a capital thing it is, too. Let's have convictions, boys, and stick to them. Now, three rousing cheers for Rob!"

Dick's words had reached other ears than those for which they were intended, and some stranger voices joined in the cheering.

"I like that kind of cheers," said a gentleman who stood near by. "Too many boys cheer on the other side."

Rob went home elated, and yet bewildered, by his sudden popularity.

"It always pays to do right," said his mother, "although sometimes it may seem otherwise. In the end, character must command respect. I hope my boy will always be one of those 'to dare nobly, to will strongly, and never to falter in the path of duty.'"—*The Congregationalist.*

CHAPTER V.

LESSON III.—SUBJECT: TRUTHFULNESS.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalm 119 : 30. I have chosen the way of truth.

Sunday, Psalm 119 : 104. I hate every false way.

Monday, Proverbs 8 : 7. My mouth shall speak truth.

Tuesday, Proverbs 23 : 23. Buy the truth and sell it not.

Wednesday, Isaiah 43 : 9. Let them hear and say, It is truth.

Thursday, Zechariah 8 : 16. These are the things that ye shall do. Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor.

Friday, John 14 : 6. Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life.

Teach "What Became of a Lie."

"First somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside:
When the crowd came across it,
And never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it
Till it grew long and wide."

"This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers
A terrible crew;
And while headlong they hurried
The people they flurried
And troubled and worried
As lies always do."

Outline.—How everybody loves a child that is truthful! It is such a reliable feeling, to be sure that whatever is said is true. What contempt is felt for those who prevaricate! One sneers and says, "Don't listen to her, for you can't believe a word she says." Another continues saying, "Oh no, he couldn't tell the truth if he tried."

Let me tell you some of the ways in which children grow to be untruthful. First, they do some wrong act, and then to escape punishment they tell a falsehood. This is cowardly. Confess a wrong at any cost.

Exaggeration, too, often leads to untruthfulness. If you say, "I thought I should die a laughing," "I thought I should have a fit," "It was as big as a mountain," "It rained cats and dogs," have you been perfectly truthful? Good children who do not intend to speak falsely, sometimes color their statements more highly than the truth allows. Be careful!

You can tell untruths in many ways, even by keeping silence. In a house where two little sisters lived, a piano was broken. The mischievous little girl was accused, although for once she was innocent. The other kept silence, and, as she rarely did mischief, was not questioned; not until the punishment was about to be inflicted upon her sister did she tell the truth and own

that she did the damage. Had she continued silent, she would have told a cruel falsehood without having spoken a word.

People often talk of "white lies." If a lady does not wish to see a friend, and sends word to the door that "she is out," while really she is in the house all the time, it is as much a falsehood as any other misstatement of facts, and is not a "white lie" at all; it is a very black one in the sight of God.

OUR STORY.—LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright, and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely. At night, before the close of school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "Ten," if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?"

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate-pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I will tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but, according to his account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the school-room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them, or told tales; but, somehow, it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see, and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise. Well, at the end of the term, Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech

by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told that the man was General ——, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there, just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once, for the child whose name was so low on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.—*Manchester Times.*

CHAPTER VI.

LESSON IV.—SUBJECT: PATIENCE.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Luke 21 : 19. In your patience possess ye your souls.

Sunday, Romans 5 : 3. Tribulation worketh patience.

Monday, I Thessalonians 5 : 14. Be patient toward all men.

Tuesday, Hebrews 6 : 12. Through faith and patience inherit the promises.

Wednesday, Hebrews 6 : 15. After he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise.

Thursday, James 1 : 4. Let patience have her perfect work.

Friday, Revelations 2 : 2. I know thy works and thy labor and thy patience.

Read Philippians 4 : 4–14.

Outline.—The little Scotch girl defined patience well, when she said, "it is to wait a bit and not to fret." If all the little children in the world felt that way, how much easier the mother's life would be! Watch them when a hat or rubber is missing; instead of patiently looking for it, they give their mamma no rest until she lays down her work and joins in the search.

Patience is a lovely quality to cultivate. That invalid lady who bears so much pain without murmuring, teaches us a beautiful lesson by her patient resignation.

Jacob waited patiently fourteen years for the one he loved. Could you wait as long as that for something you wanted?

It requires great patience to acquire knowledge; pianos must be practiced note by note, day after day; there's only one Hofmann in a lifetime. All that is valuable is gained by untiring and patient labor. Will you cultivate patience?

OUR STORY.—THE PATIENT PUPIL.

"I hate him! Yes, I do! and I never will take another lesson! See if I do!" This was said with emphasis. Mrs. Gordon looked out of the window to find that the speaker was her own little daughter. Madge was a bright, active girl, with lovely chestnut hair, blue eyes and red cheeks, a pet at home and a favorite at school. Mrs. Gordon looked thoughtful. She desired Madge to become an accurate musician, and she felt that Professor Dartrum was a judicious teacher. A moment later the parlor door was pushed open and Madge came in. There was a defiant look in her deep blue eyes.

"Let me hear all about it," said Mrs. Gordon, making a place for Madge and her two young friends on the sofa.

"Miss Craven is not half so strict. Can't I leave off with Professor Dartrum and take of her? Please let me," begged Madge.

For answer, Mrs. Gordon said, very gently, "Before we decide, let me tell you of a young girl whose teacher was far more exacting than Professor Dartrum."

"That could never be!" exclaimed Madge.

"Let me tell you the story, and then you can judge. I shall leave you to guess the name of the young girl, so you will need to pay close attention," continued Mrs. Gordon.

"Our heroine lived in a sleepy old town which had in it a theatre where the little girl was accustomed to go with her father. He was a flute player in the theatre, and organist in the famous old cathedral. She was very fond of music and longed to play herself. The flute did not suit her small mouth; but the violin,—yes, she would have a violin!

"A violin! 'Nothing could be more absurd,' her relatives declared; and Aunt Caroline insisted that her father must not indulge the child in this way; only boys played violins. However, this girl kept on asking, until at last her father brought home the smallest violin that he could possibly buy.

"But what about lessons? M. Simon, the teacher, lived a good distance away, but that did not matter. Three times a week she took the long walk to the house where the old master lived.

"Now the lessons begin. First, she must learn how to stand; then how to hold her violin; now she must stand perfectly still for ten minutes, with her violin under her chin; then she must lay it down, rest a moment, take it up and stand again. Three hours every day for three months she practices standing and holding her violin, without making a sound of music. Then the exercises began, and seven hours every day for one year she spends in scales.

"One day a famous musical director goes to the hotel and he is invited to listen to her playing; but first she must take her place with the orchestra in the theatre, so not until nearly midnight could she play to

her distinguished critic. She was a bold, sturdy player, and astonished the director with the graceful sweep of her small arm. At the close he complimented her, and hoped she would go on with her studies.

"Oh! she would; she meant to study all the time!

"The first real piece was a grand occasion to her. She played it through hundreds of times. Hours were spent on one note; a week on a single page. One passage she could not get right; forty-seven times she played it before her master would let her off. No matter, she must play it right, if it took her all day. Tears dropped on her violin; the master was angry. Finally she did it right, played it over several times, and never played it wrong again.

"At last there was to be a grand concert—something quite out of the common course—and it was decided to bring out this young musician with her wonderful violin playing. All the best musicians and all the grand families bought a ticket.

"The concert began and went on. The orchestra played and the artists sang, and then there was a little rustle, for they were bringing a little box for the child to stand upon, and then a slight blue-eyed girl, in a white dress, white satin shoes and a pink sash appeared.

"At the piano sat her teacher, and her father stood by her side to turn the leaves of the music. She put the violin to her shoulder and was ready to play. The tones came strong, full and true, and when the piece was completed the people clapped and cheered, and cheered and clapped again. The leader of the orchestra crowned her head with a wreath of roses, and they brought her a wonderful Paris doll, and set her quite wild with joy by presenting it to her.

"With the doll in one hand and the wreath on her head, she bowed her thanks, but as she left the stage they showered flowers upon her."

Mrs. Gordon paused. Madge and her friends were on their feet.

"I am so glad you told us," said Madge. "Who is it?" "I can't guess," "She must have been a genius," from the others.

"Her genius was her patient and continued study," said Mrs. Gordon. "We can be master of no art except by patiently continuing at it. The little girl was Camilla Urso, one of the greatest violinists the world has seen. Cultivate her spirit, and although you will not be able to reach such perfection as she did, you can surely give much pleasure to your parents and friends." —*Selected.*

CHAPTER VII.

LESSON V.—SUBJECT: OBEDIENCE.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Genesis 28 : 7. Jacob obeyed his father and his mother.

Sunday, Exodus 24 : 7. All that the Lord hath said will we do and be obedient.

Monday, Joshua 24 : 24. The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.

Tuesday, Jeremiah 7 : 23. Obey my voice and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people.

Wednesday, Ephesians 6 : 1. Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.

Thursday, Colossians 3 : 20. Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.

Friday, Hebrews 5 : 9. He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him.

Read Psalm 136.

Outline.—Who can you think of in the Bible who came to great grief by disobedience? Yes, Adam and Eve show us very plainly how displeased God is when we do not obey Him. Obedience is a proof of love. *Acting* our love is better far than speaking it. If, when mother and father make a request, you run off quickly to do as they desire, how happy you can make them. Don't loiter and scold, it won't do any good. If you

have the right kind of parents you will have to obey in the end, and it is so much better for every one if you mind at once. Don't be like the naughty boy who was so disobedient that his mother had to whip him. When she had given the correction that she thought sufficient, she said, "Will you mind now?" "Yes, mother," said the lad, "but I hate to awfully!" Don't have that spirit.

Did you ever visit in a house where none of the children obeyed? What a wrangle and jangle there was! Weren't you glad when the expressman took your trunk, and you could go away? Children can't be obedient and polite when there is company, unless they are so every day. Watch and see whether the children at your house behave so badly that the guests are glad to depart.

Jesus says, Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.

If we say we love Him, we must obey Him.

OUR STORY.—WHY GRANDMA DIDN'T SEE LAFAYETTE.

"I think it's pretty hard!" said Polly. "When it isn't school, it's dishes, and when it isn't dishes, it's potato-peeling or dusting or bed-making—and it's taking care of a baby all the time! No, you needn't look at me, grandma. If I'm cross, I've got a right to be. I guess you'd be cross, too!"

"Suppose you tell me about it," said grandma.

"Oh, it's just that everything happens to spoil my fun always, and I'd counted on going over to Underhill's pond this afternoon; but I might have known how it would be!"

Polly was just about as incoherent as other disappointed little girls are apt to be.

"You see," she said, "we girls were going on a hunt for arbutus and running-box and ground-pine to dress the school-room with. It's Miss Powers' birthday, and the girls all love her so dearly that they want to do something, and we didn't know anything else we *could* do that she liked so well."

"Yes," said grandma.

It was only a little word, but it sounded hopeful.

"Mamma said I might go, and then just at the last minute came a message from Miller's that Mrs. Miller was taken sick, and they wanted mamma right away. So of course, Joe's on my hands for the afternoon; and because mamma says I can't take him, I've got to stay at home. I think it's just too mean! As if it would hurt him! He's taken as long walks as that lots of times."

Joe, a brown-eyed urchin of four summers, came in from the yard just in time to find himself the subject of discussion.

"Want to go, Polly—want to go!" he stated, planting two shabby little shoes firmly on the kitchen floor.

"Well, you can't," Polly answered, crossly, "and you can just go back and wipe your shoes on the mat, instead of tracking dust all over my clean floor."

"Polly! Polly!" said grandma.

"I don't care!"—she wrung out her dish-cloth with a vicious little twist, and then sat down sulkily. "Mamma said he'd be sure to get his feet wet, an' have croup; but I don't believe but what I could take care of him."

A shade of pain passed over grandma's face.

"I thought that very thing once," she said quietly. "Did I ever tell you about my sister, Polly?"

"No."

There was not much encouragement for grandma to proceed, but she did not stop because of Polly's sullen tones.

"When I was a little girl about your age — think how long ago that must have been, Polly! — all Hudson was in a state of excitement over Lafayette's coming. We were much more patriotic Americans in those days than we are now, my dear, and of all the brave men who had helped us win our freedom, there was no one who was dearer to our hearts than Lafayette. Such a time as we made! And how everybody, big and little, was trying to think of something to do him honor!"

"And did you really see him, grandma?" asked Polly, interested in spite of herself in this bringing to life of one of the people who only seemed to belong between the covers of United States history.

"No, dear," she answered, "I didn't see him after all. That's what I was going to tell you. There was to be speeches at the town hall and a grand dinner. But the part I was most interested in was this: There was to be a big arch of vines and flowers up at the head of the street, and four of the school girls were to stand under it as he rode up, and they were to hold flowers that were to be offered to him. But we didn't have so many gardens and green-houses in those days. People couldn't go up to Brooks' and order cartloads of flowers as they can now; so we went to Underhill's pond, just as you girls are going today. Violets and arbutus and ground-pine grew then as they do now. Just before the other girls called for me, though, mother had to go out in a hurry. I suppose she forgot all about us children; but, anyhow, I was left alone with little Sally, and when the girls came I didn't know what better to do with her than to take her along. Mother had said

no when Sally asked to go; for she said the ground round the pond was always wet and boggy in spring-time, and she didn't think it was prudent.

"But Sally was too little to be left alone in the house, and I thought I was quite able to take care of her; so she came with us, laughing and chattering, and perfectly delighted to be going with the big girls.

"As for my staying," grandma continued, "that seemed quite impossible. I was one of the four girls chosen, and my white dress had just been freshly ironed, and I had new blue ribbons to wear. It would never do, I thought, to be left out of the flower-gathering.

"It was late in the evening before we got home, and we were all of us pretty tired. But poor little Sally was hardly able to drag one foot after the other; her shoes were all wet and muddy besides, and I knew mother would blame me for having taken her.

"She was waiting for us at the door, and the look she gave me as she picked Sally up in her arms made me feel about as sorry and ashamed as I ever felt in my life. She did not scold me or punish me, but just took no notice of me in a way that seemed harder to bear than any punishment could have been, while she undressed Sally and bathed her poor tired little feet before she put her to bed. I went to bed myself pretty early, and the next thing I remembered is mother coming to my bedside and waking me.

"'You must go for Doctor Rossman,' she said. 'Sally is so sick I dare not leave her.'

"I dressed myself as fast as I could, and went out. I had never been in the street so early before, but

things looked so grey and ghostly that I was frightened, and ran up the street just as hard as I could. It seemed forever before I could wake anyone up, but I suppose it really wasn't so very long before we got back. Doctor Rossman shook his head and looked very grave when he saw Sally, and I went off in a corner and cried as if my heart would break, when I heard mother telling him all about the long walk and the wet feet. I'd always said my prayers every night and morning, Polly, but I never prayed as I prayed that morning for my little sister's life.

"No one thought of the procession or Lafayette's coming, you may be sure, and my flowers were all forgotten in the tub where I had placed them to keep fresh over night.

"The flowers had cost me dear, for all the morning, while the town was alive with people coming and going and making ready for the great doings in the afternoon, we sat in a darkened room, and watched the little flushed face on the pillow, and listened to the hoarse croupy rattle that choked and suffocated her."

"Oh, grandma! grandma!" cried Polly, her own tears flowing by this time. "She didn't die, then, did she?"

Grandma took off her spectacles and wiped them slowly. It all happened very long ago, yet to this day it was hard to speak of it without a lump in her throat.

"It was just at noon," she said brokenly. "We heard the drums beating, and the fifes playing, and the tramp of horses out in front of the house—the old house in Warren street, Polly. You know it? But I had no thought of going to the window to look; for, just then, Sally raised up in bed and cried out,

"'Oh!' she said: 'Lafayette's music!'

"She was a little thing, and could hardly speak plain."

Grandma's voice failed for a moment.

"When we laid her down on the pillow, it was all over. Lafayette's music had passed by, and it was growing fainter and fainter as they marched up the street; but little Sally was dead!"

Polly ran across the room and put both arms around her grandmother's neck. Her tears choked her so that she could not speak, and for a few moments the silver locks that had been brown as Polly's own when Lafayette came to Hudson, lay very close beside Polly's rough little mop of curls, though no word was spoken between them.

"Polly! Polly!" called the school-girls, stopping in front of the open window; "are you ready? Hurry up!"

"I'm not going," she answered.

But grandma interrupted:

"Run along and get ready, dear. It won't make any difference if I don't go to Mothers' Meeting this afternoon. I'm glad I stopped on the way, and Joe and I will take care of each other."

"Oh, grandma!" cried Polly, her face all in a queer pucker of smiles and tears. "Do you really mean it?"

Grandma kissed her lovingly.

"Why not?" she said. "Have a good time, and make Miss Powers' birthday-room bright. She has her grandmother's pretty name, Verena. Did I tell you that Verena Powers took my place that day and gave Lafayette the bunch of May blossoms? But I put mine in little Sally's hand."—*Selected.*

CHAPTER VIII.

LESSON VI.—SUBJECT: PROFANITY.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Exodus 20 : 7. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

Sunday, Exodus 20 : 7. The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Monday, Leviticus 19 : 12. Ye shall not swear by my name.

Tuesday, Jeremiah 23 : 10. Because of swearing the land mourneth.

Wednesday, Zechariah 5 : 3. Every one that sweareth shall be cut off.

Thursday, Matthew 5 : 34. Swear not at all.

Friday, James 5 : 12. Swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath.

Read Psalm 145.

Outline.—Words are little things, but what a difference it makes in the way they are used! If we breathe God's name in prayer, we are blessed, but if it is taken on the lips in an oath, all Heaven is displeased. We cannot be too careful how we speak, for thoughtless exclamations sometimes lead to profanity. Such expressions as "Good Heavens!" "O Fathers!" require but a very little change to become profane.

Never stay where there is swearing, for after you hear an oath a few times, it becomes a little easier to say it yourself.

How painful it must be to God to hear His name spoken irreverently, and how it grates on the ears of all good people! A gentleman had his trip to California entirely spoiled by a man who sat in front of him, that kept swearing every other minute. He saw nothing of the beauties of Nature, for he was counting how many times the man used profane language between New York and San Francisco. How many times do you think it was? More than a thousand times he took God's name in vain, and do you know he couldn't believe it when he was told of it. He said, "It can't be possible! I knew I swore occasionally, but I never thought it had come to this. It's time I stopped." He did stop, too.

Another man was broken of swearing in the following manner. Way off in India there was an officer in the English army who was a most profane man. In every other way he was a gentleman, and a good man. Among his friends was a missionary, and it troubled him very much to hear the name of his blessed Master spoken so lightly. He determined, therefore, to try and break the man of his bad habit; so he agreed with another friend to take a long ride with the English officer, and whenever he interspersed his remarks with an oath, they would put the words "hammer and tongs" into their conversation. This they were obliged to do very frequently. They would say, "Hammer and tongs, but I'm hungry!" "Hammer and tongs, how dusty it is!" "Hammer and tongs, but this road is rough!" After a few such exclamations the officer cried out: "Have you gone mad? What sense is there in saying 'ham-

mer and tongs' all the time?" "As much sense as for you to take God's name in every breath," they replied. The man's eyes were opened, and the bad habit was soon broken off.

Remember, God will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain!

OUR STORY.—HOW ONE BOY WAS CURED OF SWEARING.

BY HELEN B. SEYMOUR.

Mr. Fletcher was cashier in a bank in the busy seaport city of N. He was also superintendent of the Sunday school in his own church, and a teacher in a mission Sunday school which young Mr. Miller superintended. In addition to teaching his class of ten boys, he was giving every Sunday a number of short talks to the whole school, on "Habits, how they are made and unmade."

Today the talk was on "Swearing." The speaker was a fine looking gentleman, full of life and action. The boys frequently said of him: "No snoring when Mr. Fletcher has the floor."

He began: "Boys and girls, I have a confession to make to you. I know all about this habit of swearing, I had it once, myself."

The boys looked at one another in astonishment, as he continued: "I know just what a grip it gets on a boy if he begins it; I know how easy it is to begin the habit, and just how hard it is to leave off; I know, too," lowering his voice, "how badly a boy's mother feels to have him swear."

"Do any of you know a boy who has the habit of swearing?" Nearly every hand in the room went up.

"Do any of you think it is a good habit?" No response. "Do you want to hear how I was cured of it?" "Yes, sir," from all.

"When I was a little fellow, seven or eight years old, I attended a school where some rough boys went, who swore on the playground whenever the teacher was out of hearing. This was where I got acquainted with swear-words. I will not soil my lips, or poison your ears, by naming the words I learned. They were all bad, and all forbidden by God. I wish I could forget them.

"Shall I tell you when I used to swear?"

"Yes, please," from the boys.

"Well, although I was a little fellow I had a very bad temper. I used to see boys doing mean things, such as pounding a smaller boy, or worrying some animal, and when I could stand it no longer, I'd rip out an oath at them. They would only laugh at this, which made me madder, and I can tell you, children, I used to use some pretty hard language before I was through with them. You can't think how angry I used to get."

"Yes, I can," piped up Joe Hunter, hopping up and clinching his fists. "I know, madder'n a hen — a wet hen!"

"I see, Joe, that you understand just how I felt," said Mr. Fletcher, before the boys had time to snicker. "Now, I want to tell you how mean I used to feel at night, when I remembered what wicked words I had said. My mother always sat by my bedside after I had said my prayers, just for a little friendly chat. My father died when I was two years old, so I don't remember him, but if I should live to be as old as Methuselah, I'll never forget my good mother.

"The night after I first began to swear, my mother said in her cheery way:

"'Well, Jack, how has the day gone, all right, at school?' 'Yes, mother,' I said, feeling like a mean sneak, because I was telling my good mother a falsehood, and adding another sin to my account in heaven. Boys and girls, you'll generally find that one sin leads to another. But to go on with my story:

"After this talk with mother, I didn't swear again for several days, but I soon fell back into the old habit, going from bad to worse, till at length I got angry and swore at my mother. The look that came over her face I shall never forget. A good stick with a knife couldn't have hurt me worse. She had a look of affection, mingled with shame and sorrow. I couldn't have done worse, if I had struck her."

Here Mr. Fletcher paused, and the children looked very serious at the thought that he could ever have been such a bad boy.

"Mother did not say one word," continued the speaker, "until night, and then she said only a few words, but they were full of meaning. I told her all about the bad habit I had formed and she pointed out the great sin of it, and then she knelt down and prayed God to save her son from the wicked habit of swearing. The only promise she asked of me was, to tell her if I ever used an oath again.

"Now, boys, do you think I ever swore again?"

"No, no!" cried many at once.

"Yes, children, I did. I am sorry to tell you that it took more even than this to break it off. I did not forget my promise, and faithfully told my mother whenever a profane word escaped my lips, and she helped me to overcome it,—by pretty severe measures, to be sure, but she broke it up.

"She said: 'That since swearing soiled the lips, she must try something that would clean them.' Whenever, therefore, I told her I had committed the fault, she would make a lather of soap, and with this and a little sand she would wash my mouth well. She did it twice, and never since that has a swear-word passed my lips. I can remember to this day the taste of that kitchen soap and the grit of that sand.

"I almost forgot to tell you that after she had washed my mouth out I was obliged to repeat these words six times: 'The Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain.' Thus you see, boys, my good mother cured me; and now in closing let me urge any of you who are guilty of this great sin, to get your mother to aid you in the same way that mine did me."
—*Selected.*

CHAPTER IX.

LESSON VII.—SUBJECT: FORGIVENESS.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalm 86 : 5. For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive.

Sunday, Daniel 9 : 19. O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive.

Monday, Matthew 6 : 15. If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Tuesday, Matthew 9 : 6. The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.

Wednesday, Luke 6 : 37. Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.

Thursday, Ephesians 4 : 26. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Friday, I John 1 : 9. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

Outline.—One of the most beautiful characteristics of our Saviour is His forgiving spirit. We read in the good book, that when He was reviled, He reviled not again, but freely forgave all,—even those who were putting him to death. Do you remember what He said on the cross? "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Whenever, dear children, you find it hard to forgive, offer this prayer: "Fill me, dear Saviour, with thy forgiving spirit." Do you remember

how often we are commanded to forgive?—70 × 7, or 490 times. Don't harbor grudges; after you forgive a wrong don't keep talking about it; don't even *think* about it. "Forgive and forget." Have you any little friends with whom you have quarreled, and towards whom you show an unforgiving spirit? Do you pass Jennie or Hattie without speaking to her? If you do, read over that part of our Lord's Prayer which says: "Forgive us our trespasses *as* we forgive those who trespass against us." God will forgive you, just in the way that you forgive others. That is the prayer you make. Hunt up any friend you may have, to whom you do not speak, and say: "Let us forget every wrong and be loving to each other again."

OUR STORY.—WHO SETTLED IT?

"Come now, squire, that spring is mine, and you can't keep on with your pipes and pulleys without making trouble."

Mark Aton was evidently excited. His florid face grew purple, his short, stocky frame expanded, while the rickety fence on which he leaned fairly shook under his emphatic poundings.

As for his auditor, Squire Ingham, a tall square man of gentlemanly build and bearing, several years Mark's senior, he was simply exasperated.

The spring—the small and innocent cause of a family feud of many generations' growth between the Inghams and the Atons—lay just on the boundary line between the two farms, and the question was who had the most claim to it.

Squire Ingham said little, but assumed possession with such exasperating coolness that Aton's quicker

temper was kept in blazing heat most of the time. Within a few days the squire added fuel to the fire by quietly laying pipes from the spring to his house, thus cutting off Aton's lingering hope of ownership. Seeing the squire out, he had come up to expostulate, beginning with the spirited sentence just quoted.

Ingham leaned gracefully against the throbbing fence, and looking over the irate Mark superciliously, said: "If the spring is yours, prove it."

"Prove it!" echoed Mark with an alarming thump on the long-suffering fence. "There are papers in our house that my own father wrote, showing that he bought and paid for it."

"Humph!" responded the squire, with a look of supreme contempt, "my father owned that spring when you were a baby."

Mark fairly choked. The squire's one weapon was his superior age, and Aton felt the force of it, but he replied: "Well, what if he did? The Atons bought it back again, as you know. What are you going to do about that?"

"Well," was the cool reply, "for the present my intention is to lay these pipes in as nearly a straight line as possible. Like this," and the squire took up the section he had put down, and proceeded to fit it to another piece.

Mark boiled. "If you do, so much the worse for you," he said hotly. "I came up here to have this matter settled, and if you don't do it Lawyer Haven will. I'll go to Litchfield for him tonight.

"Most too early an hour, isn't it?" asked Squire Ingham sarcastically, with a significant wave of the hand toward the setting sun.

"Never mind; an hour or two of night work don't

signify," and Mark strode off toward the farm, fully determined to carry out his threat.

He worked with violent energy, drew out the buggy with a bang, jerked the harness from its nail, and was about to throw it on his horse with great noise and ceremony, when a glance at Whitey's foot brought his movements to a sudden standstill. She had cast a shoe, and of course could not be driven the nine long miles to Litchfield without attention.

"Well, the only way," he remarked ruefully to himself and Whitey, "is to get her shod now, and then I can go after the lawyer in the morning."

Just then Libbie, his bright young wife, came to the door with the dishpan, and Mark called out: "Say, want to go to mother's a little while? I've got to drive up to the village."

The pleasant brunette face rippled all over as she replied: "Yes, indeed, I've been wanting to see mother all day."

So in less than ten minutes they were seated in the easy buggy, off for a pleasant drive, instead of the wrathful, lonely one Mark had planned.

He intended telling her something of the spring trouble, but when they were fairly under way it seemed really too bad to spoil their enjoyment talking about the squire's meanness.

The grass was just turning a tender green, the early birds twittering, the frogs holding forth lustily, and all the air so full of pleasant spring sights and smells that Mark wisely talked of other things, though in doing so he kept his first secret from his wife. For it was hardly a year yet since Libbie Holman had left Clifton, the village a mile above, to settle with Mark Aton in Mardale for life. It was not strange, therefore, that she

welcomed every chance to run up home for awhile, though just as eager to get back to the other home at Mardale.

Tonight, as they came in sight of mother's house — which stood near the blacksmith-shop — they saw her coming toward them and so met there.

"I was just starting for meeting," said Mother Holman, a good old soul, with whom meeting was a weekly delight. "You'd better go with me."

Libbie hesitated. She had much rather not, but didn't like to say so. Her mother caught the look, however, and hastened to say:

"I'd stay at home with you usually, but you see there's somebody a little extra tonight, a man from Hartford."

"Well," replied Libbie reluctantly, "I'll go with her, and if meeting ain't out you can come up after me, Mark."

"All right," he said, but he looked doubtful, for he wasn't a professor like Libbie, and only went to church to please her. He hoped the work would take too long, but it didn't, for Davis fitted and pounded with unusual rapidity, remarking as he drove the last nail: "Believe I'll step up to meeting a little while, too."

As he entered Mark perceived the meeting was not an ordinary one. The preacher, a young man of energy and power, spoke with sincerity and earnestness, and the hymns were heartily rendered by the really good country choir.

Mark forgot his troubles in listening, and when at the close meetings were appointed for the next afternoon and evening, he determined to come till an intruding thought of the spring reminded him of his previous engagement.

"Wasn't it good?" asked Libbie, as she settled herself into the seat beside him. "And mother wants us to come up tomorrow, so as to go again."

"I can't," said Mark, more crossly than he had ever spoken to her before. "I'm going to Litchfield and shan't get back in time."

"Oh, Mark!" exclaimed Libbie reproachfully, "I thought you would, and told mother we'd come early so I could trim her bonnet, and now she'll be disappointed."

"Can't help that," he began, but something in the comely face made him stop and say impulsively: "I'm a great bear, Libbie. Of course you can go. Litchfield can wait till next day."

"All right," she answered, giving him a hug, "but don't be a bear any more, will you?"

And he wasn't, though he felt like it the next day, when he had to stop work at noon—good, thrifty farmer as he was—just to go to meeting. He chafed, too, about the delayed trip to Litchfield, for Ingham was working laying pipes and carrying water, evidently ascribing the lawyer's non-appearance to Aton's cowardice. The latter, however, was bound not to punish his wife for the squire's misdeeds, and when he drove up to the Hillside church and found all the other men out with their wives, he felt quite repaid for the effort.

The afternoon talk was principally for Christians, except at the close, when Mr. Tapley appealed so earnestly to all that Mark felt strangely moved.

"That means us, Mark," said Ed. Haynes, as they stood together on the steps before getting their teams. "Don't you believe it? I do."

Mark understood it better that evening, when, after Mr. Tapley had asked all those wishing to be Christians

to rise, Ed. was on his feet with this simple confession: "I want to serve Christ, for I've followed my own sinful heart long enough. I am ready to give myself up to Him now."

Mark wished he could say that, but he thought of the spring and was silent. Nevertheless there was a strange striving at his heart, which could not be repressed, and as he and Libbie rode home in the silvery light of the full moon, the words, "Saviour, thy dying love," etc., floated through his mind persistently.

As for Libbie, she, too, was deeply moved. Of a light, volatile nature, religious impressions were not lasting, and further than to echo her mother's wish, "If Mark were only a professor," she had never gone. Now, however, a great longing possessed her soul to see him a Christian, and conscience was urging her to help him and reminding her that she never had. As these thoughts occupied her he was excusing himself by the very fact which she deplored — "If religion isn't worth enough for my wife ever to speak of, I guess I don't need it."

Libbie, meantime, felt that she must speak, and at last, just as they were turning into the yard, she faltered out:

"That hymn they sang last, 'I am praying for you,' was a beautiful one, wasn't it?"

"Oh, pretty enough," replied Mark, with an indifference he was far from feeling.

"And it's true, dear," she continued softly, as he lifted her to the steps, and reaching up, kissed him in a way that expressed more than words. Mark hurried to the barn in a tumult of feeling. His last excuse was gone now; wife did care enough to speak, and she was praying for him. Why not yield? What stood

in the way? Only that spring, and Mark turned to where the still uncovered pipes gleamed in the moonlight.

Should he stand still and let that go on under his very eyes? No! and Mark Aton, who was as dogged as he was impetuous, made all the preparations again for an early ride to Litchfield.

As he went into the house, however, the words of his wife came back with redoubled force, and fearing she might say more, he decided not to go upstairs, but to sleep until his early rising hour on the old lounge in the kitchen. Calling out to her his intention, he threw himself down, but not to sleep.

Fragments of the hymns, sentences from the preacher's talk, the tender words of Libbie, together with the long-forgotten precepts of his mother, many years dead, mingled in his mind as he tossed and turned on the lounge.

All the time he longed for the Saviour, felt his great need of Him; but when he would reach up the hand of faith, always that spring and his plan to injure Squire Ingham would interfere.

At last he could endure it no longer. "I must find rest," he said, and knelt in the agony of a strong man by the window. How beautiful it was! All nature was at peace. "If I only could find it!" moaned Aton. "You can," answered the faithful inward monitor, "Give up your quarrel with Squire Ingham, and all will be well."

"I can't do that," his heart would reply, and so the fierce struggle went on.

At last conscience urged too loudly to be resisted, and he said wearily: "If it ever comes morning, I'll see the squire."

He felt quieted for a moment, but the thought intruded itself: "Why not do it now?"

"I shouldn't find him now, he won't be up," was the ready reply, but glancing over to the stone house on the hill, a twinkling light in the squire's library gave the lie to his words.

There was another conflict then, Satan whispering "Wait till morning," the better angel urging, "Go now."

"I will," he said at last through his set lips, and murmuring the prayer, "O Lord Jesus, go with me," he hurried "cross lots" to Squire Ingham's.

With some trepidation he lifted the old-fashioned brass knocker, and waited for its heavy thud to bring someone.

The door opened, and Squire Ingham stood before him, lamp in hand.

"Good-morning, sir," he said, with chilling politeness, wondering what could have brought his neighbor over at that hour.

He had not long to surmise, however, for Mark came straight to the point at once.

"I've come to settle that spring business, squire," he said, stepping into the library.

"To settle?" asked the other. "Have you seen Lawyer Haven?

"Lawyer Haven? No," returned Mark, a little quickly, for it seemed to him, unreasonable though it was, that the squire must know all he had passed through.

"Where have you been all day, then?" questioned Ingham angrily, for he had watched Aton's movements with more interest than he had cared to acknowledge.

The impatient question helped Mark to explain. "I've been to meeting, squire, and have found, what I wouldn't from any lawyer, that I can't keep up such a bickering with you and get any comfort or live right at all. Let's have the whole thing settled. I've been cross and snappish about it, and tried to injure you, and so if you'll call that quits and take the spring for yours, I'll be perfectly satisfied."

He paused breathless, and Ingham looked at him in a dazed sort of way, as if he did not yet comprehend.

"If there's any damage for what I've done in the way of breaking down your fences and filling in your spring, I'll make it right," and Mark pulled out his well-used pocket-book with an air that left no doubt of his sincerity; Ingham's face, over which varying expressions had been chasing, expanding into a beaming smile.

"Not so fast, my friend," said he, setting down the lamp and taking Mark cordially by the hand. "Don't eat so much humble pie that there isn't any left for me. If you've been touchy, I've been aggravating and hateful, and am ashamed of it. As for a settlement, I believe in fair play. It isn't to be all on one side. In the course of our excavations we have discovered another spring, near the first, about the same size. Now as I've put pipes in the first, I want you to take the other. You've wanted water at the house ever since you went to housekeeping. Get at it tomorrow, and Mike and I'll turn in and help you."

"Agreed," said Mark, "that's fair, I'm sure; much obliged, and his face fairly glowed as he returned the squire's hearty grasp. "Glad I came," he added as he turned toward the door.

"I'm glad you did, too; and brother," he continued, unconsciously using the address of his early

Methodist training as he walked with him to the gate, "I'm glad you went to meeting, and I trust we shall walk the Christian way together better than I have alone."

It was more than the reticent Episcopalian was ever known to say before, and Mark's heart went out to him for the effort. Never, it seemed to him as he walked home, had the air seemed so balmy, or the moonlight so radiant. As he said afterward, "I could talk to the Lord, now," and kneeling by the stone wall he gave himself up in glad surrender to that One who had led him in this strange way to Himself.

Libbie in the meantime, troubled at his going out, had come down-stairs to watch for him at the kitchen window. She understood it better when he opened the door and, coming up to her, said, putting his arm tenderly about her, "'I am praying for you,' is a sweet hymn, darling; and the best of it is, the prayers are answered, Libbie."

And in the months that followed, when the neighbors wondered at the sudden friendship which had sprung up between the Inghams and the Atons, and inquired of Mark "Who settled that spring trouble," he was wont to answer reverently: The Lord Jesus Christ, for if He hadn't been with us, it never would have been done."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

CHAPTER X.

LESSON VIII.—SUBJECT: OUR COUNTRY.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, II Samuel 23 : 3. He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God.

Sunday, Psalm 16 : 6. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.

Monday, Romans 13 : 1. Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers.

Tuesday, Romans 13 : 3. Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil.

Wednesday, Romans 13 : 4. If thou do that which is evil, be afraid.

Thursday, Romans 13 : 7. Render therefore to all their dues.

Friday, Titus 3 : 1. Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work.

Learn these lines:

"Do thy little, do it well;
Do what right and reason tell:
Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
Conquer sin and cover shame."

Outline.—Can you answer the following questions? Who discovered America? What is the size, wealth

and population of the United States? What is the number of states and territories? The form of government? Can you name some of the distinguished men and women in our country, and tell what made them great? Whom do you think was the greatest man?

There are two sins which disgrace our nation, intemperance and Mormonism. There was a third, slavery, but that has been blotted out. May we live to see these likewise removed! But, children, you will need to have courage to fight these monster giants. Use everywhere your influence against them both, so long as they exist. There are coming to our shores, in great numbers, people from every nation. Many are religious and good, but others are filled with wicked ideas, which if carried out would injure our loved country. In one of the towns in Minnesota, a few years ago, they burned our Blessed Saviour in effigy. Now in that very same place the church bells ring every Sabbath to call the families to worship. If we build churches, establish Sunday schools, make good and just laws, and set a Christian example, we shall be able to overcome the evil that this incoming people seek to establish. Special organizations have been formed for this very purpose; and we should give them our prayers and support.

The Indians, too, the original owners of our land who have suffered so much injustice, should not be forgotten in our efforts to Christianize and improve our noble country. The colored people of the South need to be educated, also; to do all this will require much sacrifice, and we must learn while we are young to aid in all good works. Try and save a part of the money that you have, so that you may be able to aid in making all parts of our land noble and true. If we all have the

sacrificing spirit which little Ida shows us in the story below, we shall surely keep our country a Christian nation.

OUR STORY.—IDA'S SCARLET SASH.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Ida was going to a party.

Her mother, our good Aunt Chloe, a black, plump, and merry-hearted old woman, proud of having come from Virginia, was just as well pleased as Ida herself "dat de chile done been treated wid respeck by de white folks."

She took the greatest pains with Ida's white dress, fluted it to perfection, after having made it so stiff with starch that when Ida put it on it stood out on every side of her, till the little woolly head and soft dark eyes seemed to be the center of a wheel. Not a quiet wheel, either; for Ida flew hither and thither, to show her splendor, till her mother was afraid the dress would be tumbled, and commanded her to "take it off, and hang it up on de do' till 'twas time to go to the party."

"Oh, Aunt Chloe," said I, "why did you get the dress ready so long beforehand? The party at the school-house will not come off until the day after to-morrow. Ida will be so tired of waiting."

"Why, honey," said Aunt Chloe, "you nebber can count on the wedder nohow, and I'se determined to do up dat white frock when I had sunshine to bleach it. But Miss M——, maybe Ida hab to stay home, after all. 'Pends now on if she get her scarlet sash."

"A scarlet sash! Why, Aunt Chloe! That doesn't seem necessary. She has a pretty blue ribbon."

Aunt Chloe's mouth took the stubborn set with which I was familiar when things did not quite please her.

"My Ida shall go to de party like de odder children, or she shall stay at home."

"Well," said Fanny, the dear little girl from a neighbor's who had suggested that the little black stranger should have her share in the good times, "I think Aunt Chloe is very foolish. Who is going to criticize Ida, or care what she has on, so long as she is clean! For my part I think her blue-check gingham dress, and a white apron, would be more appropriate than a regular party dress for one in her position."

Fanny, you see was an aristocrat. She liked to be Lady Bountiful to people beneath her, and to make them happy, but it must be in her own way. And she wanted them to be grateful, and to stay in their own place, wherever that was.

Minnie, on the other hand, was different. She was making mud pies with Ida, in the back garden, at the very time this talk was going on.

Very pretty mud pies they were, moulded beautifully into clam shells, and trimmed with bits of evergreen around the edge. They looked pretty enough to eat, and when Minnie added to them a top sprinkling of bread crumbs, and left them in a row to bake in the sun, the watchful sparrows flew down and made quite a meal from the children's pies, chattering in sparrow fashion, too.

"Aunt Chloe in trouble about a sash for Ida!" cried Minnie. "Why, I'll give her mine. I'll give her my scarlet and wear my Roman; mamma won't care."

"You had better ask her," said Fanny.

Pretty, easy-going Mrs. May was painting the love-

liest placque that morning, and did not wish to be disturbed, so she said "Yes" when Minnie's request was made. And, oh! can tongue ever tell the delight of Ida and her mother, when the long, rich, shining ribbon with its rippling lights and shadows, was thrown over the snowy muslin as it hung on the door.

Aunt Chloe laid back in her bureau drawer the money she had meant to buy a ribbon with. She needed it for flannels and shoes. It was a good thing she had not had to spend it on this bit of finery.

Now for the story of the scarlet sash, after it became Ida's property. She wore it to the party, where she laughed and sang and played games, and looked like a poppy among the roses. She behaved very politely, too, like a well-trained child, whose mother had lived in the "fust families."

After that she wore it to church and to Sunday-school. It looped itself beautifully over her best brown-striped dress, and gave her the sense of being equal in appearance with the other children.

Miss Raymond, her teacher, told me that Ida really seemed to understand the lesson better, and to take more interest in reciting her golden text, after she came into possession of her precious sash. It was so thick, and soft, and rich; it felt so nice to the little black fingers, which every now and then stroked it lovingly. I am sure the sash was a means of grace to Ida.

Children who have everything they want, who are clothed in purple and fine linen every day, cannot imagine how much delight a poor child sometimes takes in an innocent bit of finery.

Now, I want to tell you what became of the sash at last. One day the superintendent at the Sunday-

school asked the children to come to order, because a lady was about to talk to them.

The lady was a missionary; her work had been somewhere a great way off, among people who had hardly any money, and had a great deal of trouble to get bread and meat. Their minister, the lady said, had to live in a house dug right out of the side of a hill. She had lived in such a little bit of a house herself for a great many weeks. Poor as these people were, they had built a little church, and were trying very hard to pay for it. They had no singing-books nor Bibles for their Sunday-school, neither any library books; but the children thought nothing of walking five miles or more to go to Sunday-school.

What would the children here in this lovely room give to help those children in the far, far West?

It happened that Ida's teacher had lately talked to her class about the meanness of giving to the Lord that which it cost them nothing to give. So when the collection box was passed around they dropped in their pennies and silver pieces, and those who had nothing with them were told that they might bring their share on the next Sunday. And some of them began to plan their little sacrifices.

Ida's dusky face was a study. Once or twice she paused, irresolute. At last, when school was over, she whispered:—

"Teacher, may I stay a moment?"

"Yes, dear," said Miss Raymond.

When the two were by themselves in the little half-circle where their class usually sat, Ida with trembling hands untied the beloved sash, and, laying it on her teacher's lap, said, "Please, Miss Raymond, this is

the prettiest thing I've got, and I want to send it to the children who haven't any Bibles."

"But the sash will do them no good, Ida."

"The worf of it will," replied the child; "and it's worf free dollars any way; mammy said so."

Ida stooped down and kissed it; it was not giving what cost her nothing to part with her treasured ribbon.

Miss Raymond took it with a tender look, rolled it up, and carried it home.

That evening, in her parlor she told its story to a gay party of young people, and then remarked, "The sash ought to bring more than three dollars, when that little black girl gave it up so cheerfully."

In a few moments there lay a little pile of silver and paper on the centre table, and Ida's sash had brought eight dollars for the good cause. Before the week was over, it had gone from hand to hand, and the eight dollars became twenty without much difficulty.

Fanny said she thought we ought to send the sash back to Ida, or give her another one; but no, that would have taken the sweetness from her self-denial.

She came to school without her ribbon, having been scolded by Aunt Chloe, who could not understand her action, and thought it great folly; but all winter long there was a brave light in Ida's dark face, and a contented expression in her eyes. She had given the scarlet sash for Christ's sake, and He had blessed her deed, and owned her as one of His little ones. Happy Ida!—*S. S. Times.*

CHAPTER XI.

LESSON IX.—SUBJECT: PRAYERFULNESS.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Matthew 6 : 7. When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do.

Sunday, Matthew 26 : 41. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

Monday, Luke 18 : 1. Men ought always to pray.

Tuesday, Romans 8 : 26. We know not what we should pray for as we ought.

Wednesday, I Thessalonians 5 : 17. Pray without ceasing.

Thursday, James 5 : 13. Is any among you afflicted? let him pray.

Friday, James 5 : 16. Pray for one another.

Outline.—Praying is asking God our Father for whatever we wish, exactly as we would go to our earthly father when we desire something. We do not need to make fine sounding sentences, nor great long prayers, but we do need to have an earnest longing spirit. Our parents are much more likely to grant our requests if we are good obedient children, even so God will be more likely to answer our prayers if we do as He commands us.

We must try not to be selfish in our prayers, for praying is not intended to be begging. We must work and pray. When we do our part, God will do His. There was a man once, who was sending continually to the minister's house for aid. Several times the needed assistance was given, but one day, chancing to ask the child who came for the money, "what her father was doing to support the family," she replied: "Oh, father isn't working at anything now; he spends most of his time in praying." Of course they stopped helping such a family, and God will do the same, for He never expects to do for us what we are able to accomplish for ourselves.

Do not think that all your prayers will be answered. We do not know how to pray as we ought. We may ask for something that it would be very harmful for us to have. A mother may pray for the recovery of a very sick child, but if God should see that the child would grow up to be a disgrace to the family, and therefore needed to be taken to heaven while he was pure and innocent, would not the mother be better off to have her prayer unanswered? Pray always in this spirit: "If it seems best to Thee, O Lord, grant my request."

We need to pray often. Every morning we should pray for strength to meet the temptations of the day, and at night we ought to return thanks for all our daily blessings. Learn, dear children, this beautiful verse, and say it over very often:

"Ere you left your room this morning
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favor
As a shield today?"

OUR STORY.—THE PRAYING ENGINEER.

BY DAVY GRAY.

One winter, several years ago, there was a good deal of religious interest in a certain western town, and among those who joined the church was Allen Forsyth, a little fellow twelve years of age. His mother was a widow, and had removed, four years before, from their home in Vermont to this town in Wisconsin.

On the Sabbath evening of the day when he joined the church, Allen was sitting in the twilight with his mother, and presently she said to him:

"Allen, tell me what led you to want to be a Christian. Was it your home teaching, your lessons in the Sunday school, the regular preaching of the pastor, or has it all come through the influence of the revival meetings?"

Looking up into his mother's face, he replied:

"Mamma, it was none of these. But do you remember when we were coming from St. Albans to live here that I wanted to go on the engine and ride with the engineer? You were afraid to let me, till the conductor, whom you knew well, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and that I would be just as safe on the engine with him as in the parlor car with you?"

His mother assured him that she remembered the circumstance very well.

"Then," continued Allen, "you allowed me to ride on the engine, where I was to stay till you or the conductor came for me. When about ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine, the engineer knelt down for just a little bit, and then got up and

started his locomotive. I asked him many questions about its different parts and about the places and things which we passed by, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and he knelt down again just a moment before we started. As he did this often, I tried to see what he was doing; and finally, after we had passed a good many stations, I made up my mind to ask him. He looked at me very earnestly, and said: 'My little lad, do you ever pray?'

"I replied, 'Oh, yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening.'

"'Well, my dear boy,' said he, 'when I kneel down, I pray. God has allowed me to hold a very responsible place here. There are, perhaps, two hundred lives now on this train entrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part, a little failure to do all my duty, a little neglect, a little inattention to signals, might send all or many of these two hundred souls into eternity. So at every station I kneel for just a short while, and ask the Master to help me, and to keep from all harm, till we get to the next station, the many lives He has put into my hands. All the years that I have been on this engine He has helped me, and not a single human being of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed. I have never had an accident.'"

"I have never before mentioned what he did or said, but almost daily I have thought about him, and resolved that I would be a Christian, too."

For four years the life and words of that praying engineer had been constantly present with this lad, and became at length the means of leading him into a Christian life.—*The Congregationalist.*

OUR STORY.—A DAY THAT JOHNNY NEVER FORGOT.

BY MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

It was a bright winter morning, and it was Saturday. It was early yet—only half-past six—but Johnny Blynn was up and dressed.

He went down-stairs as fast as he could go. In the dining-room was sister Nellie, standing by the grate warming her hands. Johnny seized one of her long braids and gave it such a twitch that the blue ribbon that tied it came near falling into the fire.

Then Johnny laughed, and Nellie said impatiently, as she twitched at the knot in the ribbon:

"It's too bad, when I had my hair all ready for breakfast."

"Hair for breakfast! Ho! ho!" shouted Johnny, dancing teasingly about her. "Whoever heard tell of such a thing?"

Then did Nellie's patience vanish entirely, and she sprang up to give Johnny a good shake, but he darted away, and ran out of doors, appearing soon in the kitchen, much to the dismay of Bridget, who was hurrying about trying to dish up breakfast. If there was anybody in the world that Bridget didn't want to see in the kitchen it was Johnny; so as soon as he bounced in, she said:

"Now get out of this, Johnny Blynn, this very minute!" but Johnny seized the spoon that was in the batter-cakes, shouting, "I'll bake cakes for you," then he tried to put a cake on the griddle. He plunged the spoon deep into the batter, and carried it dripping across the table and floor and stove, and splashed it on to the griddle; then Bridget seized both the spoon and the boy, put the spoon in the dish and the boy through the open door, then shut and locked it, saying wrath-

fully, as she put him out: "You're the very worst boy in this world!"

This was a specimen of that whole day. He could not go out to skate, because his mother said he was too hoarse to play out of doors such a cold day, and such a day as they had of it! If Johnny's business had been to torment everybody, make them lose their tempers, and upset nerves generally, he would have been a master hand at his business, for he went from one thing to another as fast as possible, never once stopping to rest himself.

From the window he saw two ladies coming to call upon his mother, and immediately he ran into the parlor, and hid behind the folding-doors, where, as they stood open, were nice little corners behind them. "It will be such fun," he said to himself, "to hear what they say when they think they are all alone."

So while they waited for his mother to come down, they talked. They were friends of her school-girl days, and one of them had not seen her for several years. They talked in low tones, but Johnny could hear every word they said. One lady said to the other:

"Cornelia has a pleasant home."

"Yes," the other answered, "and Mr. Blynn is a very nice man."

"She has two children, you said. Are they nice children?"

"Why, yes, they are very smart and handsome. Nellie is a sweet child, but Johnny is a perfect little torment. His mother spent the day with me when I lived out at Riverdale, and she brought him along. He kept my nerves on the stretch all day. There wasn't a thing on the mantle or table but he must have hold of. I expected everything would go to shivers that he touched, he was so rough."

"What a pity that she should have such a burden to carry; you said her health was frail."

"Yes, very; I should not be surprised if she did not live very long."

Just then the door opened and Mrs. Blynn came into the room. Johnny peeped through the crack at her —his sweet, beautiful mother! how pretty she looked, dressed in white, with pink cheeks and bright eyes! What a dreadful thing was this he had just heard; his mamma die!—how could it be? He had never thought of such a thing in his life.

Just then what did Mrs. Blynn say but:

"Is not this draught too strong for you, Mrs. Graham?" and rising, closed the folding-doors, when, behold! curled in a heap in the corner was Johnny.

"Why," said mamma, but Johnny waited to hear no more. A dart and bound took him through the door, and on he went up to his own room, where he cried himself almost sick.

"Nobody shall ever call me a torment again," he said with a long-drawn sob.

Don't suppose that Johnny grew to be a wonderful good boy all at once after that big resolve. He tried to keep it, but he kept forgetting and doing the same naughty things day after day. He told it all to mamma one night — how it was of no use for him to try and be good; he "just couldn't!" And then mamma said:

"Johnny, dear, don't you know you must pray just as you play, with all your heart, and your heart must run to Jesus when you feel that you are tempted to be naughty, just as you call after me when you are in any danger?"

That made the way plainer, and everybody began to say: "Johnny is certainly growing to be a better boy."

— *Selected.*

CHAPTER XII.

LESSON X.—SUBJECT: CHEERFULNESS.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalm 5 : 11. Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

Sunday, Psalm 100 : 2. Serve the Lord with gladness.

Monday, Proverbs 10 : 28. The hope of the righteous shall be gladness.

Tuesday, Proverbs 15 : 13. A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

Wednesday, Proverbs 15 : 15. He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.

Thursday, Proverbs 15 : 23. A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth.

Friday, John 16 : 20. Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.

An excellent motto to use in life is the following:

> "For all the evils under the sun,
> There is a cure, or there is none;
> If there is one, be sure to find it,
> If there is none, why, never mind it."

Outline.—Do you know why everyone likes Addie ——? It is because her bright face and happy disposition makes sunshine wherever she goes. The clouds

all roll away whenever she approaches. How different she is from Johnny B——! Nothing ever suits him. He always is ready to tell you how he has been misused, and how everyone tries to trouble him. His mittens are the wrong color; his coat is too long; the book you gave him was not so pretty as the one his brother had. He's always cross and sour, and his friends are very few. Look at his face and see all the cross lines on it. If he doesn't look out, he'll not be able to get them out, and everyone will look at him by and by and say, "What a cross, ugly man!"

Happy people are of great service in the world, for there is much real sorrow, and we need cheerful faces to offset the woes of life. Let me tell you about a feeble old lady who had to be wheeled everywhere. She was lame, and also very deaf, but she was always found in the Lord's house, seated in her wheel-chair near the door. A man asked her somewhat gruffly one day, "What good she got by going there so often, as she couldn't hear anything that was said." She replied, cheerily, "Oh, they couldn't get along without me; I smile the people in, and after meeting I smile them out again." Her pastor fully concurred in her statement, and regarded her work as almost equal in value to his own. Wasn't the way she chose better than to have stayed at home to grumble and find fault with God, and make herself disagreeable to all who were about her?

Repeat, when you feel unhappy,—

> There is no human being
> With so wholly dark a lot,
> But the heart by turning the picture,
> May find some sunny spot.—*Phœbe Cary.*

OUR STORY.—THE LITTLE BEAUTY.

"I know I am homely," said little Rosie Oppenheim, as she peered from the top of the chair into the looking-glass and scanned every feature. It was only too true, for the face she saw was far from fairy-like. There was no pretty dimple in her cheek; no bright, winsome eyes; no tiny, clear-cut nose; no smooth, white forehead and drooping eye-lashes. It was a dark countenance—small eyes, thick lips, large nose and huge ears.

"Goodness! What a fright!" she exclaimed as she got off the chair and turned her face from the mirror. "Well, I am glad that I know it, anyway; and so, if the girls call me names, they won't sting me at all, because it is true." And she laughed such a merry little laugh that the sunbeam through the window caught its echoes, and passed them to the clouds beyond.

Rosie took up her sewing by the window, but after a time grew tired of the work, and, picking up "Alice in Wonderland," was deep in its mysteries. With what interest did she follow the adventures of that pleasant little maid! How excited she grew as page after page was quickly scanned! How——

"Rosie"—it was Mrs. Oppenheim who spoke—"Rosie, dear, I would like you to run to the corner and match this silk."

Quick as a flash she threw down the book, and returned in a few minutes with the article desired; then she resumed her book.

"Sister Rosy-Posy"—the voice came from a little chubby boy of five—"won't you please tell me a story?"

"Why, of course I will, my precious," said the young girl, seizing the little fellow; and he eagerly listened while she told him such a fairy story that his eyes grew larger and larger, and his mouth wider and wider, until he soon fell fast asleep.

"I don't think I shall read any more, now," said Rosie to herself. "It is time to go to the piano. I have to run over those scales."

And she darted up the stairs and had just opened the piano when her father appeared at the doorway.

"You would oblige me, my darling," he said, "if you would close that piano. My head aches dreadfully."

"All right, papa. I will get up early tomorrow and finish the exercises." And she closed the piano softly, and then quietly left the room as her mother entered.

"What a beautiful disposition that child has!" said Mr. Oppenheim. "It is your training, my love."

"But I do wish that she was a little prettier, Joseph."

"Not for the world, not for the world, Hannah. Believe me, she is a little beauty as she is; and, if God spares her, her features will grow more regular."

Rosie did not hear her father's remarks, although she felt that she was loved even more tenderly from that hour. But the sunbeam that caught her merry laughter and bore it to the clouds heard the words of praise, and shone in lovely colors.—*Jewish Messenger.*

BE PLEASANT.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant. Such are as welcome

wherever they go as flowers in May; and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant too. Their pleasantness is contagious.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go to get them yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had in fact changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterwards, "just so sunny and kind, and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant

boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper, I am sure of that."

And I thought, "Why isn't a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest or truthful, or industrious or generous?"—*The Christian at Work.*

CHAPTER XIII.

LESSON XI.—SUBJECT: PUNISHMENT FOR SIN.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalm 1 : 5. The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment.

Sunday, Psalm 1 : 6. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

Monday, Proverbs 13 : 15. The way of transgressors is hard.

Tuesday, Isaiah 13 : 11. I will punish the world for their evil.

Wednesday, Ezekiel 14 : 10. They shall bear the punishment of their iniquity.

Thursday, Matthew 25 : 30. Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness.

Friday, I Corinthians 6 : 9. Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?

Outline.—Punishment for wrong-doing is necessary for the good of others. The world could not exist without some system of punishment. If burglars and murderers suffered no penalty for their crimes, our lives and property would not be safe; it is fear of the jail that keeps many people from doing wicked things. Wouldn't you hate to have that your reason for right-doing?

Children never like to be punished, and it is hard for them to see why it is necessary. But come, "Let us reason together," as the good Book says. Suppose here is a boy who rarely tells the exact truth. His parents know that if this habit continues, by and by it will be impossible for them to believe one word that he says; when he grows up no one will take him in business, for he can't be trusted; perhaps, too, he may carry his falsifying so far as to get into prison, for there are certain kinds of misrepresentation which are punishable in this way. Now, you may tell me, children, which will be best, to let this boy grow up unpunished, or to put him to bed without food, or tie up his mouth for hours at a time, and thus remind him of his sins, and help him to overcome them?

We often bring punishment upon ourselves. Be sure always to place the blame where it belongs. If you go without your rubbers and get your feet wet, thus inducing pneumonia, no one is to blame but yourself, and the suffering you have to bear is the punishment for your negligence. We must try never to break any of God's laws, for there will surely be some penalty attached. God could not be just unless He punished sin, neither could we grow in grace except by being corrected.

OUR STORY.—HOW THE LATHBURY BOYS LEARNED TO SEW.

BY H. M. D.

Tom and Will Lathbury were in the kitchen making kites. They had been busy a long time whittling out the sticks for the kite frames and putting them together, and had been so quiet and good that Hannah,

who was putting down a piece of oil-cloth, had said again and again to herself, "Those boys are just splendid today." Later in the day she changed her mind. "Hannah," said Will, "will you make us some paste? We're all ready now, all but the finishing."

"Not just yet, boys, I want to finish this."

"Oh, we'll help you, Hannah."

"Much help you'll be." But still Hannah was too good-natured to refuse, and soon the boys, with their hammers in hand, were down on their knees beside her.

"There," said she, pushing them the dish of tacks, "help yourselves, but don't put them too near together. I expect you'll bother me more than you'll help." And they did.

Tack, tack, tack went the three hammers; what fun they were all having! But if the fun could only have stopped there!

Now, whether Will proposed it, or Tom, never was made known. It was one of those funny things boys think of occasionally; at any rate it was something Hannah never dreamed of, or else she would never have jumped up so suddenly to shut off the stove; for rip, rip went her gingham apron, hem off, band off, and all; for those naughty boys had nailed it to the floor.

"You two horrid boys!" said Hannah, "that's enough to provoke a saint; you're the very worst boys in the world, and I am going to tell your mother." It was too bad, and the boys felt "so sorry."

They had not meant "anything like that." Boys never mean anything wrong; and how did they know those few tacks would "hold so"?

But Hannah lost no time in telling their mother, and pretty soon they heard mamma going to papa's study.

"Whew!" said Sam, "the joke's all spoiled now."

Perhaps Mrs. Lathbury rapped somewhat louder than usual, for her husband said "come in" so quickly, she was in his room and asking his advice almost before she knew it.

Now Mr. Lathbury was very busy writing a sermon, and hardly knew he had said "come in," so when his wife told him of the boys' naughty trick, and asked him what she should do, he answered somewhat dreamily, and yet to the point.

"This is indeed a question of vital importance."

"Why, yes, certainly it is, Richard, and I want your help this time."

"Help, what, what are you talking about, my dear?"

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Lathbury, but added, "never mind, Richard, I see you are very busy, and I will come in again."

"Very well, my dear," and Mr. Lathbury went on, "in order to arrive at a conclusion we must" —— but Mrs. Lathbury gently closed the door and heard no more.

"I wish Richard had been less busy, but I do not feel I ought to disturb him now, and yet what shall I do?"

Still Mrs. Lathbury, though she was worried herself, would not "worry Richard." At last she thought of something, though she hardly knew whether it would do.

"Boys," said she, going to the stairs, "boys, come here."

"It's a coming," said Will.

"Of course," answered Tom, "when trouble's coming it's always 'boys' with mamma, and 'Thomas' and 'William' with papa."

"Well, I am ashamed, aren't you, Tom?"

"Why, yes! Who wouldn't be? But that won't save us now."

"Boys," said their mother as they entered her room, "how much money have you in your banks?"

Well, that was a queer question, nothing like "the talk" they had expected, to say the least.

"Iv'e got thirty-five cents in mine," said Will, "and I guess Tom's got more."

"No, I haven't, I took out ten for marbles the other day when papa didn't have 'any change,' and I've only thirty-three."

"All right, that will do," said mamma.

Well, "wasn't she growing queer?"

"Now, boys, I want you to take this money, sixty-eight cents, and go down to Mr. Wood's store and buy me enough gingham for two aprons; let me see, yes, five yards will answer, then there'll be enough for strings and all. Then buy two German silver thimbles to fit your fingers, you can get them for five cents apiece, and then come home and I will tell you what else to do."

Then the boys began to see ahead a little, and somehow they felt "queer," and Will said, going out:

"Tom, mamma's too much for us this time!"

Mr. Wood waited upon the boys with pleasure, and thought nothing strange when they bought the gingham — though the boys themselves hardly knew gingham from calico, only, as Tom said, "gingham turns, you know," and as Hannah's apron was a fine check, they knew what to ask for.

But when they asked for thimbles, and had to fit their own fingers, Mr. Wood said, "Well, now you

must be industrious boys, I must say; there isn't a boy in ten knows how to sew; but it's a good thing to know, and your mother must be a very sensible woman to set you at it."

Dear! how their faces tingled! and very glad were they to escape into the street.

"It'll get all over the place, Tom."

"Of course, Will, and I'd rather have ten talkings from mamma, and some of papa's whippings than that."

"Now, boys," said Mrs. Lathbury, upon their return, "I hope you have made a good purchase. Yes, indeed," she said, as she unrolled the parcel, "you have done nicely. Now, I will furnish you with the needles and thread, as I fear you have not much left over, and give you your first lesson in sewing."

Not a word more — nothing like "I am grieved to learn my boys have done an unkindness," — oh, no, nothing like that! in fact no "talk" of any kind, but just two yards and a half of gingham to each boy, a needle, thread, the fitting of thimbles, and all was ready.

At first it required some patience to teach the boys how to handle their work properly, and how to pull the needle through without getting it unthreaded, but Mrs. Lathbury persevered, and finally the boys were left to themselves, and their mother resumed her reading.

For a time the novelty of it pleased Will, who always saw the "fun" in anything at once, and he said to Tom:

"Mamma's put the *check* on us this time."

But Tom did not feel like punning, and he answered, gruffly:

"Keep still, Will; I feel as clumsy as a bear with a needle."

"No quarreling, boys, or you will have to take out all you have done."

That was the only stern thing their mother said.

Oh, what a lesson in patience was that for boys, and how tiresome it grew after a little!

So hard to keep from quarreling when the thread "kinked up," and so many other things happened.

At last Mrs. Lathbury said, "You may put up your work now, boys; it is nearly time for supper, and after supper, as you have your lessons to get, there will be no time for sewing, but tomorrow when you come from school you may take it up again, and so on every day until the aprons are finished."

"Well, my dears," said papa at the supper-table, "I presume you have been good boys today as usual?"

Will looked at Tom, Tom looked at Will, and both looked at mamma. Mamma said nothing, and Mr. Lathbury went on:

"By the way, Jeannette, you wished to see me today; what was it about, my dear?"

Then mamma had not told, after all. Wasn't she lovely?

"Oh, never mind, Richard; at the time I needed your help very much, but afterward I found I could do without it."

Then Will winked at Tom, as much as to say she had, but papa caught the wink, and then it all had to come out.

"Thomas! William! I am ashamed of you! however, I shall let your mother follow up her treatment this time, but if necessary, she may call on me to finish it."

The rest of the meal was passed in silence. But when they were all going upstairs again the boys heard papa say, "Jeannette, you are a wonderful little woman."

"Oh, Richard! I did the best I could without you," and that was all that mamma said, but the boys wondered why she looked so happy after that, when they knew they had done nothing to make her glad.

It would take too long to tell what happened every afternoon while the boys worked on their aprons, for as the days were short, and it so soon grew dark, they were working at them a long, long time.

Hannah forgave them before the third day, but Mr. Lathbury remained firm.

They lost "lots of fun," were "mortified to death" when the different boys and girls came in to ask them out to play, and found them "sewing on gingham aprons"; but they did a great deal of thinking; and by the time the aprons were finished papa found it would "not be necessary to follow their mamma's treatment."

Of course "it got all over the place," such things always do. Some people laughed; some said it was "such a queer idea"; a few mothers said they would try some such thing sometime. But the Lathbury boys never forgot it; and whenever after that one of them would propose something "real funny," the other was always sure to say:

"Let's be careful it don't end in gingham and thimbles."—*The Christian at Work.*

CHAPTER XIV.

LESSON XII.—SUBJECT: SALVATION FROM SIN.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalm 55 : 16. As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me.

Sunday, Psalm 145 : 18. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him.

Monday, Isaiah 1 : 18. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.

Tuesday, Isaiah 43 : 25. I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions.

Wednesday, Isaiah 53 : 5. He was wounded for our transgressions.

Thursday, John 6 : 37. Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.

Friday, John 10 : 10. I am come that they might have life.

Outline.—Sin is everywhere. If we look within, we find it lurking in our hearts; and if we look without, we find it ready to tempt us on every hand. A very important question, then, to have answered is: "How can I be saved from sin?" By believing on the Lord Jesus Christ and trying to imitate Him. If we strive earnestly to copy the sinless life of Christ, we shall turn our faces away from much that is wicked, and thereby save ourselves from committing many kinds of sin.

Would that it were possible to refrain from *all sin!* It is not, however, for try as hard as ever we may, we can only cry out with the good apostle Paul, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." How then shall we be saved from the sins that are unwillingly committed? Hear the words of our blessed Master: "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sin." Listen to His gentle expression of forgiveness: "Go in peace, and sin no more." What comfort there is in the thought that if we are truly sorry for our sins, God will remove them from us, as far as the east is from the west, and will remember them no more against us forever. You can understand this, dear children, if you remember that when you do wrong and deserve punishment, sometimes when you are very sorry, papa forgives you, and you do not receive the penalty. How happy this makes you feel! At once your heart is filled with love and thankfulness; even so we cannot love too dearly, Jesus, who saves us from our sins.

OUR STORY.—RUBBED OUT.

BY S. R. MAY.

"Where is Ralph Howe?" asked the teacher, as the boys of the grammar school were seated after recess, and she missed the bright-eyed figure who usually sat in front of her desk.

"I dunno," said Tom.

"I do," said Harry, raising his hand.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"I see him running just as tight as he could over the pike. Going to meet the circus, I reckon."

"That will do, Harry," said Miss Ward. "John, will

you please go and tell Ralph I want him? School, will be out, boys, in season for you to see the procession when it comes in town. Now, study with all your might."

So saying, Miss Ward struck the bell, and soon all eyes were upon the books, and seemed to be studying as intently as if the famous showman and all his wonders were not for the first time entering the village.

I think if the truth were known the arithmetic was strangely mixed with lions and tigers, for when the classes came to recite they made some queer blunders.

Will Hood read the question, "If seven men eat a barrel of meat in fifteen days, how much will six men eat in five days?" but instead of "men" he read "bears." But Miss Ward understood the boys, and did not expect too much of them under the circumstances."

John came back without Ralph, saying:

"I couldn't catch him, ma'am. I ran as fast as I could, but when he saw me he put in, all the faster. I hollered: 'Teacher wants you to come straight back to school.' He climbed an express wagon and swung his hat at me and rode off."

"Thank you, John; that will do," interrupted Miss Ward. "I am sorry Ralph should do so; he is usually such a good boy."

Ralph went on down the pike and met the circus—the first he had ever seen. He came back with the procession, and was so excited that he hardly thought of school or anything but the monkeys and lions.

When he came to himself, for awhile he was frightened to think what he had done, and begged his mother to let him stay at home that afternoon, but she would not allow it.

The afternoon was not a happy one to Ralph. He wished now that he had waited and gone with the other boys. He tried to study, but his recitations were full of blunders, and he lost his place in the spelling class, by spelling *giraffe* with a "ph," for he was thinking how the tall creatures looked. The boys giggled, and Miss Ward said smilingly:

"I fear you have not learned much about animals, Ralph!"

The teacher did not reprove him till the close of school, then she said:

"Ralph Howe! you may remain after the rest. I have a little business with you."

Ralph waited.

After Ralph and the teacher had talked the matter over, he said:

"I'm very sorry I have done such a mean thing. I don't see what made me do it. I am ashamed of myself. I haven't enjoyed it a bit. I shouldn't think boys would play truant often if they feel as I do."

"I am sorry, too, Ralph!" said the teacher sadly, "but what shall we do! The school all know about it. I fear I shall have to punish you."

"I'm willing to do just what you say," answered repentant Ralph.

"Then, Ralph, you may write on the board what you have done, and what you think about it, and sign your name at the close."

Ralph took the chalk, and on the board behind the teacher's desk wrote this confession:

"I ran away from school. I didn't come back when my teacher sent for me. I'm sorry. If she'll forgive me this time, I'll try and behave. RALPH HOWE."

"That will do," said the teacher. "The writing

may remain until tomorrow. You may go. Good night."

Ralph went; but it was not a very "good night" to him, although he had been to the circus and seen many more wonderful things than he had ever imagined.

He dreamed that he was running away from school, and all the tigers and monkeys and elephants in the show were after him, while men were crying at the top of their voices:

"Bring back that truant boy," and then the elephant caught him with his trunk, and brought him back to school, where he was made to stand on the platform, the great yellow show-bill pinned to his jacket, on which was written in flaming letters:

"RUN AWAY FROM SCHOOL."

A monkey, too, stood up beside him, making hideous faces, and grinning as he pointed to the confession on the board.

Ralph awoke crying bitterly, and was glad it was a dream — "Not all a dream either," he said to himself, "for I must go to school, and there is my letter on the board, and if there's no monkey to point at it there's boys. Oh, dear! I wish there hadn't been any circus. I wish I could stay away from school, but I know mother won't let me."

Ralph waited until the last bell, and the very last sound of that, before he entered the school-room. He slunk into his seat, just as the tardy was ready to strike, so ashamed that he did not notice his teacher's morning greeting. During devotional exercises he put his head upon the desk, and, dreading to see his own confession, dared not look up. At length Miss Ward kindly said:

"Ralph! Will you stand and read what is written on the board?"

Ralph's face blushed scarlet, but he stood up, looked at the board, and began to read what he had written the night before — he could not make it out. Was it because his eyes were full of tears? It surely was not there. In doubt and perplexity Ralph looked questioningly at his teacher. Gently she said:

"Please read what is on the board."

Ralph read simply this, "Isaiah 43 : 25," and then he sat down.

"Boys!" said the teacher, "Ralph was very sorry for his wrong-doing yesterday, and he wrote his confession on the board, expecting to see it there this morning. I erased it and have written that text in its place. You may all find it."

There was a silence in the school-room for a few minutes, as the boys looked for the verse, then Herbert's hand was raised, and he said:

"May we all read it together?"

"Yes indeed," answered Miss Ward.

With hushed voices all tenderly read:

"I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

There were tears in many eyes, and Herbert's arm stole around Ralph's neck while Miss Ward said:

"That is my word to a boy who did wrong and was sorry. It is God's word to all who repent. Will *you* each try to forget Ralph's wrong and never mention it to him? It is blotted out."

"I believe that is the very best verse in the Bible," Ralph said to Miss Ward as he lingered after school; "and you are the best teacher in the world. I'll try

and be your very best boy after this, you've been so good to me."

"Say that to your heavenly Father, my boy. Don't run away from Him any more. Go and tell Him how sorry you are, and that you will try to be *His best boy.* He will say: 'I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins.'"—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XV.

LESSON XIII.—SUBJECT: THE HEATHEN WORLD.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Exodus 34 : 14. Thou shalt worship no other God.

Sunday, Psalm 2 : 8. Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance.

Monday, Psalm 9 : 15. The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made.

Tuesday, Psalm 96 : 10. Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.

Wednesday, Psalm 115 : 8. They that make them are like unto them; so is everyone that trusteth in them.

Thursday, Mark 16 : 15. Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

Friday, John 4 : 35. Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.

Outline.—I want the children of Christian America to be very glad that they were not born in a heathen country. Suppose every night when you went to bed, instead of saying the beautiful prayer the Saviour has taught you, you should go to the shelf and take down a little image and say some prayers to that; or, suppose you called on a snake or a monkey to bless

you, as they do in India? If you were in China, you might get a long flat piece of wood with the names of your grandmas and grandpas and great-grandpas, and then you would fall on your knees and pray to that? Look on your maps and find Africa, China, India and Japan, and try to think how the people look, what they wear and eat, and what kind of homes they live in. They have no pleasant Sunday-school, and no Christmas season such as you have. The little children over the seas don't have a very happy life. Some have parents who do not love them, and often they are glad to die. Don't forget to pray for them, and don't fail to save some of your money to help them to hear of Jesus!*

OUR STORY.—WHAT I SAW IN MY DREAM.

BY MRS. J. L. SCUDDER.

One evening, as the day was fading into twilight, I drew myself apart from the rest of the family for a little quiet meditation. My mind was burdened, for most of the day I had been reading of the wickedness and superstition which so abound in heathen lands. I had accepted an invitation to speak to the young ladies at our annual missionary meeting, and I was especially anxious to find just those facts which would arouse their sympathies, and incite them to greater activity.

A few moments previous to this I had been in the children's play-room, where I found them greatly in-

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*If you want to know more about the work, or if you have no Missionary Band, and wish to start one, you can find out all about it by sending to the missionary rooms of any denomination.

terested in reproducing one of the performances of Miss Alcott's "Little Women." "Cinderella" was under full headway. The child who personated the godmother stood in witch-like attire, with wand in hand, ready to perform her magic work. They wished to draw me into their charmed circle, but I laughingly withdrew. In the quiet of my own room, I could hear faint echoes of merriment as the performance progressed.

I was weary and sad, for my mind still lingered on the miserable existence of the women and children in the far-away heathen lands. Thus, with thoughts of witchcraft in the play-room, and neglected women all over the world, I fell asleep, and had a dream which I will now relate to you.

In my slumber I found myself talking with an old woman of such peculiar dress and speech, that I felt greatly alarmed. In an earnest way she was urging me to take a journey with her, saying that she could prepare me in a wonderful manner for my coming missionary meeting. She even went so far as to promise that if I would grant her requests, she would so empower my words that everyone who heard them should receive an interest in missions that should last them to the end of life.

But I demurred, for I could not trust myself to such an uncertain looking creature. I longed for the power she spoke of, but was it safe to try and gain it in such a new and perilous way?

Before I could speak, declining her invitation, she said, "I understand your fears, but let me assure you that no harm will befall you. I have a power which few possess; put yourself in my keeping and, with a wave of the wand, I can transport you whithersoever

I will. At any time let me reverse the motion, and you will find yourself safe and sound in your own home. I want you to see the heathen girls in their real condition."

Her words sounded so fair that I replied, "Well, take me where you will, I am under your power; only, don't forget to return me in safety to my family."

No sooner was this uttered than I felt myself being lifted from my chair and freed from the laws that had formerly controlled my earthly actions. Without any will of my own, I seemed to be passing through space. Down below me I could see people rushing hither and thither in noisy conflict for the things which satisfy the body. How greedy the world looked from my exalted position!

I was aroused from my reflections just as we began to pass over a vast expanse of water, and then, ere I knew it, we touched the earth.

Almost everything seemed strange to me on this newly found soil. The long narrow streets were unfamiliar, and the low, small houses unattractive. As we walked up and down I noticed that in many cases the front of the houses had been removed, thus giving us a good view of the family life within. Here and there toilets were being completed, food being prepared, and other scenes so common in daily life were being enacted. Here and there children sat curled up on the floor, deep in some interesting game. Dear little babies were being fondled by their mothers, and, while life was very simple, there seemed to be a happy contentment over all. I said to my guide, "We do not need to waste our sympathy here. Surely this is a good country!"

"Do not judge too hastily," she replied. "I can

show you misery enough. Do you see that girl over there? Six months ago she was as pure as yonder white lily, but now her life is one of misery. In this land obedience is the first law in every household. Let a man be in need of money and he will sell his daughter to the highest bidder. That maiden begged with tears and groans not to be forced to a life of sin, but her entreaty was of no avail." Saying thus, she led me down the street into a beautiful temple. Soon there entered a young woman whose heart seemed breaking. She knelt in prayer, and then rose and hung about the altar the garments of her dear little girl who had died; then she tossed some money in a box while a Buddhist priest mumbled a prayer. No word of comfort did he give her. "Oh, tell her!" said I, "that Jesus has said, I am the resurrection and the life. Tell her that by and by she will meet her dear little one again. Let her go home with this happy thought"; but my words were too late, for she had left the temple, in no way cheered by her act of devotion.

"Take me home!" I cried, "I have seen enough." "Not yet, not yet," said my wonderful friend. "You have not seen the half." So saying, she waved her wand, and we began again our aerial flight. I shall not soon forget the rare beauty of that island country. Mountain and lake, waving trees in gay attire, waterfalls and glens, all pointed to the marvelous Creator — but the people knew Him not.

We found ourselves next in China. Here we became objects of great interest. We made our way down the streets with much difficulty, for people were pressing close upon me, pinching my dress, pointing at my hat and shoes, and chatting in an excited man-

ner. To rid ourselves of them I suggested that we repair to an inn, to taste a little Chinese food and rest our weary bodies. This we did, and were soon in the dining-room of a hotel. "Bird's-nest soup, shark's fins, bamboo sprouts, which will you have?" said my guide, after glibly talking with a Chinese servant. "Only a cup of tea," I replied, for how could I eat these tempting viands, when only chopsticks were offered? How could I toss bird's-nest soup or any other kind of soup into my mouth with those delicate little sticks? After disposing of the tea, which was the best I ever tasted, we repaired to a room for rest. But "where are the chairs, the sofa or the bed on which to rest my weary frame?" I inquired. "Yonder low hard platform is the Chinese bed; rest there if you can," said my guide. "No, thanks," I replied, "There's no rest on that hard place; let us go out once more on the street." How unattractive the little stores looked, and how I pitied the poor children who were hobbling along in torture at every step! "How cruel this is!" I said. "Do they love their little girls to treat them thus?" "This is only a foolish fashion," she replied, "but they are not very fond of their daughters in this country. They never count them as a part of the family; and if they get too numerous they do not hesitate to toss one into the river, or dispose of her in some other way. And does it greatly matter whether they live or die, when they are shut up for life with cards, smoking and gossiping for their amusements?" "You say they can't go out after they are ten years old," I said. "Well, there comes a woman down the street, how is she allowed to be about?" "Oh, she belongs to the common class, they have more freedom; she is going to the temple; let us follow her." This

we did, and found her paying a priest for some prayers written on paper; these she afterwards lighted, and watched them carefully until they were reduced to ashes; then she expected her requests to be granted.

"This will do," I said to my aged friend. "I can picture vividly enough the woes of heathen women. Can't we return home now?" "Wait, I can show you religions far more degrading than this," continued my persistent companion. "We are going now to India. We shall travel quickly, but do not fail to note the beauty of the landscape." So, with a flourish, we were off. What a sight met my eyes! Such floral beauty I had never dreamed of. Mountain and valley so rich in bloom that the earth seemed like a gay carpet spread out before me. Here and there little streamlets went skipping down the mountain side, and on their banks hundreds of little flowers reached over to kiss the cooling waters. The banana trees, richly laden with their bright bunches of fruit, were nodding to stately palms, and every now and then gorgeous temples reared their heads high above them all. As if to add the last touch of beauty to the landscape, birds of rare loveliness flitted about in gay attire. I should have been fairly enchanted, had I not noticed that at intervals there were heavy jungles, where wild beasts made their lairs, and all over the land serpents lay in wait ready to do their work of death. We saw arid plains, where earnest men and women made their habitation in order to teach the natives of our blessed Master.

"May we not enter a Zenana?" I asked.

"Yes," said my guide, "and I want you to notice particularly the two little widows. They had a hard time when their husbands were living, for they were told continually that they had no more souls than dogs. They

could not eat until their husbands had finished, and they slept on the floor, while the men took the beds. Their fate is even worse now. They must be a slave for the entire family as long as they live. Only coarse food and curses are their lot hereafter; and there are only 21,000,000 widows in India, 80,000 under ten years of age."

So saying, we entered the Zenana.

I was glad when we were once again on the street, for two sadder little girls I never saw. My eyes filled with tears at the thought of their misery. While I was musing, my friend hurried me along to get a view of the God Juggernaut, who was to be drawn about, for it was the day to celebrate the Car Festival. Such a hideous monster I never beheld. No creature in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, ever equaled it in ugliness.

"No man can have sunk so low as to worship such a god as that!" I cried.

"Yes," came back the answer. "They that make them are like unto them, so is everyone that trusteth in them."

"If you wish to go home now, I will take you, but I would like to give you a glance at Africa on the way." To this I assented, and without delay we were on the "Dark Continent." Well named, I thought, as I witnessed the sale of some women.

"How much did that short woman yonder bring?" I questioned.

"Three cows was paid for her," said my guide, after a moment's conversation with a black man at her side. "A man is counted rich by the number of his wives. Each one lives in that round hovel, and they crawl in and out on their knees. Our animals are in far cleaner and better quarters. It would make you ill to enter one of these places, for they are full of smoke and vermin. Look

around you quickly, and then I will take you home again." So saying, she soon after swung her wand vigorously in an opposite direction, and ere I knew it I was safe in my native land. Just as she was giving me a farewell benediction, I awoke, and finding myself in my room, now grown dark, I was alarmed, and called out lustily:

"Where am I, where am I?"

The children at this cry came running in and said:

"Why, mamma, you are here, in your nice chair in your own room."

"Where have I been?" I said, still bewildered.

"Nowhere, mamma dear; what is the matter, you must have been dreaming?"

And so it proved.

At the tea table I narrated my dream, and said, despondently, I had expected that I could tell all that I saw at the annual meeting, and now it is only a dream.

"Don't be discouraged," said the good man of the house, "God has given many wonderful things in dreams; perhaps the real condition may be exactly as you saw it. I lived in India once, and the sights you describe I am sure are true to life there. Read, and you may find that the homes of Japan, China and Africa are exactly as you beheld them."

Wonderful to relate, his words were true. My fairy friend, with her magic way of transportation, was all that was untrue. Ignorance, idolatry and impurity existed exactly as I had seen it. While I was wondering what more could be done for those who sit in heathen darkness, I seemed to hear the words of the Master, He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

CHAPTER XVI.

LESSON XIV.—SUBJECT: ATTENDANCE ON CHURCH SERVICE.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalm 100 : 4. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

Sunday, Psalm 122 : 1. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Monday, Matthew 18 : 20. Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

Tuesday, Luke 18 : 10. Two men went up into the temple to pray.

Wednesday, Acts 11 : 26. A whole year they assembled themselves with the church.

Thursday, Acts 14 : 27. And when they were come, and had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them.

Friday, I Timothy 3 : 15. Behave thyself in the house of God.

Outline.— Long, long ago, when the Creator of this world made the animals, the birds, the fishes, the flowers, and all other things so necessary for the comfort of man, He thought about how busy and tired men would be later, when the world was full of activity, and so He set apart one day in seven in order that man might have time to rest and think of Him. After that,

God founded the Church, so that they might have a place as well as a day for worship. This was necessary, for you know how quickly our thoughts are turned away from God, when we try to worship Him in other places. Perhaps you will say, if I take a walk on a Sunday afternoon I can worship God by looking at the trees that He has made, and the blue sky; but how soon your thoughts change to dresses and wagons and other sights. We can worship him better in a church.

Be regular in church attendance. Children should form this habit in childhood, for if they learn to stay away from church, we shall find many empty pews in God's house twenty years from now. One person has no more right to stay at home than another, and if all took that liberty what would become of our churches? Everyone should go and bear a part of the expense of supporting it. If we can only give a little, the Lord will be well pleased if it is rightly offered. Read Mark 12 : 41–44.

Churches should be like homes, and the members should treat each other as brothers and sisters. 1 John 3 : 14. I love to think of Christians as bound together. They remind me of the little emigrant children who were going West. Lest some might stray away and be lost, the mother tied them together with a rope. People are sometimes kept from wandering by being bound to other Christians. "Blest be the tie that binds."

When we attend church, we should always behave well. It is not the place to laugh and talk, and you must try and remember this, little ones, and not be like some naughty children who used to annoy the minister by laughing during the service. He frequently paused and looked at them, but all to no purpose. At last his

patience was exhausted, and he said, "I should reprove those little girls on the back seat, but the last child I scolded proved afterwards to be an idiot and not reponsible."

Poor people should be welcomed in our churches. Very often about all the pleasure they have in life is that which they get in the sanctuary.

OUR STORY.—NAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Nan sat out on the old wooden steps waiting for granny to come. It was rather cold out on the steps, for the autumn nights were growing chilly; but it was not much warmer in the house, where there would be no fire until granny came. It was dark inside, too, and Nan had decided that she was more lonely in the gloomy room than out where the twilight still lingered, and where the stars twinkled and blinked at her in a companionable sort of way, as they came out one by one. Nan had a fancy that they were waiting for their grandmother, too, for the old moon was nowhere to be seen, though it was hardly probable that she had gone out washing.

That was what Nan's grandmother had done, and she was staying later than usual, though the little girl was beginning to think that she didn't know what was usual since they had come to live in the city, where everything was so strange and different from her village home. Granny had been sure that she could get more work and better pay in the larger place; but if there was more to do, there was more to do it, and her expectations had not been realized. Nobody knew them, and, though the old woman had improved every opportunity for work, times had been dull, and now that

winter was coming, she feared she might not be able to pay the rent for even this poor little house on a back street.

Of many of these anxieties Nan was ignorant, but she knew that her shoes were nearly worn out, that there was scant supper in the house, and that waiting there on the steps was a cold and cheerless occupation. By-and-by, however, her attention was drawn from her own discomfort by the sound of music — voices singing at a little distance.

"It's round at that church," said Nan, bending her head for a moment to listen. "It's one of their meetin' nights."

Very little knowledge had she of either churches or meetings; but just around the block, on another and far different street, she had noticed this fine building. It was so much larger and handsomer than the old chapel in the village that it awoke a train of thought the latter had never suggested.

"Granny, what do churches be for?" she asked, curiously.

"For folks to go to, of course. What else would they be for, child. They go to hear the preachin' and singin', and to pray for what they want."

"Why don't we go, then? We want lots of things," said Nan, wonderingly.

"Hoot! We're likely to want 'em for all of getting 'em that way!" answered granny scornfully. "I never did see much good in religion myself, not for the likes of us. Churches is for them that has good clothes and lots of time."

Nan certainly had plenty of time just now, and, as she had nothing to do, it occurred to her that she might slip around and examine the church a little more closely,

and hear the music to better advantage. She drew her old shawl closer around her, and, leaving the steps, soon reached the point of attraction.

"Oh, they're not upstairs tonight," she remarked, observing that the lights were not where she had previously seen them, but were flashing brightly out from the windows of the vestry-room. "Guess they must be in — in their cellar-kitchen."

It was an arrangement that suited her, for those lower windows were so near the ground, that by standing quietly around at the side of the building, she could look in unnoticed. A very cheerful "cellar-kitchen" it looked, so bright and warm. It was not so grand as the upper room, where once, through the open doors, she had caught a glimpse of velvet carpets, many-colored windows, and plush-lined pews. That had awed her by its magnificence, but this, with its pretty matting, its plain, comfortable seats, its light and warmth, invited the shivering, weary little stranger.

"It looks nice, and the folks ain't fixed up so grand, either — not so very grand. I wish I could go in too," she mused wistfully. "There goes a little girl with that woman! Anyway, it ain't their best room, and I guess they wouldn't care. May be they wouldn't see me."

So comfortable a place of waiting until granny came was a strong temptation. Nan hesitated a minute or two longer, and then, walking slowly around to the front again, stole timidly into the room. Two or three looked at her, but no one seemed shocked or surprised, and, as she paused beside a chair, a lady moved, gave her a hymn-book, and made room for her exactly as if she had a right to be there! Reassured and comforted, Nan dropped into the offered seat with a sigh of relief.

"It ain't just for the rich folks, after all. Granny didn't know!" she said to herself delightedly.

How she did enjoy the music! There was a good deal of singing that evening—simple gospel hymns, with a joyous ring to them that quickened Nan's pulse, and made the little feet in the old shoes keep time involuntarily. She caught some of the refrains, and, as everybody else was singing, even ventured to join in them softly at last. No one noticed that either, and she began to entertain a blissful feeling of partnership in this wonderful place and its doings.

She did not understand much that the minister said when he began to talk, but that was partly because she did not expect to understand, and did not pay much attention. She was very busy in looking about her, and in thinking how warm and cozy it was, and how much nicer than sitting alone on the old steps. The speaker reminded his people that this was their harvest home. The summer vacations were over, the wanderers had gathered back, and tonight, as was their year's custom, they held their little social service of thanksgiving, and recounted the special mercies of the year, mercies to them as a congregation, as families, as individuals. Then he called for remarks. To all this Nan paid little heed; but when here and there through the room, one after another arose to speak only a sentence or two, her attention was recalled.

"I am specially grateful for the conversion of a dear friend."

What did that mean?

"Thankful for a reunited family after long parting," said another voice, so low that Nan could not quite catch it all.

What were they doing? It must be that they were praying for what they wanted now, as granny had told her.

"I should be thankful for the gift of unbroken health through the year," said someone near her—so near that she heard every word.

Yes, that was surely it. Oh, if she only dared to ask for what she wanted, too! They did need things so badly. Oh, if she only dared!

"Any others?" asked the minister, as there came a moment's pause, and it seemed to Nan that his glance fell upon her. How could she let such an opportunity slip?—the one chance of her life! She summoned all her courage for one mighty effort, and patterning her sentence after the last speaker, said tremblingly:

"I should be thankful for lots of work for granny; she needs it real bad. And for a pair of new shoes for me—copper-toed ones, 'cause they last longer, and——"

The little stir and bustle of surprise grew into a low but unmistakable ripple of laughter. Nan heard it. One swift glance showed her that people were certainly looking at her at last, and overwhelmed with confusion she dropped into her seat, and covering her burning face with the old shawl. A soft hand—the hand of the lady who had moved the book—touched her, and a soothing voice whispered:

"Never mind, dear; it was all right!"

Then the minister said quickly, though with an odd little tremor in his tones:

"We are glad to hear the voice of a little girl. The prayers and thanksgiving of the children have just as much right here as those of the older people."

That, and the lady's arm put tenderly around her, checked Nan's fast rising tears; but she did not want

to sing again when the closing hymn came. And she was glad when the service was over, that people who paused for a moment as if to speak to her, only glanced at her, nodding understandingly to the lady beside her, and passed on without any questions. Even the minister did the same.

"Ah, Mrs. Alison, you have her in charge? That is the better way. You will learn what we need to know."

And Mrs. Alison did learn, with very few inquiries, and those only of the kindest sort. She went home with Nan, "just to see her safely there, and to learn where she lived," she said; and the next day she came again, and had a talk with granny. A good many people came afterwards, as the weeks passed—people who wanted work done. Nan never did quite know how it happened that times grew better so fast. She had her shoes and granny never lacked for work after that; it was not likely that she should, when the people had once learned how willing and faithful she was. Being comfortably clothed, it became a custom that they should frequent the church around the corner. At first they went to please Nan, and out of gratitude to new friends, but afterwards because neither storm nor weariness could keep granny away.

"So you see that religion is good for poor folks, too," Nan sometimes says in complacent remembrance.

"Child, it's so good that them that hasn't it, whatever else they may have, is poor; and them that has it, whatever else they lack, is rich—rich forever, thank God!" answered granny, solemnly, with her old face radiant.—*Interior.*

CHAPTER XVII.

LESSON XV.—SUBJECT: VANITY.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Job 35 : 13. Surely God will not hear vanity.

Sunday, Psalm 119 : 37. Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.

Monday, Psalm 119 : 113. I hate vain thoughts.

Tuesday, Proverbs 12 : 11. He that followeth vain persons is void of understanding.

Wednesday, Ecclesiastes 6 : 11. There be many things that increase vanity.

Thursday, Habakkuk 2 : 13. People shall weary themselves for very vanity.

Friday, II Peter 2 : 18. They speak great swelling words of vanity.

Outline.—What can you think of that makes people vain? Fine clothes, a quick memory, musical gifts, a beautiful house,—how nice these all are if rightly used; but often they promote the spirit of vanity. The love of display is a growing evil. The chief idea nowadays with many people is, "How can I make a fine appearance?" Even the children have caught the spirit, and when we see them in costly attire, strutting about the piazzas of our most fashionable hotels, we are reminded of a collection of peacocks, each vying with the other in the display of their plumage. It was

such a child who prayed, "O Lord, make me stylish," not "Make me good," or "Make me useful," but "Make me stylish."

A vain child is almost always disliked; for, as a rule, one who thinks *only* of appearance is usually empty-headed. Wisdom and vanity are rarely coupled together.

Vanity develops other faults, such as envy and jealousy; it leads also to extravagance. Many of the defaulters and embezzlers in our jails began their wicked career by taking money which did not belong to them, in order to keep up a vain appearance.

OUR STORY.—THAT PLAID DRESS.

Jennie Hunt was a bright, good-natured, sensible girl. Her brother Rob once said of her, "Jennie isn't always making a fuss about things; she believes in having a good time, and doesn't spoil it all by fretting, like some girls." But one day there was plainly a cloud upon Jennie's face. What could be the matter? Everyone at the breakfast table wondered, but nothing was said about it until Jennie was left alone with her mother, when the trouble was revealed.

"Mother," she said, "don't you think you can manage in some way to get me a new dress? I am so tired of that plaid one."

"Why, Jennie," replied her mother, "I was thinking, the last time you wore it, how fresh and pretty it still looked."

"Oh, to be sure!" remarked Jennie, impatiently, "but all the other girls wear pretty plain-colored dresses; and, actually, mother, they know me by that old plaid one. When I went to Gertie's tea-party,

yesterday, I heard Hattie Goodwin say, 'There comes Jennie Hunt; I know her by her plaid dress.' You see plaids are all out of fashion, and there isn't another single girl in our set who wears a dress anything like it; and it makes me feel ashamed."

Mrs. Hunt smiled a little at Jennie's eagerness; then, kissing her affectionately, said, "Watch, and see if you cannot find that there are other things by which girls are sometimes known which are more undesirable than even a plaid dress."

Jennie went off to school thinking of her mother's words. Of course, she felt better already. She always found that her troubles were half cured when she had poured them into her mother's ready ear, and perhaps this is the reason that the clouds so seldom settled in the girl's face. She did not quite understand what her mother meant, but resolved to be on the watch.

Her most intimate friend, Mollie Downs, came to meet her before reaching the school-house, and while in the ante-room removing their wraps, they could hear the sound of many voices in talk and laughter from the large room, where the scholars were assembling for the morning exercises.

"Ida Howells is there, I know," said Mollie. "I can tell her by that silly laugh. I hope I never giggle as she does."

"Yes," replied Jennie, "and that loud voice belongs to Maggie Smith. It is too bad she talks so loud; she is a nice girl, but people think her rude and coarse because she will speak in such high tones."

As they joined the group in the school-room, a quick thought flashed into Jennie's mind: "That is what mamma meant. It is better to be known by a plaid dress than by these things." Soon the bell rang, and

in the hours that followed, only once was there a reminder of the plaid dress. When the writing exercises were returned to the girls, she heard the teacher say in a low tone to the pupil whose seat was directly behind her own: "I am sorry to see that you are still so careless with your penmanship. It is not necessary for you to affix your name to your exercise. I always know it from the others by its untidy appearance."

"Well," thought Jennie, "there it is again. I wonder if I am known by any disagreeable traits. I don't believe I am." But now that her eyes were open to observe herself, it was not many days before she discovered that there was one glaring fault which distinguished her from the other girls. It was commonly understood that anything described by Jennie Hunt was a little more highly colored than it would be by anyone else. "Did Jennie Hunt tell you that? Well, you know she is apt to get things a little twisted," she heard one say; and again, "I don't believe it was quite so bad; Jennie exaggerates so, you know."

This was a serious revelation to our light-hearted, easy-going Jennie, and resulted in more than one thoughtful mood, in which she meditated upon the failing. She found that it was her eagerness to create excitement and surprise among her companions that had led her into the habit, and she was shocked to recall how inaccurate she had sometimes been, with no thought of being so; for Jennie loved the truth, and would never have willingly departed from it, in the least. The plaid dress was doing her much good, but it had yet to remind her of one more fault.

That afternoon, when preparing to go home, Jennie overheard some girls commenting on a scholar who had lately joined the school. The new arrival, named

Hattie Goodwin, was an only child, who had been spoiled and petted from her babyhood. Everything that money could buy had been lavished upon her in her city home, but now that her parents were away in Europe, she found life quite different in her uncle's country house. No one there seemed to care much for her rich apparel, so she had to find most of her enjoyment in exhibiting her costly dresses and jewels to the girls at school. Her overbearing manner, and silly love of show, made her few friends, and there were frequent bits of conversation not unlike this, that Jennie heard.

"What a vain, silly creature that Hattie Goodwin is; she never passes a looking-glass without peeping in to see how beautiful she is! How big she feels because she has a gold watch; she acts as if none of us had ever seen or heard of one."

"I know it," rejoined another. "How different she is from dear little Flossy Jones who was here last summer! She had just as many pretty things as Hattie Goodwin, without her vanity. Do you remember how much she liked to have us all enjoy her pleasures? She boarded at my aunt's, and I know she did not wear her prettiest dresses, just because she thought we would not like our clothes after seeing hers."

Just at this point the girls looked up and saw Hattie Goodwin approaching, and as she tossed her head high in the air in passing, Jennie remembered what her mother had said about her plaid dress, and she decided in her own mind that if fine clothes were likely to produce in her such vain and foolish notions, she would prefer to wear a dress like her plaid one all her life.—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

LESSON XVI.—SUBJECT: CHARITY.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Matthew 5 : 7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Sunday, Romans 12 : 10. Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love.

Monday, I Corinthians 13 : 4. Charity suffereth long, and is kind.

Tuesday, I Corinthians 16 : 14. Let all your things be done with charity.

Wednesday, Ephesians 4 : 32. Be ye kind one to another.

Thursday, James 5 : 11. The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy.

Friday, I Peter 4 : 8. Above all things have fervent charity.

Outline.—The word charity has two meanings. In the Bible it is often used to mean love. We should use charity in judging other people. It is well to know all the circumstances before forming opinions. We need to cultivate charity in speech. We should do well to follow the example of one of the presidents' wives, who never slept until she inquired of her husband whether she had made any uncharitable remark during the day.

The most common use of the word charity is for almsgiving. Christ everywhere commends to our care the poor and unfortunate, but I am sure that He meant only those that are worthy. Dear children, it seems hard to tell you that you cannot render assistance to the beggar upon the street, who pleads so piteously for help; but you cannot. Whenever you give aid to the poor, someone should ascertain for you whether their needs are genuine. The man who came to my door with a lame arm used the money given him to enrich the saloon-keeper and injure himself. Clara Barton once said that she gave a half dollar to a man begging on the street, and learned afterwards, to her sorrow, that it was *her* money that bought the whisky which crazed his brain and caused him to kill his wife. There are societies who know every worthy family, and we should give our money to them for investment. The best kind of charity to render the poor is to put them in the way of obtaining work, thus helping them to keep their self-respect, and rendering permanent aid. If a person who is well refuses to work, close your purse and go away.

OUR STORY.—MISTAKEN CHARITY.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

"*I* call it extravagance," said Mrs. Mopley, with some heat. "Mrs. Darrow is well able to bake her own cake and do her own mending, yet she hires Mrs. Tate by the day to mend stockings and do such light work for her, and pays her seventy-five cents apiece, or fifty cents, or even a dollar, as the case may be, for cakes. I call it sheer extravagance, for Mr. Darrow's none too well off."

"Mrs. Darrow works hard, though," put in little Miss Vest, mildly.

"Ye-es, I know, she always seems to be busy," admitted Mrs. Mopley. "But she seems to be embroidering a great deal."

"I have heard that she sells her work in the city, and gets a large price for it."

"H—m," said Mrs. Mopley, doubtfully, "the market for fancy work is dreadfully overcrowded, I understand. I should hardly think that anybody so far away as Red Wing would stand much of a chance of selling things."

"But I understand that Mrs. Darrow is what they call an expert."

"At any rate, I would manage in some way to do my own baking and mending. I call it shiftless not to."

Mrs. Mopley spoke severely, and as the richest woman in Red Wing, a small town not situated so far west as its name might indicate, she felt that her influence should be given strongly against shiftlessness.

"But," went on Miss Vest, who was making a morning call, for business purposes, on Mrs. Mopley, "I must not forget that I want you to head the subscription for the home missionaries."

"I will do so gladly," said Mrs. Mopley, who was proud of her "charitable" disposition. "Let me see. How much did I give last year? I think it was ten dollars."

So Mrs. Mopley put down ten dollars, and little Miss Vest moved on.

It was perhaps an hour later that a shabby but respectable looking woman rang Mrs. Mopley's bell, and was shown into her parlor by the one house-servant that

Mrs. Mopley kept. It was the height of luxury in Red Wing to keep one house-servant and a coachman—Mrs. Mopley's "establishment."

"Good morning, Mrs. Tate," said Mrs. Mopley, rather reservedly, as she entered the parlor. "I hope your husband is better."

Mrs. Tate and Mrs. Mopley had been to school together, but that was a long time ago, too long for the friendly old relations to last really, and they had not seen each other often of late years.

"No, he is not," began Mrs. Tate, her voice trembling a little. "We had saved up a little something, besides paying for our house, but this long illness has used up everything we had. I have sewed a good deal. Mrs. Darrow very kindly employs me for one day each week, and I could do even more than that, if there was anybody else to employ me. Then, you know, I have paid a good deal of attention to cooking, and if you want anything done in that line, I wish you would let me try to do it."

Mrs. Tate's voice had grown firm before she finished. She had thought the matter over so much that she had hoped to get through without an instant's wavering.

"I'm not one of the extravagant kind, you know, Mrs. Tate," said Mrs. Mopley, somewhat coldly. "But I cannot see an old friend suffer."

She drew her purse from her pocket. Mrs. Tate rose with dignity.

"I do not ask for charity," she said. "I merely wish for work."

"But I cannot afford to put out my work," insisted Mrs. Mopley.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Tate. "I do not wish for anything but work."

"I—I wish you would take this five-dollar bill, really," stammered Mrs. Mopley.

"I need it badly enough, heaven knows!" exclaimed Mrs. Tate, with a burst of tears, which she could not help. "But I cannot take it without returning something for it. Why would it cost you any more if I should give you five dollars' worth of work for it than if I gave nothing at all? Is it not a truer charity to give the poor work than to give them money, and so take away their self-respect?"

Mrs. Mopley stood irresolute, holding the five-dollar bill in her hand.

"I—I don't know but you are right, Esther," she said, her friend's heart-broken eloquence leveling for the time the barriers between them. "I have been trying to do something for you for a good while. I thought I would send you a basket of things"——

"But I am well and strong," interrupted Mrs. Tate. "My children are old enough to take care of themselves, and to go to school alone. All that I want is work. I am a fair seamstress and a good cook. There are my baked beans, my fishballs, my crullers, and different sorts of cake and pies. I think I could suit you with any of them."

"You may send me up some fishballs and baked beans every Saturday afternoon, Esther," said Mrs. Mopley, hastily. And, as though she was afraid her resolution would give out before she finished speaking, "And I have promised to contribute two cakes to the sociable tomorrow evening. Make me two of your nicest, please. And I have a silk dress I am just ripping and sponging for a comfortable. You might do that, if you like; I'll send it down to your house. But I can't help feeling as though this were rather

foolish for me, who am so well able to do it all myself."

"I don't want to urge you to extravagance," said Mrs. Tate, rising, and looking harassed and nervous.

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Mopley, seizing her hands impulsively. "I am sure you are right. I believe I have had some vain and silly notions about 'charity' and helping others. I am always complaining that I have no time to read, nor to practice my music, nor to entertain my friends. I have done too much of this work which others might do, and which would help them — and then I have given money and thought I was doing all I ought. But you have said just the right thing to me. I shall know better how to help people after this."

"You see what we poor people want is work, and that is better for everybody than just the money; don't you see that it is?" said Mrs. Tate, her worn, anxious face lighting up with her earnestness.

"I am sure of it," said Mrs. Mopley.—*The Congregationalist.*

CHAPTER XIX.

LESSON XVII.—SUBJECT: PROMPTNESS.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalm 119 : 60. I made haste and delayed not to keep thy commandments.

Sunday, Jeremiah 1 : 12. I will hasten my word to perform it.

Monday, Zechariah 1 : 4. Turn ye now from your evil ways.

Tuesday, Luke 12 : 40. Be ye therefore ready.

Wednesday, II Corinthians 6 : 2. Behold now is the accepted time.

Thursday, II Timothy 4 : 2. Be ye instant in season.

Friday, I Peter 3 : 15. Be ready, always.

Outline.—Promptness is very necessary to success in life. What a trial a tardy person is! You've seen them, children! "Why doesn't the entertainment begin; it is time?" "Why, Mr. R. is to play in the piece, and he hasn't arrived." "How many people did he keep waiting?" do you ask? "More than a thousand!" "Does he care much about it?" "Oh, no! he comes in as coolly as if the world had nothing else to do but to wait his bidding."

Look again. Church service has commenced; the clergyman is praying; the door opens, and half a dozen people come in. Why, these are the very same ones

who were late last Sunday! These six people mar the worship of all who sit near the door every Sunday.

Some very serious consequences have been the result of tardiness. A man sentenced to be hanged for a crime was found to be innocent, and a messenger was sent with a pardon. As the time of execution was near, he was charged on no account to delay; but never having formed the habit of promptness, he loitered by the way, and arrived to find that an innocent life had been taken.

Learn, dear children, to say "Yes" and "No" promptly. If a glass of liquor is offered, say "No" without a bit of hesitation. Some who lie in drunkards' graves needed only this prompt decision to have saved them. Refuse instantly to engage in any sin.

Don't delay to become a Christian. "Wait a little" has been the ruin of many a man. By one excuse and another they have put off this important question, until they went down to Death in their sins.

"Little duties still put off
Will end in 'Never done';
'By-and-by is time enough'
Has ruined many a one."

OUR STORY.—MURIEL'S FAULT.

Muriel Sheldon was a pretty blue-eyed girl of sixteen; she had many friends, for she was a bright scholar, a good musician, and in many ways a charming girl. She had, however, one serious fault. She rarely acted promptly, but loitered in the discharge of her duties, until the patience of her friends was sorely tried.

It was three weeks before Christmas, and she and

her sisters were very busy in their preparations for that joyous event. Muriel was tucked up on the sofa with her work in hand, when she heard her mother calling:

"Muriel, come here, please, and take this fruit-cake out of the oven; my hands are in something else just now."

"In half a minute, mamma," and Muriel sets a few more stitches, "one of pink, three of rose, and five of red," in the rose petal she is working on a pair of slippers for Cousin Fred's Christmas present.

"Muriel!" cries her mother, sharply, "do come at once; the cake will surely burn."

"Oh, wait half a minute, do please!" and Muriel finished her blossom, putting in the yellow center with deliberation, and then quietly putting her thimble away, and setting her needle safely in the meshes of her canvas.

"Why, mamma! Whatever shall we do now! Every loaf of this cake is burned black over the top."

"And the bottom, too, I think likely; you should have come when I first called to you," said her mother, in a vexed tone.

"I did, didn't I?" asked Muriel, in an injured tone of voice.

"As usual, you came when you chose to do so, not when told," replied her mother, bitterly.

"Don't be cross, mamma; you haven't a bit of patience. You are never willing to wait a minute for anybody. Why didn't you call me sooner, and give me plenty of time?"

"Well, well; we must make the best of it now. Take a sharp knife and chip off all the burned crust before frosting it; but, you see, by waiting that minute your cake will be cold before you are ready to frost it, and it ought to be warm."

"Never mind, I can cover over the burnt so that it will do," said tardy Muriel.

Later in the afternoon, Mrs. Sheldon called out,

"Muriel! What have you been doing? I told you an hour ago to have your icing all ready to apply to the cake while it was hot enough to make the sugar and egg flow smoothly and evenly."

"But I thought I had so much more time than was needed for that, that I would just sew a few stitches in my embroidery, and then I—forgot all about it."

"Oh, dear! We must then do next best way; so make and apply the frosting as best you can, and then set the loaves in the oven just a minute; as soon as it looks glossy take it out. Remember a second's delay will brown it."

Muriel, not a little ashamed and a great deal annoyed that her mother should blame her so severely, hurried about remedying the effects of her needless delay, and soon the cake was shaven of its black crust, and the frosting, white as snow, and light as a feather, was ready in a bowl. Deftly she dropped large spoonfuls of the white mass upon the top and sides of the cakes, and, wetting in cold water a broad steel knife, she rapidly smoothed the whole surface.

"Now set it in the oven, and watch closely, and don't let it stay a moment too long," and Mrs. Sheldon went into the sitting-room to receive a caller, feeling quite sure that Muriel's recent lesson would make her careful this time.

But habit is a vile master. Muriel thought her cake could wait a minute while she ran upstairs to her room to get some satin she was going to need for another present to be made. While there she thought she would save time and make her bed.

Suddenly she heard her mother's voice. "Oh, that thoughtless girl! what shall I do with her?"

Muriel understood, and blushed with shame; but she was not cured. "Oh, mamma, I am so sorry, and I had done it beautifully; what a dirty brown color! What can be done?"

"It could have a second frosting; but I shall punish you by not changing it. I will tell the guests that this is an original tint of yours that is called the 'Wait-a-minute color.'"

"Oh, dear! I just thought it could wait half a minute, while I saved time by making my bed and getting my box and piece of satin."

* * * * * *

"I've run in, Muriel, to see if you will go with me to Dongola's; I wish to get some slippers soled for Christmas. Hurry, for he closes at six, and it is getting so near the holidays that he will be full of orders."

"I was just going for the same thing, but you must wait a minute while I braid my hair. I have started a dozen times today to do it, but something would turn up every time to prevent."

"Muriel, I am mortified. I have told you too many times that your first duty in the morning is to make yourself presentable for the day."

"But, mamma, you know you called to me, and said breakfast was waiting and I must come. If you would have waited a little, instead of hurrying me so, I should have braided my hair."

"You forget, Muriel, that I called you twice before you would even get out of bed. The minutes you wasted there would have given you ample time to have

dressed properly, and also have cared for your room, which you have not done yet."

At last they were en route, but after fifteen minutes' precious time had been wasted at the house; then as they approached Burkle & Bangle's establishment, unwise Muriel bethought herself that she meant to give her mother a brooch of filigree silver.

"I must go in here and choose a pin for mamma. Come, Nell, don't be cross and refuse me, it will not delay us much, and mamma keeps telling me to do a thing that must be done as soon as possible."

"But, Muriel, I am afraid Dongola will be closed before we get there."

"Oh, bother! don't be so fussy; I guess a few minutes will not break anything"; and Nell, rather than offend her friend, followed her into the jewelry store.

At last the choice was made, and the pin laid on one side, for Muriel was waiting for her papa to give her the money. As they passed out into the street the town clock struck six.

"Oh, pshaw! don't be scared, Nell, it is not at all likely that he closes the store exactly on the minute. We shall be in time, so do not scowl so at me."

But the store was closed and the shutters barred.

"Oh, well, a day cannot make much difference in his work, and we will come again early in the morning."

But time lost and water that has passed the mill-wheel can never be recovered. A blinding December snowstorm filled up the next two days, and the streets also. When the storm was over and the streets passable again, Muriel and her friend found that Dongola and all the lesser firms were too full of orders to attend to them until after New Year's!

At the dinner the frosting attracted attention, and

one of "those brothers" mortified Muriel before her critical relatives by telling them that it was her fault.

Papa thought she needed more discipline; therefore, to complete her shame, he explained that it was her fault that so few of the family had received their expected gifts. Business was very dull (it being Presidential election and the fear of a free tariff resulting therefrom), and all the sure bills were needed to settle the year's accounts. Mr. Sheldon had felt and said that "if some of the doubtfuls paid up, the family could have their usual Christmas gifts and pleasures; otherwise not."

At almost the last moment one of his out-of-town debtors (one not exactly dishonest, but willing to avoid payment as long as possible) had sent word that he would pay his bill if Mr. Sheldon would be at the station when a certain train passed through the town. Papa was delayed "only just half a minute" while Muriel dallied before sewing a glove fastener on, and thus missed the train, and the money; for this debtor was only too glad to escape the meeting proposed, and hold his money until another time.

Therefore, Muriel had no money to buy the brooch she had engaged for mamma; no money to buy sister's collar: she also found the last days too crowded with delayed duties to permit her to finish brother's satin-trimmed box; and cousin's slippers were unsoled!

Upon New Year's day she registered a vow in her new diary to entirely turn over a new leaf, and neglect no present duty. She resolved that hereafter in her color box should be found no tint of the old hue that had tinged her works—the "wait-a-minute-color."—*The Christian at Work.*

CHAPTER XX.

LESSON XVIII.—SUBJECT: EVIL SPEAKING.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, I Kings 22 : 13. Speak that which is good.

Sunday, Job 27 : 4. My lips shall not speak wickedness.

Monday, Psalms 34 : 13. Keep thy tongue from evil.

Tuesday, Proverbs 23 : 16. Rejoice when thy lips speak right things.

Wednesday, Isaiah 32 : 6. The vile person will speak villainy.

Thursday, I Corinthians 15 : 33. Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Friday, Ephesians 4 : 29. Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth.

Outline.—How strange it seems that dear little children need to be told not to speak evil words! How pure and innocent they were when they opened their little eyes in a new world! Who would think that wicked words would ever cross those little lips? How does it happen? Well, first the ear listens, then the heart receives it, and then it is spoken by the lips. How it stays in the memory! That little girl has forgotten her Bible verse, but the vulgar word she heard yesterday will *never* be forgotten. Try to think of a piece of coal whenever anyone starts to tell anything that is wrong. Say to yourself, "My heart will become

black if I listen. I shall not be quite as pure as before, and God says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart.'"

There is a very good rule for children to follow: Never listen to anything that you could not say to papa or mamma.

There is one more thing you can do to help you to remember: take a clean glass of water and put in a drop or two of ink, and see how black it becomes. Only a little ink, but purity is gone.

There are two organizations whose special aim is to promote purity of life. When mamma thinks you are the right age, you can, if a boy, take the White Cross Pledge, which is as follows:

PLEDGE.

I ——— promise by the help of God—

1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.
2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.
3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.
4. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers.
5. To use every possible means to fulfill the command, "Keep THYSELF pure."

If you are a girl, you can be one of the Daughters of the Temple, and take the pledge below, which is a little different.

I ——— promise by the help of God—

1. To reverence all sacred things, and to be modest in language, behavior and dress.
2. To repress all thoughts, words and deeds which I should feel ashamed to have my parents know.
3. To avoid all conversation, reading, pictures and amusements which may put wrong thoughts into my mind.
4. To guard the purity and good name of others, and never needlessly to speak evil of any, especially when they are absent.
5. To strive after the special blessing promised to the pure in heart.

Date ——— 188

[This covenant is for girls under sixteen.]

OUR STORY.—I WON'T HEAR BAD WORDS.

A little boy in this city, who had no nice play-yard, was sometimes allowed to play in the street. His mother always told him to have nothing to do with boys who used bad words, and Johnny felt a great responsibility for good behavior when left alone.

One day, another boy, to whom he had lent his drum, got vexed, and broke out in rude, disagreeable language. Johnny marched right up to the boy and asked for his drum, saying:

"I must go to my mother."

"Why? What for?" the children all inquired.

"Mamma never lets me play with boys who use bad words," said Johnny.

"Well, I won't use any more bad words if I play with you," said the boy, sorry to lose the music of the drum.

"I'll ask my mother," said Johnny, "and if she says I may, then I will; but I shouldn't like to learn such words."

"Tell your mother, Johnny," answered the boy, "I'm done now; she needn't ever be afraid any more of using bad words, for I just won't—that's all, if she thinks so."

Johnny's mother watched the children at their play for a time afterwards, and she never learned that the boy broke his promise not to use bad language any more.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

CHAPTER XXI.

LESSON XIX.—SUBJECT: COURAGE.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Numbers 13 : 20. Be ye of good courage.

Sunday, Deuteronomy 1 : 21. Fear not, neither be discouraged.

Monday, I Samuel 4 : 9. Be strong, and quit your selves like men.

Tuesday, II Samuel 13 : 28. Be courageous and be valiant.

Wednesday, Acts 28 : 15. He thanked God and took courage.

Thursday, I Timothy 6 : 12. Fight the good fight of faith.

Friday, II Timothy 1 : 7. God hath not given us the spirit of fear.

Outline.—It takes a great deal of courage to risk one's life, and yet our firemen and policemen, our engineers and sea-captains are continually in more or less danger. Perhaps the most courage that is ever displayed is in war, and yet many have ridden into the face of death without flinching. Even little boys have pressed to the front to carry the colors where they might give new inspiration. Noble little fellows! Some of them never lived to see the result of their brave sacrifice. Such boys are made of very different

material from those which may be found in every school-yard, who think themselves brave, because they can bully all the little boys, and lead them to evil with cries of mock courage; such as, "You don't dare to," "You're tied to your mother's apron strings." Did you ever see one of those boys when real courage is called for? No, I am sure you didn't, for they are never to be found.

Bravery is a noble quality, but there is a kind of recklessness which must not be mistaken for real courage. It is a wicked risk of life to jump from the Brooklyn bridge or go over Niagara falls. No one can be benefited and it is not true courage.

There is another way to show our courage, and that is by standing up for the right. President Garfield once went out camping with some young fellows, who were not particularly religious. As night approached, he said: "This is the time which I usually spend in reading my Bible and in prayer. If any of you wish to join me, I shall be glad." His friends admired his courage and joined him in his devotions. "Dare to do right; dare to be true."

OUR STORY.—FRANK'S VICTORY.

As Frank and Amy were walking quietly through the long narrow lanes on Sunday afternoon, on their way to God's house, Willy Price, who was sitting on a stile near his grandmother's cottage, jumped down and joined them.

"Oh, Willy, I thought you were going with the boys this afternoon!" said Frank, in some surprise.

"No, I changed my mind," said Willy; "and I am going with you instead, if you will let me,"

"Oh, yes, and gladly," said Frank. "But how is it? I don't understand: what made you change your mind?"

"Well, you see," said Willy, "I am not so brave as you are, Frank, and I often do as the other boys do, although I know they are wrong, just because I do not like to be laughed at; and so, as a matter of course, I agreed to go with them today in search of nuts; but when you spoke out against it yesterday, and would not have anything to do with it, I felt that you were in the right, and I thought I would come over to your side. I never used to break the Sabbath in that way when my father and mother were alive. But if you have courage to stand against the other boys, there is no reason why I shouldn't do the same; for I am older than you are, and stronger too," he added.

Frank was very much pleased, and he told Willy so.

"But, Willy," he said, "it does not do to trust in our own strength: we must ask God to help us."

Willy did not understand this: he did not yet know his own weakness, nor his need of help. Frank's example had stirred within him the desire to do what was right; but it was rather out of love to his father and mother than out of love to the Saviour. Still his resolve was good, and it led him on, like Frank, further and further in the right direction.

It was a great comfort to Frank to have Willy for his friend; for Willy was a bold, outspoken boy, who could keep his temper, and also keep his schoolfellows from hurting him; and it was so encouraging to Frank to feel that he had been the means of leading Willy to respect God's day, and to wish to serve Him; for Frank had never even hoped for such a thing as that. He had striven hard, and alas! with many failures, to be a true soldier, and to fight his battles manfully; but he had

not thought of getting others to enlist with him in the same army. How little he had said, and how poorly he had fought, too, that day!

Harry Carter had an accident one afternoon in the school. The teaching was over, and there were only a few boys left in the room, who were clearing the desks, Frank being one of them.

As Harry was carelessly sweeping some books into a drawer he knocked down an ink-glass, which he had not seen, and sent the ink over a new map, which the master had lent them for a copy.

He was sadly vexed with himself; for these accidents with the ink had been so very frequent lately that the schoolmaster had said that the boy who committed the next offence of that kind should forfeit a whole week's tickets.

"Well, this is a pretty mess!" cried Alfred. "Whatever is to be done now?"

"I do not know, I am sure," said Harry. "I would not have had it happen for a good deal. I shall never get the drawing-prize if I have to lose a week's tickets."

His schoolfellows were full of pity for him. Except Frank, none of them expected to gain the drawing-prize, so they had no selfish motives to hinder them from feeling sorry for Harry's misfortune; and it did seem hard that, for no fault, as it were, but a little carelessness, he should lose a prize for which he had been striving all the half year.

As they stood around Harry, expressing their regrets, and vainly trying to think how his disappointment could be prevented, a playful young cat, which belonged to the schoolmaster, peeped its head into the room, but quickly ran away on seeing the cluster of boys around the desk. It perhaps knew too much of them already

to wish for any further acquaintance with them; but Alfred darted after it, and caught it before it could make its escape into the house. Holding it firmly in his hands, he ran back with it into the schoolroom; but he had evidently no intention of hurting it; for, when he had carefully closed the door after him, he allowed poor pussy to run for shelter into a low cupboard by the fireplace.

"Now, boys, just listen," he said, as they wondered what he was about. "I propose that we should leave the inkstand on the floor, where it fell, and shut up Miss Pussy along with it; and then the suspicion will most likely rest upon her instead of resting upon one of us."

"Capital!" said Harry. "You could not have hit upon a better plan."

"Excellent!" cried another boy. Mr. Thomson will no doubt lay the blame upon the cat."

"But would it be right to let him do so?" said Frank. "Would not that be acting a lie, if it were not saying one?"

"Now, Frank, none of your foolish notions, if you please," said Alfred. "It is no business of yours if we choose to shut the cat up in the room."

"You need not say that she broke the inkstand," continued Harry; "so your conscience may be quite easy."

"But Mr. Thomson will be sure to ask us about it," said Frank, "because we were the last in the room today."

"Well, and if he does," said Harry, "why should we know anything about it? There are only five of us here, and we can surely keep our own secret."

All agreed but Frank. Alfred turned to him.

"You surely would not be so unkind, Frank, as to get Harry into a scrape through telling of him?"

Poor Frank! it was a trying moment for him; for he was naturally disposed to be kind, and he did not like to get the ill-will of his schoolfellows. But what could he do? A soldier must not desert his ranks, nor be untrue to his colors, just for the sake of pleasing somebody else. No, no; he must be faithful at his post, and never flinch from his duty.

Frank hesitated for a minute or two, and then he said: "I would do anything to help you, Harry, except telling a falsehood. If Mr. Thomson questions us, I cannot say that I do not know how the ink was overturned."

You may imagine the reproaches and taunts which followed. The boys called Frank all sorts of names, and threatened all kinds of revenge because he would not consent to their plan. But though he was sorely pressed, he stood firm. He promised he would not say a word to Mr. Thomson about the accident unless he directly asked him; and then, said Frank, "I dare not tell a lie."

Was not Frank a brave boy? He showed more courage at that moment than many a warrior has manifested on the battle-field; for it is oftener more difficult to face a sneer than a foe.

As Frank had expected, their master charged the boys the next morning with having upset and broken the ink-glass. Whether pussy had made her escape before the accident was discovered, or whether Mr. Thomson was too wise to suppose that she had anything to do with it, was never known; for he did not mention the cat at all, but asked each of the boys whether he had done it. Harry was therefore obliged to confess that the blame belonged to him. He would have denied

all knowledge of the affair if it had not been for Frank; but he knew that when Frank's turn came the truth would be let out; for even if Frank owned no more than that it was one of their number, Mr. Thomson would either not rest until he had found out the guilty one, or else he would punish all the boys alike. So Harry thought he might as well take the blame at once upon his own shoulders; but he took it with a heart full of ill-feeling towards Frank.

This ill-feeling was not lessened by Mr. Thomson's reproof. "If you had come forward of your own accord, Harry," said his master, "and had told me of the accident, I should have passed it over this time, as you are very careful in general; but as you had not the candor to do this, and meant, if you could, to conceal it, you must certainly forfeit your tickets according to the new rule."

Frank met with a storm of angry words after school; but the pity which he really felt for Harry, though the boys did not believe it, helped him to bear their unjust remarks better than he otherwise would have done. But one speech of Alfred's hurt him very much, and sent him home with an aching heart. What was it?

"It is plain enough why you wished to be so truthful," said Alfred in a tone of contempt. "You wanted Harry to lose his tickets, because then you thought that you should be likely to get the drawing-prize instead of him."

These were not kind words, and they troubled poor Frank very much. It had been painful to him at first to differ from his schoolfellows: but it was more painful now to be told that he had only done it for the purpose of serving himself. But Frank's good old friend, Mrs. Ellis, cheered him by her kind words.

"Never mind, Frank," she said, the boys will find out their mistake some day; and in the meantime you must bear up and press forwards. There is One above who knows what you have done, and if you have His approval, surely that is enough to comfort you." And she said something else to Frank, which you will hear of by-and-by, and which made his sorrowful face brighten in a minute.

It was near the end of the half-year when this little affair took place; and Frank was very glad that it was, for he had so many little trials of temper through the rude behavior of his class-mates, that it was as much as he could do to get on at all with them. He hoped that a few weeks' holidays would make things a little smoother for him against his return.

The day came at last for the school examination, and for the giving of the prizes, and the parents and friends of the boys were invited to be present on the occasion. Old Mrs. Ellis was among the number, and Frank's sisters were with her.

Frank had the prize for arithmetic, and Alfred bore off the one for writing. Then came the drawing-prize. It was a very handsome case, containing all the materials and instruments that could possibly be wanted by a young beginner; and Harry looked enviously at it, for he knew that he had failed to win it. He cast such an angry glance towards Frank, who was sitting opposite to him; but Frank did not return it, he only turned away. But there was a half-smile on Frank's face, as if his thoughts were very pleasant ones; and well they might be, you will say, with such a tempting prize full in view.

All eyes were fixed on Mr. Thomson as he rose to bestow the drawing-case.

"Harry Carter," he said very distinctly, "this prize is yours. It was adjudged to Frank Morley; but he thinks that, if you had not lost a week's tickets some time since, you would have been fairly entitled to it, and he therefore refuses it for himself. So I have great pleasure in presenting it to you, and in expressing my satisfaction with the progress which you have made during the half-year."

Harry thought he must be in a dream as he received the drawing-case from the hands of his master; but if so, it was a very pleasant dream. Ashamed now of his late conduct, he shook hands heartily with Frank as he passed by him to his seat, and thanked him for his generosity in giving up the prize. The whole school clapped and applauded; but only five boys knew what feelings of ill-will were buried at that moment never to rise again.

Only five boys? Certainly Mrs. Ellis and little Amy must have known something about it, too, for Amy looked with a very bright smile at the old lady, and said, "Frank has gained the victory over them, after all!"

The kind old lady smiled likewise as she replied, "And has not Frank also gained the victory over *himself?*"—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XXII.

LESSON XX.—SUBJECT: BEARING THE CROSS.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Matthew 10 : 38. He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.

Sunday, Matthew 10 : 39. He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

Monday, Matthew 16 : 24. If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.

Tuesday, John 19 : 17. And he bearing his cross went forth.

Wednesday, Galatians 6 : 2. Bear ye one another's burdens.

Thursday, Galatians 6 : 14. God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Friday, Hebrews 13 : 16. With such sacrifices God is well pleased.

Read John 19 : 1–20.

Outline.—At the time when Jesus lived, if persons were to be put to death for wrong-doing, the mode of punishment usually used was to hang them on a cross. Everyone was expected to carry his own cross to the place where it was to be set up. Think how painful it must have been to bear those heavy pieces of wood upon one's shoulders to the place of execution, remem-

bering all the time that death was but a few hours off. It was a cruel way to punish a man who was guilty; but when we think that the gentle Jesus, who never had harmed anyone, was thus obliged to suffer, we can realize how much greater torture it must have been.

Now, when we speak of bearing the cross at the present day, of course we do not mean carrying a wooden cross to our place of execution; we only mean doing some very hard thing for the good of others. Doing an easy thing is not bearing a cross. I want you to fully understand this, dear children; for if you are to be useful men and women, you will find many crosses to bear. Perhaps you will understand it better if I illustrate it. Here is a little girl who comes in from school with a happy heart, for she is going with school friends down to the pond to skate. She gained the consent of her parents in the morning, so now all she has to do is to get a little luncheon, take her skates and join the merry crowd. But wait, she hears her mother's voice upstairs, and runs up to see why she is called. There lies her mamma on the bed; the room is dark, and gently her mother calls her to her and says: "I can't let you go skating today, my child, for one of my old headaches has come on, and I need you at home. Your aunt Elizabeth is coming, and you must stay to welcome her." What a bitter disappointment for the child! She can't do one thing for her mamma, for quiet is her best medicine, and she must be all alone. Aunt Elizabeth is the most disagreeable relative that the family possesses, and, as no-one knows when she will come, the chances are that the child will sit all the afternoon and wait and wait, to have her come in just at tea-time. This is a cross; how will she bear it? Why does she need to bear it? Can't her aunt come

without her remaining at home? No, not very well, for she is old and feeble, and needs to be waited on. How would you bear such a cross? Remember the weather is very mild, and probably this will be the last day of skating until another winter.

Someone has said that a cross is made when our will is in opposition to God's will; but when our desires run by the side of His, then there is no cross.

"Yet more and more this truth doth shine
From failure and from loss;
The will that runs transverse to Thine
Doth thereby make a cross;
Thy upright will
Cuts straight and still
Through pride and dream and dross.

"But if in parallel to Thine
My will doth meekly run,
All things in heaven and earth are mine,
My will is crossed by none.
Thou art in me;
And I in Thee,
Thy will — and mine — are one."

OUR STORY.—THE LITTLE CROSS-BEARER.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me," said the teacher. Through the half-opened window came warm sweet breaths of early spring, while gay little sunbeams dancing into the Sunday-school room through the clefts of the blinds, now gilding the top of Effie's feather, now sparkling into Jeannie's bright eyes when she

moved, now kissing little Grace's golden hair, or rippling over the superintendent's dark old desk, made a sort of Jacob's ladder with golden rods.

"Take up his cross." Jeannie wondered how often the teacher said that and how pretty Effie's feather would look if only it could keep its tip of sunshine, and how sweet it was outdoors, and why Miss Barnes kept saying that, and she was just going to steal a furtive look at the clock when one of the merry sunbeams fell on Miss Barnes' face, and Jeannie saw with surprise there were tears in her eyes. "My little girls," she was saying, "you all want to follow the dear Lord Jesus, to be His children. And to each one of you He gives some cross to carry,—something either to do or bear for His sake. You may not know just now what it is. but, if you are in earnest about following Him, you will find out what it is; and do not turn away from it, and think: '*This* I cannot do, but remember his words: take up thy cross and follow me.'" Then the bell rang, and soon after the children came trooping out of the doorway to greet the robins and the sunbeams. But Jeannie did not heed them now; deep in her little heart had fallen the words, "Take up thy cross, take up thy cross." What did it mean for her? "I'm sure I haven't got any trials to bear," she thought. "Perhaps if I had to wear a calico dress with a big patch on it to Sunday-school, as Katrine Miller does, why that would be a real cross,—or holes in my shoes." And she glanced down with satisfaction at her pretty dress and tidy boots. "And I don't have to work in the mill, and I haven't got a sick mother, or lost any little brother, nor nothing. There can't be any cross for me, anyway."

Sunday evening was always the most delightful time of all the week at Jeannie's home, for then papa was at

leisure, and the children were allowed to sit up longer than usual, and have him all to themselves.

"Jeannie," said Robert that evening, in a pause in one of papa's most delightful stories of when he was a little boy, "I do wish sometimes you would let me sit by papa; you will always get one side of him, and Dottie the other, and I can only sit in front of him and look at his old boot."

"It isn't old at all," laughed Jeannie, "and it's beautiful, black, and shiny; besides, you can sit in a higher chair, and then you needn't look at it at all!"

"Well!" said Rob ruefully, "you've sat there every Sunday evening always, and I'm the youngest, and you ought to sometimes give up to me."

"No," answered Jeannie, "boys ought to give up to girls, and besides,"—"Take up thy cross!" What brought a flush of color over the little girl's face, as she jumped from her chair saying:—"Here, Rob, take it; I believe I have sat here long enough." Was that a cross? Such an easy thing to do! The color deepened in her face, as she thought, "I am ashamed to call that a cross, just to give up a chair; I would rather do something harder for Christ's sake." But the interest in papa's story brought other thoughts and the Sunday-school lesson was again forgotten.

But the next morning! Why does "get up" time always come so soon to the childish sleeper after the "good-nights" are said? Jeannie had just turned over for a little more sleep when the familiar voice called her in the morning. She would not hear it quite yet, just a minute longer in her soft little nest; so she slipped again into her dream. Was mamma calling again? It must be a mistake; she would wake up soon, but not —quite ye-e-e-t! "Jeannie, Jeannie, do get up!" called

mamma; "you are always so late to breakfast." "Take up thy cross, take up thy cross," seemed whispered in Jeannie's ear as she bounded out of bed, now quite awake. Was that a cross, getting up when mamma called in the morning? "I think I understand about it now," said Jeannie, while dressing herself. "I haven't any patches to wear, or great trials of any kind, but it's just doing little disagreeable things that I *ought* to do, and doing them cheerfully for Christ's sake, that is to be my cross. It is such a little wee cross to carry for Him, but perhaps he will be pleased if I do everything cheerfully." Before she left her room she prayed, "Dear Lord Jesus, I am only a little girl, but I want to be one of Thy dear children; teach me what my cross is, and then help me to carry it. I know there isn't much for me to do, but please accept of just what little I can do for Christ's sake. Amen."—*A. L. Hyde, in S. S. Times.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

LESSON XXI.—SUBJECT: ENVY AND JEALOUSY.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Proverbs 3 : 31. Envy thou not the oppressor.

Sunday, Proverbs 6 : 34. Jealousy is the rage of man.

Monday, Proverbs 23 : 17. Let not thine heart envy sinners.

Tuesday, Proverbs 27 : 4. Who is able to stand before envy?

Wednesday, Isaiah 26 : 11. They shall see and be ashamed for their envy.

Thursday, James 3 : 14. If ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not.

Friday, James 3 : 16. Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

Outline.—Usually twins are a lovely sight. It is interesting to see how nearly they look alike; and which is the prettier of the two. Neither of the twins called Envy and Jealousy is lovely. It is hard to tell them apart; but if you remember that envy is felt for objects, and jealousy for people, perhaps you will know which is which. These twins have sometimes taken life. Like serpents they struck out with their poison and killed all that was lovely in people's hearts. The

jealous child thinks that her teachers love all the other scholars better than herself. She is always saying to her little companions: "I know you like Lizzie or Fannie better than you do me." That *envious* child says, "Her dress is prettier than mine, I shan't play with her any more"; "I wish I had that hat instead of her, for she's a homely thing, and nothing looks well on her anyway." Unlovely twins, we don't care to keep up any acquaintance with you!

Someone in the Bible murdered his brother because he was jealous in his heart. Read the story of Cain and Abel, and see what wicked feelings can spring out of jealousy. How different is the spirit Christ teaches! How often He reproves His disciples when they are quarreling to see who shall be the greatest!

OUR STORY.—A FORFEITED GIFT.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Nannie Goldsmith's mother sat at the open window sewing; Nannie and her little sister Alice, and Florence Merriam were playing out in the shady front yard, and she could hear every word they said. They had their dolls and their little chairs under the great maple, and were having a beautiful time. They played there until Florence Merriam's mother came to the fence and called her home; she lived next door. After she had gone, Mrs. Goldsmith spoke to Nannie.

"Come in a minute, Nannie," said she, "I want to speak to you. No, Alice need not come quite yet."

Nannie was a tall, bright-eyed little girl. She opened the door and looked in questioningly, "What do you want, mamma?" said she.

"Come here a moment. I want you to go upstairs into the front chamber, and open the third drawer in the bureau. In the left-hand corner you will find a little parcel done up in white tissue paper. I want you to bring it down here to me."

Nannie went willingly. "In the left-hand corner of the third drawer," she repeated, as she went upstairs. She found it just where her mother had said — Mrs. Goldsmith was very methodical in her habits — and carried it downstairs wonderingly. It was a dainty little parcel.

"What is it, mamma?" she asked, as soon as she opened the door.

"Bring it to me." Mrs. Goldsmith opened the parcel and took out a beautiful blue satin sash. It was wide and rich, and just the shade of blue which Nannie loved.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "what a beautiful sash! Is it mine?"

"That depends," said her mother, half smiling, although there were tears in her eyes. "Come and sit down here a minute. I want to tell you about it."

"Why, mamma, what are you crying for?"

"Looking at this brought back something that happened a good many years ago. I could see *her* just as plain, dear girl."

"Mamma, don't tell me, if it makes you feel bad."

"I want to tell you, dear. You remember hearing me speak of Anna Day?"

"Yes, she was the one I was named for."

"She was my little playmate and friend, just as Florence is yours."

"Yes, I've heard you tell about it."

"She was the sweetest little thing. Florence makes

me think of her sometimes, but Anna had a more decided way, although it was a quiet one. Anna's hair and eyes were just Florence's colors. Her mother used to dress her very prettily; she was an only child. I was one of seven, and could not have as much. My older sisters had all the finery when I was a child. Their cast-off clothes were made over for me, and very plainly; my mother had no time to fuss. I looked well enough, as well as any little girl needed to look; my clothes were neat and comfortable, still sometimes I did use to look at Anna's pretty things, and wish and wish — I became envious, I suppose. I got into a habit of carping at Anna's dresses and exalting mine in comparison. I don't know what I thought. I ought to have had sense enough to know it would not make mine any fairer to decry hers, but I seemed to take solid pleasure in it. I loved Anna dearly, but I could not endure to see her with anything new. I must take down her pride in it, directly.

"Anna never said anything. She would look sober, but she never seemed to resent it; she would go on playing just the same, after I had made my spiteful little fling at her new hat or dress.

"I was about twelve and she a little younger, when one of the other girls gave a birthday party. There was a good deal of talk about our dress for the occasion. I was quite delighted with my attire, for a very pretty spotted muslin of my sister Susie's had been made over for me, and there was a ruffle on the skirt. I was to wear a belt of red ribbon, too. Susie cut the best part of one of her old sashes up to make it. I looked at it rather doubtfully at first. 'I'd rather have a sash,' said I.

"But Susie laughed. 'Nonsense,' she said; 'didn't

you know that sashes are all out of style now, Hattie?' Of course she said that to comfort me.

"Well, the morning of the day of the party, Anna came over. She had this same blue sash, nicely done up, in her hand. I was out in the yard, under the butternut tree. I remember it just as well. She came running up to me, holding out the parcel and laughing. Anna's face dimpled all over when she laughed. 'Guess what I've got, Hattie!' said she. She took out the sash, and her eyes just danced. She unrolled it, and held it up to her dress, so I could see it to good advantage. I thought, down in the bottom of my heart, that it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. My poor little red belt was nowhere beside it. But I just glanced at it and turned my face away. 'Pooh,' said I, 'nobody wears sashes now; they're all out of style. That isn't a very pretty blue, either.'"

"Why, mamma, it is lovely; what made you say so?"

"Because I was envious, dear. I knew well enough how pretty it was. Well, Anna just stood looking at me for a moment. Her eyes stopped dancing, and she shut her little mouth tight, in a way she had sometimes. Then she rolled the sash up again and went home. She never said another word.

"That afternoon she wore her white muslin and beautiful blue sash, and all the girls were admiring it. She was not with me as much as usual. I kept a little aloof myself; I felt guilty. Well, that was the last party the dear child ever went to. She was taken ill the next day, and I never saw her again alive. It was a contagious disease, and my parents kept me away.

"A few weeks after her death, her mother came over one day and brought this sash, and I heard the true

story of it. Dear little Anna had been bringing that sash over to give to me. Her mother, knowing how little finery I had, had kindly bought enough ribbon for two, and told Anna that she might give one to me. Her mother said that she had never seen the child so pleased with any gift of her own, and I had spoiled it all and taken the pleasure out of her last wish. Her mother said she cried hours over it. Just before she died, she asked her mother to be sure to give it to me, and to tell me she was sorry she was angry. Well, that's the story about the sash."

"Did you ever wear it, mamma?"

"No, I couldn't. I used to go and look at it, but I never wore it. Now, dear, I have something to say to you. I heard you just now tell Florence that you didn't think her new pink dress was very becoming, and you didn't think they made dresses with ruffles as much as they did. What made you say such a thing? You know perfectly well that the dress is very pretty, and the most becoming color that Florence could wear."

Nannie hung her head, and colored.

"Then," her mother went on, "I heard you tell your little sister that her hair was a very homely color. You know that Alice's hair is beautiful, why did you do that?"

"I—didn't think"—stammered Nannie.

"It is high time that you did think, my dear. I have heard you make such remarks a great many times, and I have felt more badly about it, because I saw the same old envious trait of character with which I have had to contend myself. There is always a secret motive of most contemptible envy in remarks of that kind.

"Now, Nannie, I have been thinking. This sash has

never been worn, but it has seemed to me lately that I was not doing right in letting it remain in the drawer; I think dear little Anna would have wished it to be worn. She was so pleased about it. So — I shall give you the sash, when — you have succeeded in not making a single envious remark for a month. I know I can trust you to be honest, and tell me when you have."

"O mamma, I'll get it in a month, I know!"

Mrs. Goldsmith laughed rather sadly. "I fear it will be longer than that, dear. You don't know what a habit is."

She was right. It was three months before Nannie had honestly earned the sash. Then she wore it, with her white dress, to a party one afternoon, as poor Anna had meant that her mother should.

"Mamma," she said, smiling and blushing, that night, "I want to tell you something. Florence's sister, Susie, told me my new sash was the prettiest one she ever saw; and then — I heard her tell one of the other girls that — Nannie Goldsmith had improved ever so much lately. She was a great deal sweeter than she used to be. Mamma, I am glad you told me about the blue sash!"— *The Congregationalist.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

LESSON XXII.—SUBJECT: PERSEVERANCE.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalm 119 : 33. Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes and I shall keep it unto the end.

Sunday, Jeremiah 3 : 5. Will he keep it to the end?

Monday, Matthew 10 : 22. He that endureth to the end shall be saved.

Tuesday, John 8 : 31. If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed.

Wednesday, II Timothy 3 : 14. Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned.

Thursday, I Peter 1 : 13. Hope to the end.

Friday, Revelation 2 : 10. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

Outline.—Some years ago there were four little boys in the world. They didn't have very much to look forward to, for their parents were poor, and sometimes they had a hard time to get enough to eat. One of these boys lived in an uninviting part of London. He played on the street with ragged little chaps, and no one guessed that little Charley Dickens was any different from the rest of the children. He was, though, for he had one quality that made him unlike the rest.

There's another little boy! He is riding over the prairies on a big load. He's having a hard time, too, for he lives in a new country and his home is very poor. No one can see that that boy is headed for the White

House, but he is, and before many years those horses, or some others, will stop and leave little Abraham Lincoln, with a better load of goods, at the most noted mansion in the land.

Did you see those beautiful pictures called "Christ Before Pilate" and "Christ on Calvary"? If you did, can you believe that the man who painted them was another little ragged urchin like Charley Dickens? If you were going to pick out some great artist of the future, would you go down in the "Five Points," New York, to get him? You had better, if you can find a boy there with as much perseverance as the great Munkascy.

Perhaps when you hear of Edison's telephones, and Edison's phonographs, and Edison's electric lights, you think he was born in a palace. Well, you are mistaken, for he was another one of your poor boys. There was a queer thing about him, he wouldn't learn to spell the words "give up," and he never will till he dies.

These four little boys became great, simply because they were bound to succeed, and so persevered to the end.

There's a man that you should know about. I won't tell his name, but he was making a book about birds, and he wanted to get a picture of every kind that he wrote about. Finally he succeeded in procuring all but one, and that beautiful bird was way off in a far country. Someone had seen it, but no-one had made a likeness of it. How do you think he finished his book? Did he say, "I can't chase all over the country for the picture of one bird. It's good enough as it is"? No, he hired boats, guides, and hunted everywhere for that bird until he found him, and then he paid an artist to mix his paints and shade every feather exactly like the bird before him. Thousands of dollars and months of hard labor are a pretty big price to pay for a bird's pic-

ture, but it made the book complete and the man felt well paid for his effort.

If perseverance had not been in existence, where would your Brooklyn bridge, your statue of Liberty, your Atlantic cable be? If you can't cultivate perseverance in whatever you do, dear children, I am a fortune-teller, and I can say with certainty, "You will not succeed in life." One of the best mottoes for you to learn is: "The best way to do a thing is to do it." Don't dread it, or leave it half done, but keep at it until it is completed.

OUR STORY.—THE ENERGY THAT SUCCEEDS.

The energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy will commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following story strongly illustrates this truth.

Said Judge P——: About thirty years ago I stepped into a book-store in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back.

"I've got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, and I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do: I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the other, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven

cents left towards buying some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no small boat could live in such a sea.

The captain, who had been below with his chart, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

"I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

He did land us safely, but the vessel sank, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel receiving thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gangplank. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P——, do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his vessel.

"Do you remember that boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir. William Haverly."

"I am he," he said. "God bless you!"

And God bless noble Captain Haverly.—*Young Folks' Weekly.*

CHAPTER XXV.

LESSON XXIII.—SUBJECT: CRUELTY.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalm 25 : 19. They hate me with cruel hatred.

Sunday, Proverbs 11 : 17. He that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.

Monday, Proverbs 12 : 10. The wicked are cruel.

Tuesday, Proverbs 12 : 10. A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.

Wednesday, Proverbs 27 : 4. Wrath is cruel.

Thursday, Jeremiah 6 : 23. They are cruel and have no mercy.

Friday, Jeremiah 25 : 6. I will do you no hurt.

Outline.—When you hear about all the different societies to prevent cruelty, I am afraid you will think this a very cruel world. Animals were so kicked and beaten that kind-hearted people couldn't stand it, and they formed a society called "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

Women and children wanted pretty feathers for their hats, and so many beautiful birds were being killed that another society was formed to protect their little lives. They named this new organization the "Audubon Society," because Mr. Audubon had loved birds all his life and had written a great deal about them.

Little children, too, were being cruelly treated; and

as they were powerless to help themselves, older people determined to take their part, so a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" was formed. The work of this organization is to hunt about in homes of vice and poverty, and if they find any children being cruelly maltreated there, they remove them to places where they can have good homes. Mothers sometimes get intoxicated, and they forget their love for their children. One wicked woman tied her child in a lemon box, and for days the poor little one was obliged to lie all cramped up without food, until she was over her drunken spree. Isn't it a glorious work to rescue such children!

But wicked parents are not all that have a cruel spirit. Boys rob bird's nests, just for fun; they torment cats and dogs and other animals, and if they are not careful they will grow up to be very inhuman men.

Cruel words often hurt worse than blows. The whole life of a little lame girl was embittered because her companions were unkind to her in childhood. Whenever "hide and seek," "tag," or any other active game, was proposed, they would say: "Oh, don't let her play, she can't run; she'd spoil the game." Such talk may have been thoughtless, but it was very cruel.

OUR STORY.—TABITHA'S BUTTON.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

Two little girls sat on the broad flat rock under the spreading branches of the old elm. Their pink sun bonnets were very close together, and they were so absorbed in conversation that their dolls had slipped unheeded from their arms, and lay unnoticed at their feet.

"Yes, she did,—I know she did; for you see nobody else could possibly have done it," said Tabitha, decisively. "I'll tell all the other girls; for they ought to know how bad she is."

Gentle little Lois listened to her friend's words with a troubled face.

"But maybe she didn't," she pleaded. "Perhaps you'll find it somewhere. I wouldn't say anything about it yet."

Tabitha shook her head as she drew a string of buttons from her pocket, and ran them through her fingers. She was very proud of it; for she had more different buttons on her string than any of her schoolmates, and it was a favorite fashion just then to collect buttons.

"It was the prettiest button of all," she said, regretfully. "I don't believe I shall ever have such a lovely brass button again, unless I can make Orpah give it back,—and she won't; for, if she was mean enough to steal it, she will be mean enough to keep it. I shall certainly tell the girls; for they truly ought to know about such a wicked thing. No-one else could possibly have taken it, Lois; for I had it this morning, and showed it to her just before school. I put it in my desk at recess, and when I came back it was gone, and no-one but Orpah had been near the desk. She said so herself; for she was sitting there studying her spelling-lesson all the time. Of course she took it!" and Tabitha looked virtuously indignant.

"Did you ask her?" said Lois.

"Yes; and her face turned red; so that proves she took it," answered Tabitha. "She cried, and said she never touched it; but of course she would say that. Anyone that would steal would tell a story about it."

"Yes, I suppose so," yielded Lois, her heart quite as full of pity for the culprit as for Tabitha's loss.

"Couldn't expect much better of a 'bound' girl," said Tabitha, tossing her pretty little head, with long plaits of hair hanging down to her waist. Before school time the next morning, Tabitha had kept her word of telling her schoolmates; and sensitive Orpah felt that she was in disgrace as soon as she entered the room.

In many ways she was far from being as happy as her schoolmates. She had no parents or brothers and sisters to gladden her lonely little heart with their love, and she had been "bound out," till she should be of age, to a hard, penurious woman, who could make no allowance for the frailties of childhood, but expected, and exacted as far as she was able, absolute perfection. Now and then she had to bear unkind remarks from her schoolmates concerning her dependent condition; and if it had not been that her teacher was uniformly kind, she would often have been very unhappy. Now, she knew at once that Tabitha had not believed her when she denied having any knowledge of the button; and she was both hurt and angry to think that her schoolmates would so readily believe evil of her, and condemn her unheard.

Tabitha was the leader of the school, and the girls all yielded to her sway; so poor Orpah was "sent to Coventry," with the single exception of Lois, whose tender heart would not let her treat her schoolmate coldly, even though her bosom-friend commanded her to do so.

Poor little girl! Her heart ached with loneliness and a keen sense of injustice; for she had spoken truly when she said she had not touched the button. All

she could hope was that some day the girls would discover their mistake, and do her tardy justice.

So the days went on, and one morning, when the roll was called, there was no response to Orpah's name. All day long her desk was unoccupied, and the next day the girls heard that she was very sick with a low fever.

Perhaps Tabitha reproached herself for the eagerness with which she had held her offending companion up to judgment, and for the systematic unkindness with which she had been treated ever since; but she would not admit it even to Lois.

Poor Orpah tossed on her little bed in feverish restlessness through the long summer days, receiving all necessary care, but none of the loving caresses and petting that would have been so welcome. In her delirium she talked wildly about a missing button; and Miss Arkwright puzzled her brains not a little to guess what it was that the child so positively denied having touched, and why she so pitifully begged to be believed.

The good doctor wondered, too, what was weighing on the childish mind; and Tabitha started with a guilty blush when her father asked her one night:

"What is this about a button that distresses Orpah so much? Do you know anything of it?"

"She stole my prettiest button," answered Tabitha; "and we wouldn't speak to her for it at school."

"Are you sure?" asked her father, a frown resting on his grave face.

"Those are but poor reasons to judge an orphan child so harshly on," he said, as Tabitha told her story; and he was beginning to reprove her for her unkindness when he was called away to a patient, much to the little girl's relief.

That day Tabitha resolved to put her desk in thorough order; and at recess she took out all her books and pencils, and raised the paper that she had neatly laid in the bottom.

Something fell from its folds and rattled on the floor.

"O Tabitha! look!" cried Lois, as she picked something up, her face bright with happiness.

A crimson flush overspread Tabitha's face as the girls burst into a chorus of exclamations; and for a moment I am afraid she wished, in the depths of her heart, that the button had never been found, and Orpah's innocence proved.

Better impulses came to her soon, I am glad to say, although it was hard to bear the reproaches of her schoolmates.

"And so we have been treating Orpah badly all this time for nothing!" said one.

"Another time you ought to be sure you are not mistaken before you call anyone a thief," said another.

Taking the button, which had been the cause of so much trouble, in her hand, Tabitha ran home. "Father!" she cried, repentantly, "I did make a mistake. I found the button just now under the paper in my desk. Will you take me to see Orpah, and let me tell her it was a mistake?"

The doctor shook his head sadly.

"I am afraid it is too late for Orpah to know that her innocence is established."

"Why, father?" asked Tabitha, in startled tones.

"She is sinking rapidly, and tonight may be her last. You cannot see her, but I promise you I will give her your message if her consciousness returns before the end."

As her father went away, Tabitha threw herself prostrate on the grass, in an agony of remorse and contrition. Perhaps Orpah would die without ever knowing how she repented of her unkindness and hasty judgment. Poor little motherless Orpah! Tabitha felt as if she could never forgive herself for her injustice.

Evening and bedtime came, but still her father did not return, and Tabitha sobbed herself to sleep.

"Father, how is she?" was her eager yet fearful question as her father came home early in the morning, looking weary and wan after his long night's vigil.

"The crisis is past, and I think she will live now," was the answer that brought tears of joy to Tabitha's tear-stained eyes.

It was a long time before she could go to see Orpah; and when at last she was admitted to the sick-room, and saw the frail, shadowy-looking form propped up on the pillows, all that she had wanted to say went away from her, and she could only murmur broken words of sorrow and love as she clasped the thin hand.

Sweet-tempered Orpah forgot all the pain that Tabitha had caused her, and joyfully accepted the proffered friendship. When at last she was able to resume her place among her schoolmates, a loving welcome awaited her, and she felt that their kindness far more than atoned for their injustice. But Tabitha never forgot the lesson she learned that sad evening, when she feared she might never see her little schoolmate again; and she often tells her little granddaughters the story, that they may beware of hasty judgment.—*Sunday School Times.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

LESSON XXIV.—SUBJECT: INTEMPERANCE.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Leviticus 10 : 9. Do not drink wine nor strong drink.

Sunday, Judges 13 : 4. Beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink.

Monday, Proverbs 20 : 1. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.

Tuesday, Proverbs 23 : 31. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.

Wednesday, Proverbs 23 : 32. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Thursday, Isaiah 5 : 22. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.

Friday, Isaiah 24 : 9. Strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it.

Outline.—Sixty thousand people every year fill drunkards' graves. Try and think, if you can, what a great number of people sixty thousand are. A city of that size is called a pretty large one. Just to think of all those people who ruined their lives! They didn't expect to, either. When they tossed off those first glasses they would have laughed hard at you if you had said, "Be careful, you may become a drunkard!" I heard of a man who felt very strong and sure of himself. His wife, however, feared that the habit was becoming fixed, and so she urged him to refrain from the use of any liquor

for six months. This he at last consented to do, saying, "I can't become a slave to the cup, but if it will gratify you I'll make the promise." After a week's time he told her that the struggle was intense, and he acknowledged that had he indulged much longer, he felt sure that it would have been impossible for him to conquer the habit.

There is one way in which you can be absolutely sure that you will never become a drunkard. Never touch the *first* glass. If you knew all the poisonous material used to adulterate liquor, and if you could see all the sins which are committed when people are under the influence of liquor, you would repeat everywhere those sensible words, "Touch not, taste not, handle not, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

OUR STORY.—THE GENERAL'S ENEMY.

A STORY OF RAILROAD LIFE.

It was a dismal November evening, and the rain and darkness were beginning to fall together as I reached the A—— street crossing, intending to board the evening accommodation, which, as I knew, was usually slowed at this point to let off an official living in the neighborhood. As the train was not due for nearly an hour, I took refuge in the shelter-hut of the old flagman with whom I had long been on excellent terms. He was a jolly, gossipy little man, who had become superannuated in the service of the company and was enjoying in his old age what was to him a position of ease and honor. He had just finished his supper, brought to him, as usual, by his granddaughter. As he lifted the tin pail to make room for me on the scanty bench, he carefully put back into it some choice pieces

of meat, bread and cake, sufficient of themselves for a substantial meal. "That is for the General," said he in answer to my look of curiosity. "My old woman would no more forget his supper than she would forget mine."

"Who is the General?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, he is what you call a man with a history."

"Tell it to me. I am fond of history."

"I've no objections—but wait a bit, I guess he's coming now—yes, sir, that's him. Just keep quiet and don't notice his crankiness, and you'll see a character."

A shuffling step and a hoarse tearing cough announced the approach of the General, who soon presented himself at the door of the hut, where he paused and struck an attitude in the half-light of the flagman's lantern. General, indeed! A once tall and muscular man, now a miserable slouch, with stooping shoulders, hollow chest, bending, tremulous knees, the dress of a vagabond, and the face of a sot! Yet there was something in his bearing, in the lines of the mouth, in the bloodshot eye, that seemed the shadow of departed power; and his salutation to the flagman was given and received as that of a superior to a dependent. Upon me he glowered fiercely, exclaiming, "No loafers allowed around these premises!"

The flagman explained that I was waiting for a train.

"Why don't he go to the depot? This is not a station."

I was about to reply, when the flagman drew forth the tin pail, saying, "General, they have sent us up our lunch from the hotel; will you have it now?" Steadying himself against the door, with a hand that shook as with the palsy, the wretched tramp took the old man's bounty as if it was his by right, grumbling at its scantiness and quality, said he must be off to the office, and

without thanks or farewell, shuffled away. We heard his cough, mingled with an occasional wheezy oath, as he disappeared in the darkness.

"There," said the old flagman, turning to me, "what do you call that?"

"The wreck of a great man, but exceedingly disagreeable in its present state. You have, I see, some less unpleasant associations with it."

"I should think so. Why, sir, fifteen years ago that man was superintendent of this road! And the best one, by all odds, they ever had. He was engine, steam and engineer, all in one. Things went just like clockwork. He knew every man and wheel and spike on the whole road. You couldn't blow a whistle or swing a lantern anywhere on the line without his leave. We called him the General; and we might as well have said king, for he was every inch of it. He had a good salary, owned some stock in the road, had a nice home, and moved in the best society. His son had a first-rate position in the general office. His daughter was engaged to a young millionaire, a nephew and ward of one of the directors.

"But the General had one enemy—liquor. I've heard that he learned to drink at the wine suppers that the railroad magnates used to give when they met to lay their plans, and all that. At any rate, he learned pretty fast, and practiced what he learned. Now and then he gave a wine supper himself; and many a young man under him—his own son among the rest—took his first glass at the General's table.

"By-and-by the habit began to show itself in his face; next in his step; then in his temper, and at last in the road. Screws came loose; things ran down; stock declined; and when they saw that complaints did no good,

they turned him out. The young millionaire turned up his nose, and asked to be released from his marriage engagement. The girl approved his decision, dismissed him kindly, and before morning was a raving maniac.

"All these troubles, instead of sobering the General, made him worse. For four months he scarcely knew a sober moment. He spent the savings of his life; his house and goods were sold under the hammer, and he and his heart-broken wife moved into a little tenement in the alley yonder.

"At last the Good Templars got hold of him, and he signed the pledge. You never saw such a change in a man. He was like one alive from the dead. The railroad folks had so much faith in him that they made him train dispatcher. It was a step down, but he took it willingly, and did his work well. When the new depot was opened, the beer was furnished without stint. To everybody's horror the General took a glass. What happened after that no one knew; but that night he ran two trains together at the Milwood switch, killing one man and wounding four. In half an hour after the accident the dispatcher was discharged. In three hours he was drunk in the street, arrested and sent to the lock-up.

"Some of the boys went over and paid his fine; then he swore by all that is holy that he never would drink again. After a probation of six months, and when his reformation seemed to be genuine and permanent, he was offered a conductor's position. It was another step down, but he took it gladly, and did his very best, which was as well as the very best could do. One day the directors' car was attached to his train. He went through as they were at dinner. The smell of wine awakened the old demon in him, and at the next station

he got a glass of liquor. He made a fool of himself, insulted the passengers, was complained of, and discharged.

"Once more after that the company gave him a chance to earn his bread. He was appointed to a petty clerkship in the general office. His son had long ago lost his place there on account of intemperate habits. His father soon lost his in the same way. Some sudden temptation overtook him and away he went again.

"It was pitiful to hear him beg for another trial. He would do anything, and at any price. He would be flagman at a crossing. But there were no vacancies; and if there were, he could not be trusted. He would be watchman at the depot; but they dared not depend upon him. I believe he would have joined the mop brigade if they would have let him, but it was out of the question.

"From that time he gave up trying to be respectable, and sank lower and lower. You see what he is now—a tramp and beggar. His wife is in the workhouse, his son is in the penitentiary, he himself will soon be in his grave. But so long as I have a crust of bread I will not let him starve.

"Your train is coming. When it stops you will see a man get off. It is the present superintendent. He began as office-boy under the General; but he never surrendered to the General's enemy. While the General was coming down his clerk was coming up. He took one place after another, each one higher than the last, till now they have made him superintendent. He's a teetotaler himself, and he won't have a drinking-man on the road if he knows it. Here he is, on the platform. He hasn't half the General's ability; but bless you! what's ability worth when it's preserved in alcohol!"—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

LESSON XXV.—SUBJECT: KINDNESS TO MOTHER.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Exodus 20 : 12. Honor thy father and thy mother.

Sunday, I Samuel 2 : 19. Moreover his mother made him a little coat.

Monday, I Kings 2 : 20. And the king said unto her, Ask on, my mother, for I will not say thee nay.

Tuesday, Proverbs 1 : 8. Forsake not the law of thy mother.

Wednesday, Proverbs 10 : 1. A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

Thursday, Proverbs 23 : 22. Despise not thy mother when she is old.

Friday, John 19 : 27. Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.

Outline.—It is a pity that children cannot realize how much power they have in their hands to make their mothers happy or unhappy. If the children are obedient, kind and helpful, then her life is a happy one; but if they are selfish and willful, then there is little comfort in life for her. Some children act as if their mothers were created for the sole purpose of waiting on them. They do not think of the thousand and one steps

necessary to be taken in order to care for the family, and try to aid her, but they call on her for many things that they can do for themselves. Before you say, "Mamma, will you get me this?" "Mamma, can't you sew this?" stop and think whether you could not as well do it for yourself. A wise mother will never do for her children that which they might just as well do for themselves.

An excellent test of your affection is to see what you are willing to *do* for your mamma. It is not enough for you to think, how many kisses will I give her; but what shall I do to make the day an easy one?

Be careful, children, never to disgrace your mother. A little rude conduct, a sinful act, reflects on your training. People say — sometimes unjustly, — "Well, if that's the way she acts, she can't have much of a mother." See, then, how you injure your mother when you do wrong!

Be tender of your mother when she is old. Remember how she cared for you when you were weak and helpless, and always give her the very best of whatever you possess.

OUR STORY.—CHRISTMAS MITTENS.

BY MRS. N. K. BRADFORD.

When Georgie Graham appeared, one winter morning, in answer to an advertisement for an office boy, good old Doctor Beattie looked very much surprised as he laid his hand on Georgie's head, saying: "You're a little shaver to do what I want done. Can you be trusted to go about the city to collect bills, or be left

here in my office during my absence? What sort of work have you been doing, and where did you come from?"

"I never did any work, sir, only for my mother; but my father died last summer, and I want to help my mother support the family. I think you'd like me, sir, my mother does—like my work," said Georgie, looking a little confused.

"Well—I'll go and see your mother," said the Doctor, "if you'll tell me where she lives. How old are you?"

"Ten years old, sir; and I'm going to have long pants next week," said Georgie, as he looked at the striped legs which were somewhat of a mortification to this brave boy who wanted to "help support the family."

"All right, my little man," said the Doctor. "You may come to me tomorrow morning at eight o'clock."

Promptly, at the specified time the next morning, Georgie made his appearance, and after he had been shown how to make a fire in the grate, and had tidied up the rooms, the Doctor gave him a bill, telling him to go and collect it from the proprietor of a store on Eighth avenue. He put ten cents in Georgie's hand, telling him to take the horse-car, as it would be too far, and take too much time to walk.

The little striped legs were not long in reaching a car; and how he enjoyed the ride! It was nearly Christmas, and the shops were gay with holiday goods, and in the window at Ward's hung the kid mittens with fur tops that he had watched for many days, wishing that he might buy them for his mother for a Christmas present. She sewed for a firm in the city, and Georgie

had noticed how red and cold those dear hands looked when she came in after carrying her work home.

He remembered, too, that his father, before he died, had always been very kind and tender towards his mother, and now, being the eldest son, he must fill father's place as well as he could. Suddenly a bright thought flashed into his mind. If he could have all the car fares and walk or run on his errands, he might save enough money to buy the kid mittens; but would it be right, if the Doctor did not know it? He could not ask his mother, for he wanted the mittens to be a grand surprise. But this he resolved to do,—he would tell the Doctor all about it, and perhaps get his permission. A day or two afterwards, when sent on an errand, as the Doctor put the bright little nickels into his hand, Georgie ventured to ask, "Would you mind, sir, if I should walk, and keep the ten cents, if I got back in time?"

"Why, no, my boy, but it would take you half the day," said the Doctor.

"I can try, sir," said Georgie; "the cars stop often, and I can run, you know."

"All right," said the Doctor, "I suppose you'd enjoy ten cents' worth of candy more than you would the ride."

"Oh, no, sir, I do not want it for candy; I want to buy a pair of mittens for my mother for Christmas. Her hands get so cold when she carries her work home, and I think father would like it if he knew, for he used to be so careful of her," said Georgie.

"Very well, my lad, run on. The mother of such a boy won't suffer much from cold or anything else when he is old enough to earn a living, I reckon," said the Doctor.

Georgie ran down to the street, and began his race with the horse-car. It was a raw, cold day; but he buttoned up his jacket, for he had no overcoat, put his little blue hands into his pockets, and off he ran. He got on nicely for several blocks, and had gained somewhat on the car, when just as he turned a corner, he ran against Tim Doyle, who owed him a grudge for keeping above him in the spelling class at school the last term, and so getting a bright, shining medal as a prize. Tim had not seen him since, and now he demanded Georgie to show him his medal. In vain Georgie told him that he hadn't it with him. "But I know you have," said Tim. "Let me see in your pockets," and, without waiting for an answer, his hand was in Georgie's pocket, and like a flash Tim was racing up the street with the two bright nickels in his possession. The horse-car had gone far on, and Georgie would be very late, and the Doctor would never let him walk again. Filled with vexation and shame, he was just ready to cry, when he looked up and saw the Doctor in his carriage, who had seen all that occurred.

"Well, my boy," said the Doctor, "try again. You were doing nicely, and if I could catch that young rascal, I'd give him a good shaking up. Here's another car fare, and I hope you'll *fare* better next time."

"Thank you, sir," said Georgie, who, cheered and encouraged, ran on to collect the bill, which he brought home to the Doctor in good time.

The two weeks passed quickly, and the day before Christmas Georgie had permission to stop on his way up town to purchase the longed-for mittens. It was a radiant little face that he brought back to the office, as he held in his hand the present for his mother, which he had earned himself — his first earnings, too! All

day the package lay on the table, and at night it was safely buttoned inside of his jacket, and transferred from there to his bed and under his pillow, until he should find an opportunity the next morning to lay it beside his mother's plate at the table. The sun had not thought of getting up on Christmas morning, when Georgie glided carefully down the stairs and, opening the door into the kitchen, with the package in his hand, what should he see in the dim light but someone in his chair at table! Yes, someone was there! Could it be Santa Claus himself? His heart was pretty near his mouth, but a boy who was earning his own living, and "helping support the family," must not be a coward, so, whistling a strain of "Yankee Doodle," he marched boldly up to his mother's place, laid the precious parcel beside her plate and went out (never once turning his back on the stranger) into the shed to fix his skates — for, of course, he must skate on Christmas. He soon became so occupied with them, that before he knew it the broad daylight had streamed over the world, covering it with beauty, just as it did ages ago when "the morning stars sang together," and Georgie was startled to hear his mother call him to his simple early breakfast.

Suddenly he remembered the stranger; but the daylight and his mother's voice were all so real that he began to think he had been dreaming. But as he came into the kitchen he saw his younger brothers dancing around the table, while there sat the stranger, easy to discover now, however, as the light shone full upon a brand new overcoat, all stuffed, while a pair of top-boots, supporting a little stuffed man, stood on the floor. Who could have done it! No one seemed to know much about it; but his mother said a stranger

had left the package at the door after Georgie had gone to bed the night before. After they were seated his mother dropped a crisp new greenback with an X on it, as she tried on her mittens, and that, too, was a mystery! It seemed as if the fairies had been busy. Then the mother learned of the miles that the loving little feet had traveled in tender thought for her, and she blessed the kind friend who had seen and appreciated it all, and had rewarded her dear boy with the warm garment which had made such a bright Christmas for him, while he had thought only of her comfort. She did not know, until years afterwards, that that small overcoat enfolded a future General, as well as a wise and good man; and we may be quite sure that a boy who would take such care of his mother would be kind to the soldiers under his charge.—*The Congregationalist.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LESSON XXVI.—SUBJECT: WHAT TO DO IN TROUBLE.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Job 5 : 7. Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward.

Sunday, Psalms 41 : 1. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

Monday, Psalms 46: 1. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Tuesday, Psalms 107: 6. They cried unto the Lord in their trouble.

Wednesday, Proverbs 11: 8. The righteous is delivered out of trouble.

Thursday, Matthew 11: 28. Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Friday, II Corinthians 1: 4. Comfort them which are in any trouble.

Outline.—Trouble of some sort comes to everyone at some period in life. We see this in Nature—it is not all sunshine; cloudy and rainy days are sure to come. We need to be ready to meet sorrow. Learn this beautiful stanza of Longfellow's, and it will strengthen you in times of trouble:

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

One trouble follows another like waves on the sea-shore; or, as the old proverb gives it, "Misfortunes never come singly." They often spring up without much warning, and the household which is bright and happy in the morning may be darkened by some terrible grief before night. How helpless one feels in great sorrow, and how necessary it is to look to God for comfort!

There are small troubles which come to everybody; even children are not free from them. All we can do is to try to bear them patiently; don't burden others with them unnecessarily. "Give others the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest."

Don't *borrow* trouble. President Lincoln said: "Never cross a bridge until you come to it." Many annoyances that people are expecting never come, and so if we worry we have been really made unhappy for nothing.

OUR STORY.—IMPRISONED.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The big house stood in the middle of a big open space, with wide lawns about it shaded by cherry trees and lilac bushes, toward the south an old-fashioned garden, and back of that the apple orchard.

The little house was on the edge of the grounds, and had its front entrance on the road. Its doors were

locked and its windows shuttered now, for no-one had lived in it for several years.

Three little girls lived in the big house. Lois, who was eight years old, and Emmy, who was seven, were sisters. Kitty, their cousin, also seven, had lived with them so long that she seemed like another sister. There was, besides, Marianne, the cook's baby; but as she was not quite three, she did not count for much with the older ones, though they sometimes condescended to play with her.

It was a place of endless pleasure to these happy country children, and they needed no wider world than it afforded them. All summer long they played in the open air. They built bowers in the feathery asparagus; they knew every bird's nest in the syringa bushes and the thick guelder-roses, and were so busy all the time that they rarely found a moment in which to quarrel.

One day in July their mother and father had occasion to leave home for a long afternoon and evening.

"You can stay outdoors till half-past six," Mrs. Spenser said to her little girls, "then you must come in to tea, and at half-past seven you must go to bed as usual. You may play where you like in the grounds, but you must not go outside the gate." She kissed them for good-bye. "Remember to be good," she said. Then she got into the carriage and drove away.

The children were very good for several hours. They played that little Marianne was their baby, and was carried off by a gypsy. Lois was the gypsy, and the chase and recapture of the stolen child made an exciting game.

At last they got tired of this, and the question arose: "What shall we do next?"

"I wish mother would let us play down the road," said Emmy. "The Noyse children's mother lets them.'

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Lois, struck by a sudden bright idea. "Let's go down to the shut-up house. That isn't outside the gate."

"O Lois! yes it is. You can't go to the front door without walking on the road."

"Well, who said anything about the front door? I'm going to look in at the back windows. Mother never said we mustn't do that."

Still, it was with a sense of guilt that the three stole across the lawn; and they kept in the shadow of the hedge, as if afraid someone would see and call them back. Little Marianne, with her rag doll in her arms, began to run after them.

"There's that little plague tagging us," said Kitty. "Go back, Marianne; we don't want you." Then, when Marianne would not go back, they all ran away, and left her crying.

The shut-up house looked dull and ghostly enough. All the front was in deep shadow from the tall row of elms that bordered the road; but at the back the sun shone hotly. It glowed through the low, dusty window of a cellar, and danced and gleamed on something bright which lay on the floor within.

"What do you suppose it is?" said Emmy, as they all stooped to look. "It looks like real gold. Perhaps some pirates hid it there, and no-one has come since but us."

"Or perhaps it's a mine," cried Lois,—"a mine of jewels. See, it's all purple, like the stones in mother's breastpin. Wouldn't it be fun if it was? We wouldn't tell anybody, and we could buy such splendid things!"

"We must get in and find out," added Kitty.

Just then a wail sounded close at hand, and a very woful, tear-stained little figure appeared. It was Marianne. The poor baby had trotted all the long distance in the sun after her unkind playfellows.

"Oh, dear! You little nuisance! What made you come?" demanded Emmy.

"I 'ant to," was all Marianne's explanation.

"Well, don't cry. Now you've come, you can play," remarked Lois, and Marianne was consoled.

They began to try the windows in turn, and at last found one in a wood-shed which was unfastened. Kitty scrambled in, and admitted the others, first into the wood-shed and then into a very dusty kitchen. The cellar stairs opened from this. They all ran down, but — oh, disappointment! — the jewel-mine proved to be only the half of a broken tea-cup with a pattern on it in gold and lilac. This was a terrible come-down from a pirate treasure.

"Pshaw!" said Kitty. "Only an old piece of crockery. I don't think it's fair to cheat like that."

Little Marianne had been afraid to venture down into the cellar, and now stayed at the top waiting for them.

"Let's run away from her," suggested Kitty, who was cross after her disappointment.

So they all hopped over Marianne, and, deaf to her cries, ran upstairs to the second story as fast as they could go. There were four bare, dusty chambers, all unfurnished.

"There she comes," cried Kitty, as Marianne was heard climbing the stairs. "Where shall we hide from her? Oh, here's a place!"

She had spied a closet door, fastened with a large old-fashioned iron latch. She flew across the room. It was a narrow closet, with a shelf across the top of it.

"Hurry, hurry!" called Kitty. The others made haste. They squeezed themselves into the closet, and banged the door to behind them. Not till it was firmly fastened did they notice that there was no latch inside, or handle of any sort, and that they had shut themselves in, and had no possible way of getting out again.

Their desire to escape from Marianne changed at once into dismay. They kicked and pounded, but the stout old-fashioned door did not yield. Marianne could be heard crying without. There was a round hole in the door just above the latch. Putting her eye to this, Lois could see the poor little thing, doll in arms, standing in the middle of the floor, uncertain what to do.

"Marianne!" she called, "here we are, in the closet. Come and let us out, that 's a good baby. Put your little hand up and push the latch. You can, if you will only try."

"I'll show you how," added Kitty, taking her turn at the peep-hole. "See, come close to the door, and Kitty will tell you what to do."

But these mysterious voices, speaking out of the unseen, frightened Marianne too much to allow of her doing anything helpful.

"I tan't! I tan't!" she wailed, not venturing near the door.

"Oh, do try, please do!" pleaded Lois. "I'll give you my china doll if you will, Marianne."

"And I'll give you my doll's bedstead," added Emmy. "You'd like that, I know. Dear little Marianne, do try to let us out. Please do. We're so tired of this old closet."

But still Marianne repeated, "Tan't, tan't." And at last she sat down on the floor and wept. The imprisoned children wept with her.

"I've thought of a plan," said Emmy at last. "If you'll break one of the teeth out of your shell comb, Lois, I think I can push it through the hole and raise the latch up."

Alas! the hole was above the latch, not below it. Half the teeth were broken out of Lois's comb in their attempt, and with no result except that they fell through the hole to the floor outside. At intervals they renewed their banging and pounding on the door, but it only tired them out, and did no good.

It was a very warm afternoon, and, as time went on, the closet became unendurably hot. Emmy sank down exhausted on the floor, and she and Kitty began to sob wildly. Lois alone kept her calmness. Little Marianne had grown wonderfully quiet. Looking through the hole, Lois saw that she had gone to sleep on the floor.

"Don't cry so, Kitty," she said. It's no use. We were naughty to come here. I suppose we've got to die in this closet, and it's my fault. We shall starve to death pretty soon, and no-one will know what has become of us till somebody takes the house; and when they come to clean it, and open the closet door, they will find our bones."

Kitty screamed louder than ever at this terrible picture.

"Oh, hush!" said her cousin. "The only thing we can do now is to pray. God is the only person that can help us. Mamma says He is close to every person who prays. He can hear us, if we are in the closet."

Then Lois made this little prayer: "Our Father who art in heaven. We have been naughty, and came down here when mamma didn't give us leave to come; but please forgive us. We won't disobey again, if only

thou wilt. We make a promise. Help us. Show us the way to get out of this closet. Don't let us die here, with no-one to know where we are. We ask it for Jesus Christ's sake. Forever and ever. Amen."

It was a droll little prayer, but Lois put all her heart into it. A human listener might have smiled at the odd turn of the phrases; but God knew what she meant, and He never turns away from real prayer. He answered Lois.

How did He answer her? Did He send a strong angel to lift up the latch of the door? He might have done that, you know, as He did for Peter in prison. But that was not the way He chose in this instance. What He did was to put a thought into Lois's mind.

She stood silent for a while after she had finished praying.

"Children," she said, "I have thought of something. Kitty, you are the lightest. Do you think Emmy and I could push you up onto the shelf?"

It was not an easy thing to do, for the place was narrow; but at last, with Lois and Emmy "boosting," and Kitty scrambling, it was accomplished.

"Now, Kitty, put your back against the wall," said Lois, "and when I say 'one, two, three,' push the door with your feet as hard as you can, while we push below."

Kitty braced herself, and at the word "three" they all exerted their utmost strength. One second more, and — oh, joy! — the latch gave way, and the door flew open. Kitty tumbled from the shelf, the others fell forward on the floor, — they were out! Lois had bumped her head, and Emmy's shoulder was bruised; but what was that? They were free.

"Let us run, run!" cried Lois, catching Marianne up

in her arms. "I never want to see this horrible house again."

So they ran downstairs, and out through the woodshed into the open air. Oh, how sweet the sunshine looked, and the wind felt, after their fear and danger!

Their mother taught them a little verse next morning, after they had told her all about their adventure, and made confession of their fault; and Lois said it to herself every day all her life afterward. This is it:

"God is never far away,
God is listening all the day;
When in trouble, when in fear,
The dear Lord is quick to hear;
Quick to hear a feeble sigh,
Quick to hear an earnest cry."

"I love that hymn," Lois used to say, "and I know it's true, for when we were in great trouble, shut up in that little bit of a closet, He heard just as well as if we had been in church!"—*Sunday School Times.*

CHAPTER XXIX.

LESSON XXVII.—SUBJECT: KINDNESS TO THE POOR.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalms 41 : 1. Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

Sunday, Proverbs 14 : 21. He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.

Monday, Proverbs 17 : 5. Whoso mocketh the poor, reproacheth his Maker.

Tuesday, Matthew 10 : 42. And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.

Wednesday, Matthew 26 : 11. For ye have the poor always with you.

Thursday, Galatians 2 : 10. Only they would that we should remember the poor.

Friday, I John 3 : 18. My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.

Outline.—It is hard for children who have nice homes, warm clothes, and plenty of good food, to understand what it is to really suffer with cold and hunger. A little boy who was taken from the streets of

New York and sent to a home in the West, and who grew up to be a noble man, told me of the life of suffering he endured in childhood. His father was a drinking man, and often very cruel. The money that he should have spent for food for his family he spent for liquor, and often this little boy was so hungry that he felt as if he should die. When he could stand it no longer, he and other little fellows as hungry as himself would agree to tip over someone's apple-stand in the hope of seizing a little of the fruit in the confusion that followed. This was a wicked thing to do, but you can imagine how desperately hungry he was when it led him to steal. If he had not been sent to the home of a Christian man in the West, probably he would have become a criminal of some sort.

There are many ways to show kindness to the poor. Always give them a pleasant word and a smile, never wound their feelings in any way, by making fun of their clothes, or twitting them of their poverty. They had no choice in the condition of their birth; everyone would have preferred better surroundings.

Many people are poor because they are shiftless and will not work. These do not deserve our aid. Always be sure to help the deserving poor. Children nowadays may do a great deal of benevolent work, for they can send money to aid City Mission work, fresh air funds, orphan asylums, etc.

OUR STORY.—"A DARLING."

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city thoroughfare. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a press-

ing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight he said:

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you tomorrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I'm anxious for you to see my wife and child."

"Only one?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly—"a daughter. She's a darling, I do assure you."

And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a street car bound for the park, whither he desired to go.

After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car. They were all young and evidently belonged to families of wealth and culture—that is, intellectual culture—as they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket; each was attired in a very becoming spring suit. Doubtless they were going to the park for a spring picnic. They seemed very happy and amiable until the car stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and upon their faces there were looks of distress mingled with some expectancy. Were they, too, on their way to the park? The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say with a look of disdain: "I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave my door if I had to look like that. Would you?" This from another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this conversation went on in a low tone, but the

gentleman had heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears glistening in the eyes. Then he looked at the group of finely dressed girls, who had moved as far from the plebeian as the limits of the car would allow. He was angry. He longed to tell them that they were vain and heartless as they drew their costly trappings closer about them, as if fearful of contact with Poverty's children.

Just then an exclamation, "Why, there's Nettie! Wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in their exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" questioned another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She's sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the car, she saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes; and then, forgetting that she, too, wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitting gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand caressingly on the boy's thin cheek, as she asked interestedly of his sister:

"The little boy is sick, is he not? And he is your brother, I am sure, he clings so to you?"

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss; he is sick. Freddy never has been well. Yes, miss; he is my brother. We're goin' to the park to see if 'twon't make Freddy better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice meant for no-one's ears except those of the child addressed. "I feel sure it will do him good. It is lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a drive."

Over the girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, mebbe we ought to, for Freddy's sake; but you see we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim —he's our brother—he saved these pennies purpose so as Freddy could ride to the park and back. I guess mebbe Freddy'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the beautiful park."

Were there tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened? Yes, there certainly were; and very soon she asked the girl where they lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet, which she took from a beaded bag upon her arm.

After riding a few blocks the pretty girl left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a precious package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we got to the park. What made her so sweet and good to us? She didn't call us ragamuffins, and wasn't 'fraid to have her dress touch ours; and she called me 'a dear,' she did. What made her?"

And Sue whispered back:

"I guess it's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes — beautiful inside, you know."

The gentleman's ears served him well. He heard Sue's whisper, and thought:

"Yes, the child is right; the lovely young girl is beautiful inside — beautiful in spirit. She is one of the Lord's own, developing in Christian growth. Bless her!"

When the park was reached, the five girls hurried out with laughter and merry talk. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across the road and into the green, sweet-smelling park, the sister, with heart full of gratitude, following. It was he who paid for a nice ride for them in the goat-carriage; he also treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

Upon his return to the city he was surprised and gratified to see get into his car the kindly young girl who had so tenderly remembered "the least of these." Again he saw her light shine — only a cheery word or two to a poor trembling old woman; an orange to a fretful, teething child who was torturing his mother and everyone else in the car until that orange soothed his hot gums and his turbulent spirit; only these little tender services; and yet how plainly they stamped her as the Master's own!

At two o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing a comely lady; "and this," as a young girl of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter Nettie."

"Ah!" thought the guest as he extended his hand in cordial greeting,—"this is the dear girl whom I met yesterday in the street car! I don't wonder her father

calls her a darling! She is a darling, and no mistake, bless her!"—*Ernest Gilmore in Forward.*

Read or teach—

LITTLE THINGS.

A little child I am indeed,
And little do I know;
Much care and help I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow,
If I would ever hope to do
Things great and good and useful too.

But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk, and laugh, and eat, and drink,
And sleep, and wake, and never think.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XXX.

LESSON XXVIII.—SUBJECT: LOVE YOUR BIBLES.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Nehemiah 8: 8. So they read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly, and gave the sense.

To emphasize this, tell the story of the little girl who went to church where the minister did not speak distinctly. He gave for his text, "Behold, a greater than Solomon is here," but the little one said on returning home, that the minister's text was, "Hold a grater to Solomon's ear." You see he did not give the sense, as the Bible recommended him to do.

Sunday, Isaiah 34 : 16. Seek ye out of the book of the Lord and read.

Monday, John 2 : 22. They believed the scriptures.

Tuesday, John 5 : 39. Search the scriptures.

Wednesday, John 10 : 35. The scripture cannot be broken.

Thursday, Acts 17 : 11. They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily.

Friday, Revelation 22 : 9. Keep the sayings of this book.

Outline.—Did you know, children, that of all the books that have ever been written, the Bible is by far

the best. Its poetry has never been surpassed in grandeur; its prophecies have been wonderfully fulfilled. The account that it gives of the life of Jesus and its promises of future happiness make it the most valuable book in the world. It is strange that, if you read it a hundred times, every fresh reading will bring out new beauties. Can you say that of other books? The power of one little verse, even, is wonderful, for it is able to keep a person from wrong-doing. These little verses seem like guide-boards on the roadside, helping those who read to keep in the right path. Do not fail to learn all you are able, for you cannot tell the good turn it may serve you.

Someone tells the story of a little boy whose mother taught him this verse: "Thou God seest me." Years after, when he was tempted to take some money that was not his, he seemed to hear his mother's words ringing in his ears, "Remember, Thou God seest me!" He overcame the temptation, and was saved from the sin by that little text of four words.

Another child told her drunken father that Jesus had said: "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," and this thought gave courage and hope to the fallen man, and enabled him to begin a new life.

A knowledge of the Bible will be invaluable later in life, if we are called to the bedside of the dying. How many have passed over the dark waters of death soothed by the melody of the twenty-third Psalm!

Learn to repeat—

"Holy Bible! Book divine!
Precious treasure! Thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am,

Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love,
Mine to feed a loving faith,
Mine to triumph over death!
Oh, thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! Thou art mine!"

OUR STORY:—HOW MIRIAM LEARNED TO LOVE THE BIBLE.

BY MARY E. SWEETSER.

It was Sunday afternoon. Mr. King and his family had been sitting during the lovely summer twilight in the back porch, enjoying the delicate purple light of the setting sun on the mountains near by, and capping Bible verses concerning the "everlasting hills." One by one all but Aunt Agnes and little Miriam, who was sitting on a stool at her feet, had re-entered the house.

"Auntie," said Miriam, in a pleading, troubled tone, "I do not love the Bible. Miss Farwell said in Sabbath school today that it would teach, comfort and warn us. She made us repeat those three words so many times that I could not help remembering them. I don't see as it does me any good, and I hate to learn so many verses as she gives us. But I cannot go to heaven if I do not love God's Book, can I?"

"I am sure, Miriam," said auntie, tenderly smoothing the anxious brow, "you will prize the Bible when you understand how to use it in your everyday life. Your mother said, before she went away, that the Bible did more to rest and quiet her nerves than medicine. Auntie finds much comfort in it, and she will try this week and help her little niece to realize that it is the

voice of her loving heavenly Father speaking directly to her."

Two hours later, as Aunt Agnes sat reading in her room, Miriam called in a distressed tone from the adjoining chamber: "Please come, auntie."

As her aunt sat down by the bed, Miriam grasped her hand tightly, saying: "Oh, Aunt Agnes, I was so frightened. I thought you were all asleep and I was alone awake, and it was so dark."

" 'What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.' That is a Bible verse, Miriam, and it is good to trust in God, because His Word tells us that 'He shall neither slumber nor sleep,' and that 'the darkness and the light are both alike to Him.' Listen to this verse: 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.' He can take care of you better than auntie. Are you not glad He sent you in those comforting words?"

With a smile, as if she felt the protection of the Saviour's arms about her, Miriam closed her eyes and in a moment was sound asleep.

Washing morning was rather trying to the King family, for the temper of the maid of all work, though none of the sweetest at any time, was then ruffled to such a degree that the only prudence was in keeping at a safe distance from her. The children, especially the boys, delighted in teasing her; and this particular Monday morning they had made frequent visits to the open window in front of which her washtub stood (for they were forbidden to enter the kitchen), and shouted into her unwilling ear such couplets as—

"Give us the string from your hair
For the line on which clothes are to air.

The hook of your nose will secure
The garments with firmness, I'm sure."

"The fire of your eye, and the flame of your cheek,
Will heat all the water there is in the creek.
It is kindled by love of the children so kind,
Who by such cheering ditties enliven the mind."

Of course it was very foolish for Bridget to care for this jesting, but she was annoyed, and they knew it.

Aunt Agnes called to them from the back porch. They saw the reproof in their auntie's face, and quickly said:

"We haven't done anything to her; we didn't hide her soap once."

"Here is a warning for you from God's book," said Aunt Agnes, quietly. "Think of it as you walk to school: 'Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'"

Thursday afternoon, when Aunt Agnes came home from a shopping expedition, she found Miriam curled in a little heap on one corner of the sofa in the sitting-room, crying as if her heart would break.

"I — don't — care — auntie," she gasped, between her sobs, "I will not forgive her any more. I don't think I ought to. She's too mean, and I've said 'yes' when she begged my pardon time and time and time again, and this afternoon I said 'no,' and I meant it. I'll let her see she can't be bothering me forever. She rubbed out all the sums on my slate, just as I had finished them to take them into the class. She said she didn't mean to rub out but two or three figures, just for fun, but she'd better be careful."

"Christ teaches 'to forgive seventy times seven.' Have you said 'yes' as many times as that? And I

think He means we are never to be unwilling to forgive. Amy is careless, and thoughtless, but she does not intend to be unkind. She will have a hard time in life before she is entirely cured of her fault."

"Yes, of course, you take her part instead of mine; everybody does. She has the very loveliest way of saying 'forgive me,' so that the girls look as if they thought I was the one who was to blame, and nobody pities me. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Papa pities his little girl, whatever the trouble may be," said her father, as that moment he passed hastily through the room to speak with someone who was waiting for him in the hall.

"And 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," said Aunt Agnes, softly, bending her head to kiss the flushed and tear-stained cheek. Gradually the sobs ceased, and at last, as Miriam looked up and tried to smile, her brother Robert came into the room; but with such a face! His forehead was more wrinkled than James Allen's, and he was the oldest man in town – over ninety. The corners of his mouth looked as fixed in their downward course as if they were frozen stiff, and the swelling of his lips was most alarming.

"I should think he needed a Bible verse," said Miriam, half in fun and half in earnest.

"It is father who needs scripture," growled Robert, with a chuckle. "I've got 'Obey your parents,' thoroughly into my head. He should be told to do unto others as he would that his father should do unto him. He's too fussy. Just as though there were any harm in sliding down Goff's hill because it is called a public road, and once in ten years, in the middle of summer, perhaps somebody drives an ox team over it!

All the boys slide there; even Tom Bennett, whose father is one of the selectmen. And now when I want to join the 'Lightning Express Club,' father objects because the principal rendezvous next winter is to be Goff's hill. The Bible don't say anything about such things, anyway, does it, auntie?"

"The same book which teaches a boy to honor his father and mother, directs also that rulers and their laws should be obeyed."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Robert, hastily beating a retreat.

Sunday night again found Aunt Agnes and Miriam sitting during the gathering darkness on the pleasant porch. The incidents I have related were by no means the only ones that week when Miriam had been taught, comforted or warned by a scripture text. Once or twice she herself had been able to apply a verse from the scanty store in her memory, and had been particularly pleased.

"I must tell you, because it troubles me so," began Miriam, hanging her head low,—"I suppose it is very wicked, but though I do think I love Jesus some, He was so good to leave His beautiful home and live here, and die, too, so I might go to heaven, yet I don't feel as if I could be happy always only praising Him. I can't sing a bit, and father says it is no use, I never can learn to play well on the piano. I think it will be very stupid holding a harp and listening to the others, and I don't like music very well, any way. I like to play around. I wish the Bible told us they did something else there."

"And it does, darling," said auntie, brightly. "It speaks of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

"Oh! I am so glad. I had no idea the Bible told

about so many things. I mean to keep learning and learning verses till I know as many as you do."

"And even more, I hope. I do not know as many as I wish I did. You see, Miriam, you must use God's Word if you would prize and love it."—*The Christian at Work.*

CHAPTER XXXI.

LESSON XXIX.—SUBJECT: THE KIND OF CHILD JESUS LOVES.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalms 119 : 30. I have chosen the way of truth. (A truthful child.)

Sunday, Isaiah 41 : 6. They helped every one his neighbor. (Unselfish child.)

Monday, Romans 12 : 10. Be kindly affectioned one to another. (Affectionate child.)

Tuesday, Romans 12 : 17. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. (Honest child.)

Wednesday, II Corinthians 9 : 7. God loveth a cheerful giver. (Generous child.)

Thursday, Ephesians 6 : 1. Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. (Obedient child.)

Friday, Hebrews 13 : 5. Be content with such things as ye have. (Contented child.)

Outline.—Jesus was very fond of children. When He planned the work for His disciples, He never forgot about the little ones. When He said: "Feed my sheep," He said also, Feed my lambs." The disciples, some of them, did not like children, and they wanted to drive them away from Jesus, but He did not allow it. Read Luke 18 : 15–18. He told the disciples they must become as little children; but when He set up a

child for an example to them, I am sure He had in mind some pure innocent little one whose heart was as yet unhardened by sin. He had no thought of such children as we frequently see at the present day, who are running over with selfishness, vanity and impertinence. Lovely traits, such as gentleness, obedience, truthfulness, etc., seem to require cultivation, while the unlovely ones grow by nature and need no encouragement. Weeds are everywhere, but flowers spring up usually only where the ground is cultivated. Try to become just such a child as Jesus would love, and strive to act so well that if He were here on earth, He could say of you, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Learn this little verse and say every day with your prayers:

I will try to be good, and do what is right,
And always be cheerful, and happy, and bright.

OUR STORY.—SUCH A COMFORT.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

"All the Richter girls are clever except Kitty," said Mrs. Simpson, as she stood beside Ella Raeburn, pinching here, snipping there, and, with her mouth full of pins, fitting Ella's wedding gown. It was a wonder she could talk, under the circumstances, but, as everybody knew, nothing short of the lockjaw could have quite stopped the flow of Mrs. Simpson's conversation.

"Yes, my dear," she went on, "they are all real smart, except Kitty. Mame, she's a master-hand at pickles and preserves; Loisy's just splendid at the piano, and

Clara took every prize there was when she was at school. But that little brown-eyed Kitty isn't good for a thing in the world, except to help other folks."

Ella gave Mrs. Simpson's arm a sharp nudge. Her back was to the door, and she did not see, as startled Ella did, a little figure in a blue-checked gingham dress, with a white apron and a broad-brimmed hat, standing on the lilac-shaded porch, a basket of roses in her hands.

Had Kitty heard the criticism of the free-spoken dressmaker? Perhaps; and perhaps not. If her rosy cheeks were a trifle redder than usual, it might have been the walk in the sun that made them so. If her eyes were bright and wide open, that was nothing new —Kitty Richter always looked you straight in the face, and she had beautiful eyes.

Mrs. Simpson wished she had not spoken so loud, and Ella felt embarrassed, but Kitty came in with a very cheerful good morning.

"We have so many roses that I felt as if we ought to share them with our friends," she said simply. "So I brought some over for your grandma. May I go up to her room?"

"Of course," said Ella. "Grandma is rather neglected in these days. She'll be glad of a visitor."

In the stir of preparation for the first wedding in the family, grandma was indeed a little neglected. She was feeling very lonely as she sat by herself in her chair by the window, her knitting on a stand, her old worn hands folded on her lap. Nobody had come near her since morning, and she was too feeble to go about the house, as she had been used to doing in her active days. It is very hard for an aged person to realize that others can do without her—that in the world where she was once

of importance she has no longer any particular work to do.

"I don't feel as if I could stand it much longer," the poor tired old lady was saying to herself, when, after a soft tap at the door, Kitty Richter came in with her roses. She brought a perfect sheaf of sunshine. The roses flooded the room with fragrance.

"Let me have them in my hands, child!" exclaimed the flower-loving woman, touching the beautiful petals tenderly.

"Beck Lee, your grandma, Kitty, that's been dead these twenty years, planted the white rose-bush by your sitting-room window, and I was there the day she did it. My! how time flies! That's right, dearie! Put them in the old china bowl, and I'll have them where I can see them and smell them all day. Roses are company when they bring old times to mind."

Kitty was stepping lightly about, dusting, arranging, removing the disorderly look which had worried grandma's soul. She brought the old lady a clean cap and kerchief, brushed the thick gray hair, and fastened it in a comfortable knot, finally said good-bye, with a promise of looking in tomorrow, after having told all the good news of the village.

"That's a dear child," said Grandma Raeburn as she began to knit, quite cheered by this whiff from the outside world. "May God bless her! She's not too busy to look after an old body like me."

Kitty Richter went her way homeward with a little ache in her heart. So that was what people thought of her. She wasn't particularly a credit to her family. Well, what of it? She fought with the discontented, hurt feeling, which for the moment she could not help,

and chided herself for having it. Was she sorry that the others were more gifted than herself?

"Kitty Richter, you ought to be ashamed," she said. "Are you envying Clara and Lou, your own sisters? That cannot please the Master."

In her energy she had spoken the last words aloud, and they were overheard by Rupert Bacon, a boy passing her on his way to the postoffice. Some friends of his had been urging him to join them on an excursion the next day, but his father was short-handed in the field, and needed him. Still, being a very unselfish father, Mr. Bacon had consented that Rupert should go. Rupert's conscience was not quite easy, however, and Kitty's little sentence was enough to decide him to stay at home and do his duty.

Unconscious of the good she had done, the little maiden tripped along, and entered her own home, to find the notable Mary, Mame as Mrs. Simpson called her, laid up with one of her worst sick headaches.

"Mary can never take things moderately," complained Mrs. Richter. "She crowds two days' work into one, and then has a spell of illness. Your Uncle Lem's at the barn with father, Kitty, and I must see to getting tea. Louisa won't sit with Mary. She's provoked because she's got to give up practicing on account of this headache. Seems as though everything was contrary some days."

"Never mind, mother. It will all be right by and by," said Kitty, soothingly. "I'll take care of Mary, and you can have an easy tea. There's half of that jelly cake in the pantry, and Aunt Susy sent over fresh cottage cheese this morning! I put it in the buttery, and never thought to tell you until this moment."

"What a comfort you are, my darling!" said the mother, sitting down to rest for a moment.

Mrs. Richter was proud of her three elder girls, proud of Mary's housewifery, of Louisa's music, of Clara's education, but her little Kitty had never aroused in her that special feeling. With others, she had taken Kitty's quiet lovingness for granted, and been a little sorry that she could boast neither of her bread, her music, nor her French. As though a talent for ministry were not one of the very best talents, after all!

Our little Kitty, meanwhile, followed her rule of doing what would please the Master. She had a story-book in her room, one of Pansy's latest, and she had left off at a very interesting place. But she said nothing about it, as she darkened Mary's room, kept hot water bandages on her aching head, and watched beside the sufferer until she fell asleep.

"Sleep is the best medicine for poor Mary," said Kitty, stealing quietly away.

She was on her way to her room when, "Tea is ready, daughter," said her father's voice; and the brown, sun-tanned man, with the grizzly hair and beard, waited to pat her golden head.

"Lem," he said to his brother, "this is our baby. The rest, somehow, have grown too big for father's petting, but Kitty stays by me still."

"Her Aunt Emily was saying the other day that Kitty Richter was such a comfort to her mother," said grave Uncle Lem, who was a man of few words.

Kitty sat in her little room that night, after reading her New Testament and saying her prayers, and looked out over the farmstead. The full moon silvered the brook, and made a track of light in the lane. The lilac fragrance drifted up from the dewy plumes beneath her

window. Now and then a bird, dreaming of day-dawn, stirred in the nest that was hidden somewhere, and uttered a sleepy note. It came very sweetly into Kitty's heart that God was keeping His great world in safety —flowers, birds, people. Herself, small as she was, had a share in the loving care of the great God. There wasn't so very much for her to do, that she knew of; but she resolved every day to do the little she could with all her might.

Ella Raeburn, on the eve of her marriage, a few days after, was talking with her old grandmother.

"I tell you, Ella," said the latter, "if it hadn't 'a' been for Kitty Richter, these days latterly, I would have felt like giving up. She's been *such* a comfort!" —*The Congregationalist.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

LESSON XXX.—SUBJECT: HONESTY.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Exodus 20 : 15. Thou shalt not steal.

Sunday, Zechariah 5 : 3. Every one that stealeth shall be cut off.

Monday, Romans 12 : 17. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

Tuesday, II Corinthians 8 : 21. Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men.

Wednesday, II Corinthians 13 : 7. Do that which is honest.

Thursday, I Thessalonians 4 : 12. Walk honestly.

Friday, Hebrews 13 : 18. Pray for us, for we trust we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly.

Outline.—A great many people do not really know what honesty is. They go into grocery and candy stores, and while they are purchasing their goods, they eat up, frequently, nearly as much as they buy. They do not call this stealing, but it really is, for stealing is taking that which belongs to another, and the things they eat do not belong to them until they have paid for them. If the owner invites you to take a taste, in order to tempt you to buy, that is right, but any other

way of treating yourself is very wrong. Why should you sample candies, nuts, white grapes, etc., any more than thread, needles, buttons and pins. You would soon see a policeman coming after you, if you carried out your grocery principles in a dry goods store. There was once a man who had a way of helping himself freely to raisins, and while his parcels were being done up he would eat a handful or two with the greatest relish. The store-keeper stood it for awhile, and then became so exasperated that he determined to be even with the man. He therefore opened a small box of raisins, and placed it on the counter whenever the man appeared. No-one else was allowed to take from it. When the box was empty, he charged it on the man's bill. In a rage the man came to the store, declaring that he had never purchased a box of raisins. You can imagine his chagrin when he learned the facts of the case.

Many good people, who would shrink from most forms of dishonesty, evade car fare for their children, when of proper age; borrow books and never return them; neglect to pay their debts, and do many other things, all of which partake of the nature of stealing. Children, too, break windows and run, cheat at school, help themselves to odd change that is lying about, and fail to see that these dishonest actions are perhaps the first steps taken toward the jail. Strictly honest men are rare, as business life will show, and too high a standard for honesty cannot be set, if we hope for better things in the future.

"A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.

Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things."

OUR STORY.—TEDDY'S BOOK.

Something about it struck Teddy very forcibly—I am not sure whether it was the text itself or the minister's reading it the second time in a very earnest manner. He was a new minister, and was preaching to the children this morning.

His text was: "And another book was opened, which is the book of life," and, as I say, he read it over twice.

The book of life, the book of each one of our lives. Do you ever think of that book, children, and what are you writing in it? Every morning you start with a fresh page, and at night what do find written there—temptations met and overcome, kind words spoken, little acts of helpfulness performed? Or is it a record of temptations yielded to, cross and fretful words, and no kind actions? Think of it, children, when you are tempted to do what is wrong, that it will be written in your book of life, and at that last great day it will be opened and read.

Teddy sat at the end of the seat that Sunday, and was just wondering if he could possibly snap an apple-seed—he had some in his pocket—at Joe Peters without Sadie's seeing it, when, as I said, something, either in the text itself or the reading of it, caught his attention. It was such a thoroughly new idea, he writing a book—one that would be opened and read on that

awful day. On the whole he did not like the idea, certainly not if *everything* was put in it, was his decision, as he recalled some of the many things he had done "just for fun." Then he tried to think of something he had done during the past week that he should like to see in his book; but he failed to recall anything, unless it was that he carried poor Mrs. Kent a basket of apples. "Wouldn't 'a' done it, though, only mamma made me," he was obliged to confess to himself, just as he had decided that that was quite a meritorious deed.

"I say, mother," he asked anxiously, when he reached home at noon, "the minister said God puts everything we do down in a book; do you believe he does? Maybe He don't see everything, you know."

"Oh, yes, he does, Teddy — every single thing. We cannot hide even our thoughts from God. So we should be very, very careful, even of them," replied mamma, smoothing his rumpled curls lovingly.

"Well, then, I guess folks forget about it, don't they? Or else maybe they don't know."

"I think we all forget sometimes, Teddy; but mamma wants her little son to remember that God sees him always, wherever he goes, or whatever he does; will you?"

"I'll try," said Teddy, with an unusually grave look in his brown eyes.

Just then the dinner-bell rang. Teddy went downstairs, and being very hungry, forgot all about the sermon, his book and all, until the next afternoon in the spelling-class at school.

Now, Teddy did not like spelling. In fact, he was not over-fond of study of any description, but spelling was his particular aversion. He almost invariably

failed, and this very afternoon Miss Westwood made a rule that all who failed must remain half an hour after school. Teddy heard it in dismay. It was splendid skating down the river, the first they had had this winter, and they were all going down directly from school. For once he was utterly oblivious of everything around him; he never lifted his eyes from his book after Miss Westwood said that, until the class was called.

But it was all in vain; the very first word that came to him was "believe," and he could not remember whether it was "ei" or "ie." He hesitated, grew red in the face, and was just going to say "leive," when Miss Westwood was called to the door.

"Ahem!" said someone softly.

Teddy looked around, and there was Will Adams, holding up his slate with "ie" in great big letters on it.

Teddy felt as though a mountain was lifted off his shoulders, for he was quite sure of the rest of the lesson. Then it was that he remembered yesterday's sermon, and his promise and the words of the text; it all flashed through his mind in an instant. Suppose he were to spell the word as Will had written it for him, which was not the way he would have spelled it himself, how would it look in that book? But then, to think of having to stay in when all the rest were having such sport, and his new skates just aching to be used. What should he do?

It seemed to him that it was all of half an hour before Miss Westwood closed the door and resumed the lesson, though it was really but a few moments.

"Well, Teddy, how is it?" she said.

Teddy felt positive that every one in the room must hear his heart beat, it thumped away so loudly.

"B–e —b–e–l—" What should he say?

God sees us always; Whatever we do is written down in our book of life. Remember that, children, when you are tempted to do wrong; think how it will look in your book.

"E–i–v–e," he said, hurriedly.

Will Adams looked up in blank astonishment.

"Couldn't you read it on my slate?" he asked after school.

"Yes," replied Teddy coloring; but you see I — didn't want to write a cheat in my book."—*Sunday School Times.*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LESSON XXXI.—SUBJECT: CHRIST OUR PATTERN.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalms 143 : 10. Teach me to do thy will.

Sunday, Matthew 4 : 19. Follow me.

Monday, John 5 : 35. He was a burning and a shining light.

Tuesday, John 10 : 4. He goeth before them and the sheep follow him.

Wednesday, John 12 : 26. If any man serve me, let him follow me.

Thursday, Colossians 3 : 17. Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Friday, I Peter 2 : 21. Christ also suffered for us, leaving as an example.

Outline.—Christ is the only person who has ever lived of whom it can be said that "He was without sin." It is because He was perfect that we can take Him for our pattern. Think what a difficult life He had to lead, for we are told in the Bible that He was tempted like as we are. Try, dear children, just for one day, to set a *perfect* example; be forgiving, even to your enemies; be patient, humble, sympathetic, helpful to everyone; be obedient, prayerful, careful not to

offend in word or deed; in fact, try to do all that Christ has taught, and see what a difficult thing it is to be a perfect pattern.

When an artist wishes to make a beautiful picture, he searches everywhere for a lovely model. He tries to find some person as perfect in face and form as possible. If he is at last successful, and procures a person of extreme loveliness, next he studies every line and feature, until he has become so familiar with them that he can accurately transfer it to the canvas. It is by thus patiently studying, day after day, that he hopes to succeed; even so, if we are to imitate the lovely character of Christ, we must keep Him continually before us, and never cease in our efforts to be like Him.

OUR STORY.—"BE THOU MY PATTERN."

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Nobody could say Ann Holmes was a fool; she was only "kinder simple," "a leetle wantin' in the uppers," was the severest judgment of the village.

"I tell ye," said Uncle Isr'el Barnes, "Ann ain't nobody's fool! She's got it in her, all on't, same as a jug's got m'lasses; but it treekles out real slow, like m'lasses in winter time, only it's always an' f'rever winter to her house. He! he! he!"

Nobody cared to answer his cheery cackle of defiance, for really Ann Holmes was the staple amusement of Scranton people. She was a tall, gaunt old maid, who lived on a farm just out of Scranton, and did her duty there as earnestly as any saint, though that duty was by no means saintly in the usual understanding of the word. Ann waited on her bedridden mother with unfailing patience and tenderness, did the cooking, wash-

ing and sewing, the year round, for their small household; and half the year, while her old father was "laid up with the rheumatiz," took care of horse and cow, shoveled paths, chopped wood, and put in coal into the bin. She was a member of the church in Scranton which was nearest the farm; for the long village straggled three miles on the brook that turned its factories, and had more churches than its population could really respectably fill.

Nobody could say Ann Holmes was intellectual; everybody knew she was devout. There was never a weekly prayer meeting she did not attend, nor was she ever absent from the Bible class, where she sat with her mouth and eyes wide open, drinking in spiritual instruction, and receiving only that which was true and practical, with the sort of selective instinct that leads a bee only to honey-bearing blossoms.

She always looked up to the minister, whoever he might be, as the Israelites looked to their high priest, or Catholics to the Pope. In virtue of his office the incumbent was to her more than man — something holy, infallible, to be reverenced and served; a state of things very agreeable to the minister, no doubt, if it could have been shared by the majority of his people, but not especially conducive to his growth in humility or grace of any kind. Ann raised chickens and brought the best of the flock always to her "pasture," as she *would* call the pastor; she gathered her best grapes, her nicest apples, her earliest flowers, for the parsonage; and uplifted her odd, feeble voice in his praise everywhere she went.

There came a time in Scranton when the church seemed to awake from its dull routine and breathe a new life; a time when its meetings were crowded, when

prayer was fervent, and praise no longer relegated to a choir of ill-mannered and irreverent young people, but was the warm utterance of the people's hearts in sacred song. It was a day of rejoicing for Ann, who felt keenly and enjoyed deeply the touch of human sympathy which reached her then as never before. Even the beloved minister spoke to her with kind voice and cordial greetings every Sunday, though previously he had rather ignored her beaming face, always waiting for him at the door of the church, and sent her home meek and humiliated by a consciousness of her own lowliness and a sense of his lofty position.

One night, at the weekly prayer meeting, Parson Platt gave out the beautiful hymn, known far and wide in the church, beginning,

> "My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
> I read my duty in Thy Word."

And, as he read the concluding line, he said, in a voice thrilled with emotion:

"Dear friends, when you read this last verse, think what it means. Take it as a pledge for your future lives:

> "Be Thou my pattern! let me bear
> More of Thy gracious image here."

This, and this only, is Christianity; to take Christ for our daily example; to be like Him in all things, or to strive for such likeness. Do not sing this verse unless you mean here and now to pledge yourself to be like Him, as far as you can."

But everybody *did* sing it! some with real fervor, some with humble resolve; all with a general intention to be what they said — a sort of sympathetic excitement of feeling, honest for the time, but to wither in the

next day's sun, or be overgrown with thorns and briers.

Ann took the word into a good and honest heart. She had always tried to do right since she joined the church, but never with a distinct consciousness of effort to be like the Master. After awhile the revival fervor died out and men lapsed back into their carelessness and Ann saw much that grieved her earnest spirit.

One day she went down to the village to the store of Mr. Minor, a member of Parson Peck's church, to buy some calico. He was very busy, so she had to wait, and sauntered along by the counters, staring at the goods, till at last she reached the other end of the store, where the room turned sharply into a sort of annex behind, used for groceries and vegetables. Mr. Minor did not notice her as she stood by a tall pile of blankets, but went on measuring out potatoes from a barrel, heaping his basket high as he went on, till the last showed but little less than half it should have measured.

"Here Perkins!" he called out to a man trying on some boots, "these here potatoes don't hold out full measure. I shan't pay ye for two 'n a half bushel; tain't greatly more'n two."

"The land's sakes!" exclaimed the old farmer. "Why, ain't you mistook? They was maysured with legal maysure, an' I done it myself!"

"Well, look here"—and the store-keeper held out to him the basket with scarce a peck in the bottom—"there's what's left after two bushel."

"Beats all! They must ha' jolted out a-comin'." So he took his pay quietly, but put down the boots and went out.

As he shut the door Minor turned to a clerk, who

was putting up certain parcels, "Jim, fetch Squire Clark's barrel 't he left here for potatoes."

The barrel was handed in from the shed, and Mr. Minor proceeded to fill it. This time he measured the vegetables in a wooden half bushel, evened them on top, and after the fifth time of filling and emptying there still remained at least half a peck on the floor, which he gathered up, set aside, and proceeded to head the barrel for conveyance to Squire Clark's house, four miles down the road, for use as seed, the potatoes being a new and rare kind.

Ann Holmes stared at him with wide eyes, and stepped forward. "Say, Mr. Minor," she said sorrowfully, "do you think the Lord would ha' measured potatees two ways? Didn't you sing

"'Be thou my pattern'?"

The man's face blazed, "Look here," he said, angrily, "I don t wan't you spying 'round my store, you fool! You mind your own business, and I'll mind mine!"

"But you sung it?" she said.

"Oh, get out! I don't want such folks as you talkin' round."

Ann obeyed. She went home sadly, ignorant of offense, sure of good intent. But still the burden of the hymn dwelt in her with that persistence that never belongs to the "many sided," but makes the owner of one talent far more apt to be faithful to his trust than the owner of ten.

Her next utterance was in a sewing society of the church, where, as usual, tongues were busier than fingers, and gossip crept about like wasps smelling of honey, but stinging bitterly. Ann stitched away at the

long seam which had been given her, and held her peace; but presently her ears were startled by a familiar name. Mrs. Jakeway, a respectable woman, and a woman rather prominent at social church meetings, was denouncing a certain John Sanford, Ann's nearest neighbor.

"I'm real sure," she said, "that he's broke his pledge, I see him last Saturday night goin' home with a jug, a-sneakin' round by the track, too."

"Well," said Mrs. Marble, always ready to take the other side, good or bad, "how d'ye know but what 'twas m'lasses?"

"They don't sell no groceries to the drug store, Amandy Marble; but they do sell sperrit, and lots of it."

"He don't look as though he'd been goin' it again, not a mite," suggested Miss Susan Squires, who was truly a charitable soul.

"Well, I bet he has!" retorted Miss Jakeway. "I don't b'lieve in his reformin', not a mite."

Ann looked at her, laid down her seam, and put out her bony hand on the speaker's arm.

"Oh, Mis' Jakeway, do ye think the Lord would ha' talked like that about the poor feller? Don't ye rek'lect how we sung,

"'Be Thou my pattern'?"

An odd silence fell on the chatter. Mrs. Jakeway pushed back her chair.

"Law, Ann Holmes! how you talk! I don't set up to be so everlastin' pious as you be. You hush up!"

Ann shrank back into herself with a piteous dull consciousness of being hurt somewhere. Her arrow had not hit the mark at which she aimed. She did not

know that it had pierced elsewhere — that another heart had felt its sting, and thereafter obeyed the warning; but Mrs. Marble, "contrary" as she was, had a curious candor in her nature, and accepted what was not meant for her. She never forgot after that day to try and follow the great Example, though it was afar off too often.

It was some time before Ann forgot this rebuff. She was not distinctly conscious of its weight, but, like a hurt animal, she crept into her own corner till healing came. Nor did she forget her lesson in the hymn. It happened, in the course of the summer, that her father sent her down to the Scranton Bank to get his dividend on five shares of stock he owned in the almost extinct Hoosic road. John Holmes had spent all the money he had laid up in a long life on these shares, and the road had turned out a failure, but still paid minute dividends, dwindling yearly. As Ann stood by the counter, waiting for her money, there came out of the inner room an old man, his face full of pain, his eyes dim with the pitiful tears of age and despair; and behind him, bland and smiling, the president of the bank, Mr. Simmons. Ann remembered him well at that never-forgotten prayer meeting. He it was who stood by the pastor — all the benches being full, he had shared the seat behind the pulpit — and uplifted his deep voice ardently in the consecrating hymn. Now what he said was, "It's no use, Mr. Baker; we can't wait another day. No, sir!"

"But my security's good, squire; you've got hold of the hull thing, mill an' house and all, mor'n enough; and if I could tide it over"—

"Can't be done; sell out and pay up, sir; that's our last word."

A real spasm of anguish wrung the honest old face.

"Lord, help me!" he ejaculated, in a hoarse whisper.

Ann's heart burned within her. She stepped up to the prosperous, popular, powerful Squire Simmons, laid her lean, hard hand on his sleeve, and looked into his cruel face with reproachful eyes. "Do you think the Lord Jesus would speak like that to a poor man? Don't you remember how you sung,

"'Be Thou my pattern'?"

Mr. Simmons turned red. Before he could speak the old miller looked up,

"Tain't no use, gal. He don't drive no money-changers out of the Temple in these days. Religion's gone under; it don't mean nothin' to nobody; it's money, money, money makes the old mare trot! There's more'n one golden calf for th' Israelites today; and the' ain't no Moses to spoil 'em." He gave a dull laugh, more dreadful than his tears, and left the bank.

"You'd better go home!" said Mr. Simmons to Ann, in a tone that left her no choice. She took the money she had waited for, and went home cast down. But she had left a thorn behind her. Mr. Simmons was a crosser man that day than even his staff of clerks had ever seen him; and when he got home he told his wife he was too tired to have family prayers. But he sold up Mr. Baker the next week, and invested his recovered loan where he got more interest on the money. Business was business, and religion, religion; he didn't like to mix things.

Yet Ann, for all her honest faith, did not escape the reward in this world of faithful honesty. She cast her pearls before swine, and received her rending. Some weeks after her speech to Mr. Simmons, she was pass-

ing by a well-known saloon, when the proprietor of the clean, bright, pleasant web he had spread to do *his* master's work in, came out of the door to beckon in a man whom Ann well knew, her next neighbor, the very reforming John Sanford, whom Mrs. Jakeway had seen with the jug—be it said here, a jug of kerosene, whose deeds are not of darkness! John Sanford was a member also of Ann's church, but hereditary tendencies, a weak nature and a facile disposition had been stronger than his will. He had lapsed into drunkenness, been admonished, reformed, fallen again, reformed again, and now was making another desperate effort to recover himself from still another fall. Ann saw the bloated human spider's intent to trap this thirsty fly, and hurried in between them.

"Oh, John, don't!" she cried eagerly. "Don't ye go in there! The Lord Jesus wouldn't—He wouldn't, John.

"'Be Thou my pattern'—

don't ye rek'lect it?"

John Sanford walked away from the gay temptation that appealed to his weakness, and those words of foolish Ann's rang in his ears for days after, and kept his feet from falling till the old habit was overcome.

We all have sung and said,

"Be Thou my pattern."

How many of us have kept the word unto Salvation?—*The Congregationalist.*

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LESSON XXXII.—SUBJECT: KINDNESS TO FATHER.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Proverbs 4 : 1. Hear ye, children, the instruction of a father.

Sunday, Proverbs 10 : 1. A wise son maketh a glad father.

Monday, Proverbs 17 : 25. A foolish son is a grief to his father.

Tuesday, Proverbs 23 : 24. The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice.

Wednesday, Proverbs 28 : 7. He that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father.

Thursday, Proverbs 29 : 3. Whoso loveth wisdom rejoiceth his father.

Friday, Hebrews 12 : 7. What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?

Outline.—Children do not always appreciate their fathers. Frequently they go away early in the morning and return so late in the evening that the children see very little of them. What is papa doing all these hours that he is absent? I'll tell you; he is running here and there, working his brain, his hands and his feet, to get the money to buy your clothes and your food. Sometimes the father is taken away, and in these families

the children appreciate better what the father's work is. Little Johnny B——, who used to skip so merrily around the play-ground, is suddenly called to give up his father. What a change a few days has made! Now he must leave his studies and his sports and do his part to get the necessaries of life for the family. Now there must be great planning, and much self-denial to keep the family together. The children didn't think much about papa's work, when everything was at hand, but now that he is gone, how hard it is to get on without him! How they wish they had thanked him more for all his labors of love for them, for now they can appreciate it!

Try to repay your father in every way. Be diligent in school; be cheerful in your home, and try to show him little attentions whenever he is with you. Greet him on his return with a hug and a kiss, and never grow too old to show him affection. Read "Old-Fashioned Girl" by Miss Alcott, and see how little Polly taught her friend to properly appreciate her father.

OUR STORY.—LOOKING OVER FATHER.

"Going anywhere this vacation, Kate Morgan?"

"No; I did think I would go to the Catskills for a week and have a good time, but I have decided to stay at home and treat myself to a new velvet dress, to wear when I am invited out to a fashionable dinner or tea."

"You don't mean it! How can you afford it with only a teacher's salary of nine dollars a week?"

"Well, it is almost more than I ought to spend, but I am determined to have one nice dress in my life. Are you going anywhere, Louise?"

"No, I have changed my plan, too."

"What was it?"

"I was invited up to Uncle Edward's farm to spend the summer, and I expected to go, until I heard Dr. Lane's sermon two weeks ago."

"What had that to do with your vacation, I should like to know?"

"Perhaps you remember his asking us to think of the very best blessing we had, and to go home and look it over."

"Yes, I do remember that."

"I had no difficulty in thinking up my best blessing. It was my good patient mother, and when I went home I looked her over. It did not take me long to decide who needed mountain air and fresh milk the most; so she is going to the farm for three weeks and I shall be a gracious housekeeper at home. Come and take tea with me, will you?"

"Perhaps," said Kate Morgan absently, and the two teachers left the subject and the schoolroom at the same time.

Kate Morgan had graduated with honor from the high-school at Benton, and had since been a most successful teacher. Her father was a clerk on a small salary, and had not much to brighten his rather monotonous life. Her mother had died many years before, and he had been able with the aid of a younger daughter to keep the home together. As Kate Morgan wended her way wearily from school, she could not cast out of her mind those words uttered by her friend, about "looking over her mother, who was her greatest blessing," and her thoughts naturally turned towards the one parent who yet remained to her. The thought of all the sacrifice he had made for her while she was getting her education. She remembered the winter in

which he had not purchased the good warm overcoat which he needed to keep himself warm because she needed extra money for her school bills; and the thought of this and many lesser acts of self-denial made her feel sure that her good old father was her greatest blessing. She must look him over.

When her father entered that evening she noticed how pale and worn he looked, and when he sank into a chair quite exhausted, she blamed herself that she had not noticed how fast he was growing old and feeble.

That night when Kate Morgan went to her room she could not sleep, for on a paper she seemed to see these words written:

12 yd's of velvet for a dress @ $4.00 a yd...	$48 00
Making and trimming.....	$15 00
	$63 00
An "outing" for Father $50 00	

It kept her awake that night, and many others before the struggle was over. One morning at breakfast she asked:

"Father, when do you have your vacation this year?"

"The second and third weeks of August," was the reply; "but I shall probably straighten up Jay's books for him in the time—a little extra pay."

That afternoon found Kate walking up to the door of Deacon Hollis' pleasant farmhouse. She found the Deacon and his wife sitting in their shaded porch, and met a hearty welcome. Their own three daughters were settled in homes of their own, and the old people enjoyed a call from Kate, and her singing, greatly. She had to give them "Rock of Ages" now as soon as she

recovered breath. It was some time before she could get to business. Then she asked:

"Deacon Hollis, have you disposed of your two-seated rockaway, yet?"

"No."

"You don't use it?"

"Not often. Wife and I have agreed to ride on the same seat, so the little carriage answers us."

Then Kate's plan came out. She wanted to hire the Deacon's staid horse Roxy, and the roomy rockaway, and take her father for a ride of ten days or so out in the country.

"But where are you going?" asked Mrs. Hollis, whose kind heart was interested at once.

"My plan is to go up to Lake George, see that, and spend one night there with friends that have visited us two or three times. Then, about thirty-five miles farther, in among the mountains, on a stage road, live an old aunt and uncle of father's, who write us about once a year, and always urge us so heartily to come and visit. Now is that too far?"

The Deacon reckoned the miles and said, "Roxy could easily do it in four days, and three back," he added; "she's a masterful hand to know when her head is turned homewards."

It was all settled at last. The Deacon liked to put a generous bill in the collection for foreign missions, and he liked a good bargain right well, and it did come a little hard to offer Roxy and the rockaway for "a dollar a day and her keep," but generosity compelled, and he never regretted it.

Mr. Morgan and Kate started bright and early the next day, and had a most delightful drive through bits of woods where birds were chirping and squirrels rac-

ing, past little singing brooks and miniature falls, until they reached a small country inn, where they found a good bed and board for the night. They reached Lake George the following day, to find a most cordial welcome from their friends. Every hour of the journey seemed to serve as a tonic to her worn-out father; and when she reached the quiet farmhouse of her old aunt and uncle, there seemed to be a new life running in his veins.

But all vacations have their end, and Wednesday morning found the Morgan family turned with face homeward. True to the character given her, Roxy encouraged no loitering by the way this time, and before sunset on Friday was meditating over the oats in her own stable.

"I've gained ten pounds, I do believe," Kate heard her father telling a neighbor, "and I feel like a new man."

And Kate was more than satisfied, even when she wore a plain cashmere for best, all winter.

"You went away, after all," her friend Louise said, with a smile.

"Yes, but not until I had taken counsel of you and realized my blessing, and 'looked over father.'"—*The Advance.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

LESSON XXXIII.—SUBJECT: GETTING RICHES.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Job 21 : 13. They spend their days in wealth and in a moment go down to the grave.

Sunday, Proverbs 15 : 27. He that is greedy of gain, troubleth his own house.

Monday, Proverbs 16 : 16. Much better is it to get wisdom than gold.

Tuesday, Proverbs 19 : 4. Wealth maketh many friends.

Wednesday, Ecclesiastes 5 : 10. He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver.

Thursday, Jeremiah 9 : 23. Let not the rich man glory in his riches.

Friday, I Timothy 6 : 10. The love of money is the root of all evil.

Outline.—What a great longing there is in every one to be rich! No one feels exactly satisfied. If you have twenty thousand dollars, you want forty thousand dollars, and when you have forty thousand dollars, you can't be happy unless it is again doubled. Now, it is not wicked, children, to long to have money, unless by the desire we are tempted to do mean and dishonest things.

If we grind the poor, grow close-fisted and miserly, cheat or gamble to procure wealth, then our desire becomes a curse to us, and money is a "root of evil."

Solomon had great riches, but he knew one thing that many have learned since, that there can be much unhappiness mixed up with wealth. He said repeatedly that there were many other things more desirable than riches. Wisdom is one that he mentions, and I am sure that you will think as he did. Would you rather be that woman who can't write her name, and yet is worth her millions, or that refined and educated woman who can discuss with the great scholars of the day any subject brought forward? If we put riches and spiritual things in the scale, which would you rather have, a house on Fifth Avenue or a mansion such as Christ spoke of? Perhaps you will say, "Both kinds of houses." Well, that is the queer part of it; the elegant mansion here makes people forget about the mansion up yonder, and so very often they lose the one which they were to occupy to all eternity.

Riches can be used to accomplish great and permanent good. A large number of our hospitals, colleges and schools of art, besides many institutions of a benevolent character, have been established by wealthy men for the good of thousands. Peter Cooper, and Peabody, of London, England, are well known public benefactors.

When you feel envious of someone who lives in a fine house, remember that not all who dwell in palatial residences are happy. One wealthy lady calls her carriage every morning at two o'clock, and rides to a popular club-house to entreat her intoxicated husband to return home with her. Do you desire her position and wealth?

OUR STORY.—MISER JOHN'S SHADOW.

"I'll foreclose on him—of course I will!" he softly chuckled as he rubbed his hands together. "I lent him the money and he can't pay it back, and why shouldn't I take his house and lot? I'll take a walk up that way. They needn't call me an old miser, and say I'm hard-hearted. It's a straight matter of business. I lend money on a mortgage; if the money isn't repaid I'm entitled to the security. That's straight business the world over."

It was "Old John White," as every man, woman and child in the town called him. When they didn't refer to him by that name it was to speak of him as "Miser John," "Stingy White" or "Mean John." Men had tried to recall one kind or liberal act on his part, but in vain. Women had sought to find excuses for his selfishness and avarice, but it was a hard thing to do. If he had ever been married—if wife or child had shared his lot—no one could remember it. He lived alone—selfish, penurious and friendless. No man entered his gate unless in financial distress and driven to put himself in the maw of the shark. No child ever halted an instant in front of the grim, tumble-down building Miser John called home.

It was almost Christmas-time. The winter winds were like the teeth of wolves, and now and then the light snow was caught up and whirled over street and housetop in a spiteful way. The rich shivered as they stepped from their doors; the poor suffered even as they remained within.

Miser John left his cheerless home for a walk of a mile, and as the winds took hold of him he fairly gasped for breath. His garments were old and thin

and worn, but he had planned that they must do him for the winter.

"It isn't so very cold," he said to himself as he hurried along. "All this talk about the poor suffering so much is nonsense. Let 'em move around and keep their blood circulating and they will be warm enough."

He held a mortgage on the little home of Clark, the mechanic. Death had entered the man's family — sickness had come — a great factory had shut down, and left scores of men without work or wages. There was interest due as well as principal, and the day had come when the law would permit Miser John to commence proceedings of foreclosure. He was not the man to delay an hour. The misfortunes of others were nothing to him. If he owed a debt, he had to pay it; if others owed him, it would go hard but what he would have the amount. "I'll just pass the house — softly pass by it," he whispered as he came near it. "There ought to be half an acre of ground there, and I want every inch of it. And I want Clark to leave the house in good repair, and to be out as soon as possible. I'm not to blame that his boy died, nor for his sickness, nor for the trouble at the factory. People who borrow money must pay it back."

It was lamplight as he paused in front of the house. It was a better building than he had hoped for, and the land seemed all there to the last inch. Miser John was softly rubbing his hands when he noticed an object leaning on the fence a few yards away. It did not seem solid enough for a human being, and yet what could cast a shadow in the gloom in such a place?

"It may be a robber!" he whispered. "No one has ever tried to rob me yet, but the time may have come.

People hate me and would be glad to see me lose my last shilling. John White would get no sympathy here. Suppose it is an assassin! I declare if it didn't move then. I'll go home. Clark may burn the house down to spite me, but if he does I'll send him to state prison, if it costs me five hundred dollars.

As he moved away on his route home the something followed after. He made a run across the darksome commons. It kept its distance. He slowed up as he reached a frequented street. It was no nearer to him —no farther away. Under the gaslight it disappeared entirely, but as he entered upon his own dark street, lo! the something was nearer to him than before. He heard no footsteps on the walk except his own. There was no word or rustle of garments as they entered the gate side by side and passed to the door. There was no presence beside him, and yet there was. It was nothing, and yet it was a something. He was awed and frightened, but at the door he turned at bay and struck out furiously and shouted:

"Back! Go away! You may believe me old and helpless, but I'll grapple with the strongest man and fight to the death!"

He struck only at the empty air, though the shadow was at his elbow. It took the key from his hand, unlocked the door, and he was forced to enter first. As he stood in the darkness of the room he heard the key turn in the lock again. The something was locked in with him!

"It's only some trick to scare me," he whispered; "or else my long walk in the cold has made me nervous and near-sighted. As soon as I strike a match it will be gone."

A candle soon shed its light over the room, and the

old man threw some faggots on the fire, which was nearly dead on the hearth.

"There!" he whispered as he looked about him, "it's gone! It was some trick by the boys. They hate me and like to annoy me. Yes, it's gone."

"It's here," answered a voice, and lo! the shadow stepped into view on the hearthstone.

In his amazement the old man was silent for a moment, and before he had found his voice the shadow — the something — said:

"I have been with you for half a century, but never before this night have you seen me."

"And — and why tonight?" asked Miser John in a trembling voice.

"Because your life ends with the year! When the bells ring out the old and ring in the new you will be no more on earth. John White, what has been placed to your credit on the books of Heaven?"

"Why — why, I've obeyed the law, haven't I! And I never done nobody any harm. I ain't no Christian, but I've tried to live right."

"I've been with you all these long years, John White! You have been an usurer. You have let avarice triumph in your heart. Selfishness has chased all pity from your soul. The widow, the orphan and poor and unfortunate have appealed to you in vain."

"They wanted my money!" whined the old man.

"Men have learned to hate you and children to shun you," continued the voice. "You have gold hidden away, but you have no friends. If your soul were to pass from earth tonight, there is not one human being in all this world who would volunteer to toll your years upon the nearest church bell. Point me to one who is your friend. Tell me the name of one you have

befriended. If you have ever done one kind act towards humanity, speak of it that I may have it recorded on the books of the angel in Heaven."

The old man was silent.

"You have been an usurer of the rich—a robber of the poor. Even this night you went forth to gloat over the troubles and misfortunes of a fellow being. Hark to the winter winds! Feel the cold as it creeps in through crack and crevice! And yet, to add a few dollars to your hoard, you would turn helpless children out of doors!"

There was never a word from the shivering, trembling man who croned over the dying fire.

"And this is the last week of your life," whispered the voice. You will die here in your bed, and it may be days and days before men miss you and enter this grim old house and find you dead. Your hoard of gold will buy you a coffin, a shroud and a grave, but there will be no mourners. Children will even rejoice that you are gone!"

With his head in his hands, and his half-closed eyes looking into the fire, the old man remained silent for a long, long time. By and by he lifted his head with a sudden start of surprise, and the something was gone. He called out to it, he searched the dark corners, but it had silently disappeared.—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LESSON XXXIV.—SUBJECT: WHAT TO DO WHEN TEMPTED.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Matthew 6 : 13. Lead us not into temptation.

Sunday, Matthew 26 : 41. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

Monday, Luke 4 : 8. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan.

Tuesday, I Corinthians 10 : 13. God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able.

Wednesday, James 1 : 12. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.

Thursday, James 1 : 13. Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God.

Friday, II Peter 2 : 9. The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation.

Outline.—How clever Satan is! When he wants to tempt people he always looks for their weakest point, and yet that fact ought to be an aid to us, for we can guard more strongly these points of attack, if we are aware of his movements. What a bold move that was, when Satan took our blessed Saviour to tempt! I am glad he did, for it gives us strength to know that he was

overcome. Can you tell me what Jesus used in replying to His wicked tempter? Every time He was tempted He quoted a verse of scripture, and I am sure that if you will look into your Bibles you will find a verse that will be helpful to you in every kind of temptation. Breathe, too, this little prayer, "Lord Jesus, give me strength."

The remembrance of our mothers' teaching will help us, too, in times of temptation. If you are in doubt as to the right, stop and think whether it would grieve your mother. Little chickens run under their mothers' wings, little kangaroos hop into their mothers' pocket, and little snakes glide down their mothers' throat when in danger, and children need to run to their mothers when tempted. Don't run any risks by trying to conquer alone. Take all the aid from God and man that is offered.

OUR STORY.—TIP'S TEMPTATION.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

"Boy wanted!" The neatly written slip of paper in the window of Mr. Ward's large grocery store caught Tip's eye as he strolled slowly down the street, without any definite aim or purpose.

"My! How I would like to have a nice place like that, and have a chance to earn something!" he thought, wistfully; and then, animated by a sudden purpose, he turned around after he had passed the door, straightened himself up, took his hands out of his pockets and, putting on a brisk, business-like air, entered the store.

"Mr. Ward, will you take me?" he asked, walking up to the proprietor, who was busy weighing sugar.

"Got any references?"

The sharp, decided question made Tip's heart sink, and he realized that he had no chance here.

"No, sir," he answered meekly, and turned away. What reference could he give, he thought bitterly. "No one would be willing to stake much on my honesty, when I've got a father in jail now for stealing," he muttered, feeling as if his father's sin had cut him off forever from rising to anything better and higher than his present shiftless life.

"Tip Turner, will you run down to Mr. Ward's and get me two dozen eggs? The boys are off playing somewhere, and I haven't anyone to send."

Tip's moody face brightened up at Mrs. Merill's pleasant voice, and he took the basket from her willingly, and promised to make haste.

"The money is wrapped up in a bit of paper in the bottom of the basket," said Mrs. Merill, and as Tip handed the basket to the clerk he mentioned it to him.

The young man meant to take the money out, but his attention was divided between Tip and another customer, and so it happened that he left the money where it had been placed. He remembered it as soon as the boy had gone out, and going to his employer told him, so that the eggs might be charged.

Tip was half way back to Mrs. Merill's, when he heard a ringing sound on the pavement, and a silver five-cent piece fell at his feet.

"Well, now, where did that come from!" exclaimed Tip in surprise. "I'm mighty sure I didn't have any loose money in my pockets."

As he stooped to pick it up another silver piece fell, and then the boy noticed that the money had been left in the bottom of the basket. It had slipped from the paper in which it was wrapped up and had made its

way through the loose wicker work in the bottom of the basket.

"I got these eggs for nothing, then," and Tip gathered the pennies up and put them into his pocket for safe keeping until he should reach Mrs. Merill's. Once in his pocket, the temptation came upon him to keep them there.

"Why not?" urged the tempter. "It's the clerk's own fault and he deserves to lose the money for being so careless. Nobody will believe you are honest anyway, so what's the use of being so particular? You might as well keep the money as give it to anyone else, and no-one could want it more than you do."

Tip had always been an honest boy, in spite of his many temptations and evil home influences, but this morning it seemed very hard to resist keeping the money.

"What's the use of being honest when no-one will trust you?" went on the tempter, and Tip nearly yielded.

Mrs. Merill did not ask any questions about the money, but thanked Tip for doing his errands and gave him a rosy-cheeked apple and a handful of cookies; so Tip felt that there was no chance of detection if he chose to keep the money.

A hard struggle between right and wrong went on in his heart, but at last honesty triumphed. Ten minutes later he marched triumphantly into the store and put some loose change into Mr. Ward's hand.

"Here's that egg money," he said.

"Oh, Mrs. Merill sent it back, did she?" asked Mr. Ward.

"No, she didn't know nothing about it. I brought it back myself," Tip answered.

"Did you suppose you could keep it without being found out?" asked Mr. Ward, watching the boy's face keenly.

"Yes," answered Tip.

"You would have found out your mistake fast enough if you had tried," answered Mr. Ward, with a grim smile. "Tip Turner, I believe you are an honest boy after all, and I've a notion to give you a chance, for you aren't likely to get so many as most boys. I'll try you for a week, and if you suit you'll have a good place."

And Tip did suit. Every day he proved his unswerving honesty and rose in his employer's esteem, and he never had reason to regret that he had conquered temptation.—*The Christian at Work.*

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LESSON XXXV.—SUBJECT: MORMONISM.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalms 5 : 4. Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness.

Sunday, Psalms 7 : 9. Oh, let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end.

Monday, Psalms 37 : 20. The wicked shall perish.

Tuesday, Proverbs 15 : 9. The way of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord.

Wednesday, Mark 13 : 22. False prophets shall arise.

Thursday, II Corinthians 11 : 13. Such are false apostles, deceitful workers.

Friday, II Peter 2 : 1. There shall be false teachers.

Outline.—Do you know what polygamy is? It is having more than one wife. Instead of a man's having a home with one wife, where love and peace is, the polygamist may have a home with five or ten wives (as many as he chooses) and a host of children, and you may be sure that they are quarreling from morning until night. But you ask me, "Does not law punish a man with more than one wife?" "No, law does not if the man can claim the name of *Mormon*." Off in the western part of our country there is a kind of religion called Mormonism. Instead of worshiping our pure

and good Saviour, they have a most wicked teacher named Joseph Smith. This man led ignorant people, by one device and another, to believe in him, and at last they made him a saint and worshiped him. He taught that men should have many wives, for he wanted to keep women ignorant and degraded. How his wicked teachings have spread! All over our beautiful western country there are these wretched unhappy homes. No one can count the broken hearts that there are in Utah. The Mormons are very cruel in their work, and very industrious, too. They go all over the world to get wives, and they never tell the women that promise to marry them that they have four or five other wives. Not until they reach their new homes do they know the truth. There are two ways in which Mormonism can be put down. Law is doing a little, but Christian education is aiding more. Send your money to Christian teachers, and let them take the children and teach them better things.

OUR STORY.—A TALE TOLD BY A MORMON WOMAN.

The writer condenses a piteous story, told in the "Women of Mormonism," in order that the children may understand and hate this cruel and wicked system of polygamy.

"My husband and I emigrated to Utah nearly twenty years ago. We had been married three years and had been converted to Mormonism by a traveling missionary in New York State some three months previous. We had been in haste to gather to Zion, not so much to be with God's people, for we had many friends from whom it was hard to part, but because my health

was rather delicate, and a change was deemed beneficial. We had heard of the glorious climate and were anxious to secure its benefits.

"We had been married three years, but had not very much of this world's goods. My husband was a superior mechanic, besides having a good knowledge of bookkeeping, and I was an excellent needlewoman; consequently we had no fear of not being able to make a living in any place. We sold our home and the proceeds were more than sufficient to defray comfortably the expenses of the journey and leave a surplus to maintain us until my husband should be able to get into some business.

"We had heard of polygamy in our New York home, but we had been assured that it was optional with the people themselves, and the Mormon Elder had stated so positively that polygamy was *not* compulsory, that I had no fears, as I knew George would not enter it against my wishes.

"In due time we reached Utah, after a pleasant journey across the plains, and my husband was not long in obtaining steady employment. He secured a lot and intended to build a house, and I was making preparations to adorn it with such articles of taste as I could afford. George was fond of seeing things look pretty around him and our own home had been tastefully furnished.

"After a while a boy was born to us, and I need not tell any mother the delight and rapture I felt when I held a lovely baby boy in my arms. When our boy was about six months old, the shadow first began to gather around our lives. We had a neighbor who had two wives, and their quarrels were the talk of the neighborhood. One day the two women fell to wrang-

ling in the front door yard, and the husband undertook to stop it; but all three used such bad language that my husband spoke his mind very freely about a religion that allowed such things. Immediately our trouble began. The bishop reported him to the church authorities, and there were many persecutions to which he was subjected. It was all done in a sly way, for George was liberal and gave much money to the church. Finally a man came and said if George did not change his course and take a second wife he would be sent on a mission. This meant hard work all alone by myself, while my husband went away for three years searching for another wife. We gave him no reason to expect that we would comply with his request, so when he was leaving he said, 'Think of what I have been telling you, brother and sister M——, for it would be a pity if that fine little fellow there should wake up some morning and find himself fatherless, and perhaps motherless, too.' I was silent through the interview, but when he had gone I burst into tears, saying, 'Oh, George, let us get away from this dreadful place! I feel sure that unless you embrace that dreadful doctrine, you will be either blood-atoned or sent on a mission! He soothed me by telling me I need not fear; he would never break my heart by taking another woman, and if we kept more quiet about our views on polygamy all would come out well in the end.' Still they kept persecuting him, and after six months he said he believed it would be best to do as they desired. He declared that our lives were in danger, and if he took a second wife he would never love anyone but me. I wept and prayed him to 'let us die together rather than to think of a second marriage.' While I was frantic with anguish, our little boy was taken ill suddenly, and

although he was in perfect health in the morning, on the next day he was dressed for his grave. While we were weeping over our little idol, a member of the Mormon priesthood came in and said, 'Sister M——, this is a punishment, because you did not permit Brother G—— to live up to his religion.' Things went on from bad to worse; my mind gave way under the strain, and, after months of pressure with my mind in that condition, I at last gave my consent for my husband to take a second wife. He built a house for her, near ours, but for a time he stayed almost entirely with me. After a little, however, he came less and less, and when he had a number of children at his other home, I saw him very seldom. When I could stand it no longer I told him 'he must choose between us.' Then he told me 'to go where I liked, he should remain with his wife and children.' He sold the roof over my head, and I went forth with only a little bundle of clothing in my hand. I went to live with a Sister H——, who had been a first wife, and who had had a sore experience, and by my needle supported myself. My life has been a lonely and desolate one. Not long ago, I met my husband face to face on the street. We had not spoken for ten years. I was about to pass, but he stopped me, and said, 'Mary, I do not wonder that you do not wish to speak to me, after the way I have treated you. I only want to say this, I hope that just punishment will be meted out to those who separated us.'

"I drew my veil to hide my tears, and said: 'We are to blame ourselves, and we ought to curse until we die this system of polygamy, called by some religion."

"We have not met since, and I feel as if I could never see his face in the resurrection day."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LESSON XXXVI.—SUBJECT: BE PEACEABLE.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Genesis 13 : 8. Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee.

Sunday, Proverbs 10 : 12. Hatred stirreth up strife.

Monday, Proverbs 15 : 1. A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Tuesday, Proverbs 26 : 20. Where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth.

Wednesday, Proverbs 27 : 4. Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous.

Thursday, Matthew 5 : 9. Blessed are the peace-makers.

Friday, Colossians 3 : 13. If any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.

Outline.—Do you remember about the great Chicago fire? A little carelessness with a little light, and blocks and blocks of houses, and thousands and thousands of dollars were burned up. Just so, a cross or angry word can burn and destroy the happiness of multitudes. I remember two sisters who loved each other dearly, and they began to quarrel over a breastpin which their mother had left when she died, and the fire of anger

burned brighter and hotter, until all love was gone. No words were exchanged for years, and indeed never again, for death took one, and when the heart-broken sister stood over the coffin her words of repentance could not be heard. It was too late to mend the wrong.

Remember this when you are drawn into a quarrel: "It takes two to make one," and cherish no ill will towards anyone.

"Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bee's fresh honey;
Like the bees they have terrible stings:
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife.

"Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth!"

OUR STORY.—PEACE ON EARTH.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

It was all brought about by a pair of stilts.

The "Rose boys" were twins, and were popularly known in their native village as the "twin Roses." They were fair-skinned, red-cheeked, blue-eyed, and

brown-haired, and were so nearly alike in form, feature, voice and manner that even their most intimate acquaintances were often at a loss as to the identity of "Fred" or "Ed." In simple self-defense their young lady friends suggested the wearing of distinguishing ribbons in their button holes, Fred's to be white and Ed's red. But the "twin Roses," in occasional fits of absentmindedness (whether real or fictitious no one could discover), exchanged coats, and thus increased the mystification.

These boys, or "young gentlemen," as they were beginning to be dubbed, possessed one trait not always found in brothers — their interests were identical. Their loyalty to each other had become crystallized into a proverb, and to say "I'll be as true as the 'twin Roses,'" was considered under all circumstances a sufficient pledge. But suddenly all this was changed. The unswerving loyalty of years was swept away, as I said in the beginning, by a pair of stilts — rough stilts that were scarcely worth the nails that held them together. But, like all quarrels that begin over trifles, there was, deep down in the heart of each boy, a feeling of wounded self-love; therefore they remained estranged.

Among the schoolmates of the "twin Roses" was a golden-haired maiden upon whom Fred had from childhood looked with especial favor. She was tall for her years, finely formed, and charming in many ways. She could upon occasion assume a womanly manner, but ordinarily, it must be confessed, she was a sad hoiden, and gave the rein to her impulses in a manner most unbecoming to a girl of fourteen years. But Daisy, like the "twin Roses," was native to the town, and a long acquaintance with her pranks had won for them a for-

bearance that would not have been extended to a stranger.

When the time of muddy roads came on, in the early fall, and the mania for stilt-walking succeeded the other manias that had run their course in the village school, it touched Daisy's younger brother, and his wooden extensions added to the number that perambulated the school yard. One day, however, his small presence was absent from school, and at the noon recess a mad project entered Daisy's curl-crowned head. She knew his stilts were in the woodshed adjoining the schoolhouse, and so, without the slightest warning, she came among the astonished pupils mounted upon her brother's stilts. She was, of course, greeted uproariously. After several moments passed in shouting, chaffing and laughing, some of the bolder among the younger boys surrounded her and deftly knocked the stilts from under her. But Daisy came down lightly upon her feet, only to nimbly mount again and stride away from her pursuers amid the shouts of the boys and the shrieks of the girls. During this wild escapade Fred stood behind the schoolhouse conversing with a friend, but Ed, who had never fully approved of Daisy, looked on her present capers with a rapidly darkening brow. At last, after her fourth unwilling descent from the stilts, he darted toward her as she was preparing to remount. Her right foot was on the stilt, and she was about to make the spring that would set her other foot in place, when Ed took the right stilt firmly in his hand and said, in his most persuasive tone:

"Don't, Daisy, don't!"

But his touch was rougher than he thought; it jarred Daisy's foot from its perch, and threw her flat upon the ground. Her hold upon the stilts was not lost, how-

ever, and, amid Ed's hurried apology and before he could help her upon her feet, she darted up with her wonted agility and confronted him.

"What do you mean, sir!" she exclaimed, in a high, angry tone. "Who set you to watch over me!" And then, alas that I must tell it! she did a shocking thing; she raised the stilt that was in her right hand and attempted to strike Ed with it. But the spirit of mild expostulation with which Ed had approached Daisy was now changed for one as angry as her own, and in a moment, before the high-held stick descended, he caught it and brought it down between them, Daisy still retaining her hold upon it. Thus they confronted each other while the shouts of the pupils went on. Daisy was not a shade less popular than "the Roses," and, as no-one suspected the struggle to be other than a good-natured one, there were loud and repeated cries of—

"Hang to it, Daisy!" "Let go, Ed!" "Let her get on them again!" "Good for you, Daisy!" etc., etc.

The loud shouting coupled with the repetition of Daisy's name, attracted Fred's attention, and he came running around the corner of the schoolhouse. One glance at the two in the center of the noisy crowd showed him that neither was in an ordinary mood. He came toward them slowly, his cheek paling slightly.

"Oh, Fred," cried Daisy, while he was still yards away, "make Ed let go of this stilt. He threw me down, and now he is trying to take my brother's stilts away from me," and she closed with a torrent of angry tears.

Fred quickened his pace, and laid his hand on his brother's shoulder with a heaviness of touch such as had never before passed between them.

"Let go of that stilt!" he exclaimed. "What possesses you? Have you lost every spark of your manliness that you attack a girl in this way?"

Stung by the injustice of accusation and indignant at Daisy's willful perversion of the facts, Ed looked at his brother in proud silence, while still retaining his hold upon the stilt. The romping pupils, now discovering that the "twin Roses" were angry at each other, became suddenly subdued.

"Daisy," said Fred, calmly, "let go of the stilt. Leave him to me."

At the same time he gently removed one of her slender hands, putting his own in its place. Daisy immediately stepped aside, and the brothers looked into each other's flashing eyes.

"Will you drop that stilt and apologize to Daisy?" demanded Fred.

"I will not," was the firm reply.

Fred then attempted to wrench the stilt from his brother's grasp, but they were very evenly matched in strength, and the only result of the struggle was to send the participants floundering about in a series of wild gyrations. Amid these undignified movements the "last bell" sent out its sonorous clamor, and so excellent was the discipline of the school that the brothers simultaneously loosened their hold upon the stilt and silently took their usual places in the line.

A few moments after the school came to order Ed electrified both teachers and pupils by saying: "There is an empty seat at the lower end of this form. May I occupy it?"

And the teacher in his surprise answered, "Yes."

In another moment Ed, with his books under his arm,

was making his way to the empty seat, and Fred was sitting alone.

Thus began a fued which daily strengthened. Parents, teachers, friends and companions united in their attempts to restore peace, but still the "twin Roses" met with averted faces. Three months thus passed away, and their friends, becoming accustomed to the dissension, were able to speak of it even half jokingly, styling it "the war of the Roses."

Meantime, how fared Daisy? Although she was known to be the primal cause of the trouble between the brothers, friends were as numerous and Fred was as kind as of old, for it was the universal opinion that Ed's interference was unwarrantable. But beneath all this outward brightness there was much darkness and misery for Daisy. Day after day that mysterious monster "conscience" whispered to her persistently:

"Tell Fred the truth. Let the blame fall where it belongs—on your own head."

But, alas! it was a very proud young head that Daisy carried, and so the monitor was repeatedly silenced, only to break forth again; and thus the inward strife went on, while Daisy grew graver in face and manner, and even her cheeks paled a little, while the word went round:

"How dignified our madcap is growing!"

But the end of these three dragging months brought the glad Christmastide.

On the morning of the joyful day the twins sat apart, looking over the lately received Christmas cards, each remembering with sharp twinges of conscience the other years when they had gone through this pleasant employment together. Ed sat in the parlor alone, while Fred was shut in the sleeping room which the brothers

shared, but which they now occupied at the same time as rarely as possible.

Ed turned his cards over carelessly, his mind so preoccupied that he grasped nothing of the sentiment contained in the printed words; but on taking up a large, handsome card bordered with lilies-of-the-valley, his attention was arrested by these lines:

"Peace on the earth";
Let strife and anger cease,
And Chrismas bells within each bosom ring
"Good-will to man."
Now may our love increase,
And sweet forgiveness for her carols sing.

He did not lay this card down lightly as he had done the others, but kept it in his hand, while his thoughts ran in a new channel.

"Peace on the earth!" What was he doing to promote peace? Did the harmonious Christmas bells ring within his heart? Peace! Yes, it was the most desirable thing in the whole world! What a wretched time the last three months had been without it! Of course Fred had wronged him, but, after all, wasn't it Daisy's fault more than Fred's? Should he let the wrong-doing of one angry girl separate them any longer? He looked at the card again: "Good-will to man."

And he was his only brother — and such a brother? His heart throbbed faster and his cheek flushed as he remembered all their old affection and loyalty. But why didn't Fred ask him for an explanation of the trouble before passing swift judgment upon him?

"And sweet forgiveness for her carols sing."

How persistently those words came back to him! Suddenly he started up, the card still in his hand.

"After all," he thought, "why shouldn't Fred have believed Daisy was giving a correct version of the affair? She had always been truthful, and the whole appearance of things coincided with her story. Of course any boy of spirit would have done as he did. To think that all of this might have been saved if I had only said, quietly, 'Fred, Daisy mistakes; when she is less angry she will know that I did not mean to hurt her!' But my miserable pride bound me in silence. It, and it alone, is the cause of all the trouble; but it shall keep me enslaved no longer."

He bounded up the stairs. When he came to the door of their room he found it open, and here he paused, for Fred was seated with his back toward the door, his eyes riveted upon a card in his hand, which was exactly like the one still carried by himself.

Fred turned quickly and looked up. Their eyes met, the old love-light in them. Ed reached out his hand and took a long step forward. Fred arose, and their hands were clasped eagerly.

"I was wrong," faltered the boys simultaneously.

Further confessions trembled on their lips, but they were checked by the sound of running feet. In a moment Daisy's small brother entered, and shouting "Merry Christmas!" he deposited a large white envelope on the table and was off with a dash. The brothers instantly recognized Daisy's handwriting in the simple address, "The Roses," and Ed's brow darkened as Fred took up the envelope and tore it open. He drew forth first a card, which proved to be a counterpart of those already received by the brothers. Fred read the note aloud without comment, and thus it ran:

Someone has sent me this card, and I want you to read it, too. It has shown me myself plainly. You, Ed, were too honorable to tell

Fred that I was all to blame, but that is the truth. Ed did throw me down, yet it was accidental on his part, and he took hold of the other stilt only to prevent me from carrying out my intention of striking him. I have been all wrong; but my greatest wrong has been in letting so long a time pass without making a full confession. But if you read these few lines I am sure you will be able to forgive even DAISY.

But whence came the triplicate cards?

Ah, these wise mothers! Daisy, when questioned by her mother immediately after the episode of the stilts, was unusually reticent. Fred poured his understanding of the trouble into his mother's ear, while Ed met her questions with proud reserve and evasions. The two wise and unselfish women, after much comparing of notes, came, with the keen instincts of mothers, very near the truth of the matter.

Therefore, was it strange that not many days before Christmas these two sagacious heads should be found very close together over a pile of illuminated cards?

And may we not hope that a spirit of forgiveness and forbearance will govern these three hearts during all the busy years to come?

Owing to Daisy's skill with the pencil and brush, an illuminated motto, neatly framed, hangs in the room of the "twin Roses," while its duplicate adorns her own room, and these words are found upon each one:

"Peace on the earth";
Let strife and anger cease,
And Christmas bells within each bosom ring
"Good will to man."
Now may our love increase,
And sweet forgiveness for her carols sing.

Thus was the "War of the Roses" ended—it is hoped, forever.—*The Christian Union.*

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LESSON XXXVII.—SUBJECT: CONFESSION.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalms 32 : 5. I will confess my transgressions.

Sunday, Psalms 145 : 6. I will declare thy greatness.

Monday, Matthew 10 : 32. Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my father which is in heaven.

Tuesday, Romans 10 : 9. Confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus.

Wednesday, Romans 10 : 10. With the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

Thursday, James 5 : 16. Confess your faults one to another.

Friday, I John 1 : 9. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

Outline.—Someone has said that the three hardest words to speak are, "I am mistaken." It ought not to be so difficult, for it is very manly to confess a wrong. An old adage says, "A wrong confessed is half atoned for." Don't hang back, go at once and say, "I am sorry." You can't be forgiven unless you confess that you have done wrong. Do you remember about the

prodigal son?—when he went home and confessed his wrong-doing, how gladly his father received him back?

When people unite with the church, it is often called confessing Christ, and it means that they are willing to confess their love for Him and their purpose to serve Him. If they hesitate to do this, it is doubtful whether they really love Him as they ought.

"Jesus bids us shine
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle
Shining in the night.

Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it
If our light is dim."

Mr. Moody tells that once he visited a prison to urge men to repentance. On asking each man in his cell for what crime he was imprisoned, the reply invariably came, "My punishment is unjust; I am an innocent man." He was beginning to despair of effecting any good, when he found a prisoner who humbly confessed his sins and showed great penitence. "I have a message for you; the good Book says, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.' You can be forgiven; but for those who had committed no crime I had no message."

OUR STORY.—TILLIE'S TEMPTATION.

Tillie Marten was a dear little girl, and one whom everybody loved. She was kind and unselfish, sweet-tempered and gentle; and when she played with other

children, she was willing to give up her own way to please them.

It was Tillie's great delight to be allowed to go down to the kitchen or the pantry, and see what the cook or the parlor-maid was doing, and try to help them; and one morning, after breakfast, when cook had gone to market and Bessie, the parlor-maid, was upstairs with the housemaid making the beds, Tillie received permission to wash up the breakfast things all by herself.

Feeling very proud and glad, the child put on her biggest pinafore and washed all the crockery, and then began to wipe it; but just as she was wiping her father's special cup, it slipped out of her wet fingers and, falling on the floor, was dashed to pieces. Poor Tillie gave a little cry of horror and stood for a moment unable to move. She knew that her father prized this cup, which was of valuable old china, and had been the gift of a dear friend.

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" she said to herself, again and again. "Father will be so grieved, and will say I have been careless, and perhaps I shan't be allowed ever to wash up any more. Oh, what shall I do?"

Just at that moment Tillie's pet cat walked into the pantry and began to purr around her feet. Then, with a bound, Miss Pussy reached the table where the cups and saucers were.

One of the common breakfast cups was rather too near the edge of the table, and, with a whisk of her tail, the cat knocked it down, so that now there was an addition to the heap of fragments on the floor.

Suddenly a thought came into Tillie's mind,—not at all a good thought; but she did not think of that at

the time. Pussy had broken one cup; what harm would there be in letting her father believe that pussy had broken the other, too? She had only to say that pussy jumped onto the table, and that two cups were broken.

Tillie was a very timid child, and she greatly dreaded a scolding. Perhaps it was this that made her the more ready to yield to the temptation that had now come to her.

Footsteps in the passage decided her, and her mind was made up as Bessie came in.

"Why, Miss Tillie, what has happened? Dear me! It's that tiresome cat again! It isn't the first time she's been and broke things; but to think of her goin' and smashin' your pa's lovely Chinee cup! It's too bad, it is!"

All that day Tillie was dreading her father's return home, and it was some relief to her when her mother offered to explain matters to him, as she had heard the story from Bessie.

Of course Tillie escaped the scolding she had feared; but when night came, and she lay down to rest, she felt more wretched than she had ever been in her life.

Without telling an actual falsehood, she had allowed her parents to believe what was quite untrue, and her conscience told her that she had grievously sinned against heaven and in God's sight, and was no more worthy to be called His child.

She did not say her prayers, for she felt she could not ask her heavenly Father's blessing with this new sin lying like a dead weight upon her heart, unconfessed and unforgiven. But she lay awake in her little bed, afraid of the dark, afraid of her own thoughts, afraid

lest God should now at once punish her for her great fault.

The night deepened, and Mr. and Mrs. Marten had gone to their room. Suddenly a timid little knock at their door was followed by the entrance of a poor shivering little ghost in a white night-gown.

"I can't sleep, papa," she said, "everything is so dreadful! I must tell you the truth, or I shall never be happy any more. I broke your cup myself, papa. Pussy only broke one of the others, but I let everyone think she had broken both. Oh, papa and mamma, please forgive me, and ask God to forgive me, too!"

Then, when parents and child had knelt together in prayer, and pleaded for pardon through Jesus, and for the blessed Spirit's help in time to come, Mr. Marten carried the little girl back to her bed, and gave her a good-night kiss and a fervent "God bless you, my darling!" And Tillie fell asleep, resolving that by God's help she would never again as long as she lived swerve from the truth.—*Good Cheer.*

CHAPTER XL.

LESSON XXXVIII.—SUBJECT: WHAT TO READ.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Proverbs 1 : 7. Fools despise wisdom and instruction.

Sunday, Ecclesiastes 12 : 12. Of making many books there is no end.

Monday, Habakkuk 1 : 13. Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil.

Tuesday, Matthew 24 : 15. Whoso readeth let him understand.

Wednesday, Luke 10 : 26. How readest thou?

Thursday, I Corinthians 15 : 33. Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Friday, I Timothy 4 : 13. Give attendance to reading.

Outline.—Children what you read has a great influence on you. If you read good books they will be like hands pushing you towards the right, while bad books will surely push you towards the wrong. Good books have inspired people to grand and noble actions, while the influence of bad ones has led many to wrong and cruel deeds. There was a boy of excellent parentage who read sensational novels until he was inspired to run away from home. He stole some money and started

with a companion for the "Far West." After going part way, he fell in with a sort of "Fagin," who took away his money and clothes and then forced him to work very hard. It was some weeks before he could escape and return to his parents, who had become almost crazy from anxiety.

Never read a book unless your parents say it is all right. There are so many good books, beautifully illustrated, that there is no excuse for filling the mind with the vile stuff which is so abundant in the land.

OUR STORY.—ARCHIE MOORE'S CLUB.

BY MRS. J. L. SCUDDER.

"Halloo, Bill! Did you hear about Ned Waterhouse?" said Archie Moore, as he joined his friend Will Ames on his way to school.

"No; what about him?" said the boy thus accosted.

"Why it's terrible! You remember when they moved away? Well, his aunt, who came to live with them after his mother's death, wrote my mother a letter telling her all about it."

"All about what? You do go so slow, and I am dying to hear."

"Not quite dying, I think, but I'll tell you, anyhow. Ned Waterhouse, that we all liked so well, has been arrested for stealing, and is now in jail. His poor aunt is nearly distracted. Do you wonder?"

"No, I don't," said Will Ames, with a shocked look on his face. "How could that nice boy ever have done so dreadful a thing? Did his aunt write the particulars?"

"Yes," continued Archie, "and she blames herself

very much. You see where they moved to was quite different from here. At first she was quite delighted, there were so many nice things to see and enjoy in the city, and she was particularly glad because Ned could have some advantages there that he did not have in this little country village. Dear me, I guess now she would be glad if she'd never gone away."

"But what has all this to do with Ned's stealing? Do go on!" impatiently said Will.

"A good deal, if you'll wait until I can tell you," said Archie, good naturedly. "You see, there was a boy who lived near them in their new home who made all the trouble. He belonged to a good family and he seemed to be a very nice boy, but you know that song, 'All things are not what they seem,' and this chap was a bad one. There was one other boy, too, whose influence was not the best, but Ned's aunt never suspected that he was in bad company, and so he was allowed to go wherever he pleased. Mother says she should have known how and where Ned spent his time, but somehow she didn't think to ask, because she had great confidence in Ned."

"But what were they doing that was wrong," questioned Will, who still felt that his friend was long in coming to the main facts.

"Oh, they read together books and papers that your mother and mine would rush into the fire. Ned was a fool, for he might have known that reading such stuff would make him bad. My mother has drummed it into me that 'if I handle fire I will surely get burned' and if I touch a bad book I will grow bad myself. She has a great way of teaching us; whenever she reads of a boy who is led off on the wrong track she hunts around until she finds out what started him away from

the right, and it's funny, Bill, but almost every time it is either bad reading or bad companions. I tell you it scared me. I'm no preacher, Bill, but I say 'Beware.'"

"All right, I will; but do, for pity's sake, tell me what Ned stole, and where he stole it. I am anxious to hear the particulars," said expectant Will.

"Well, you needn't be in such a rush. I'll get there pretty soon. There isn't much to tell. The boys wanted money to buy some things to carry out a plot which they knew was wrong, and so they spurred Ned on until he committed the robbery. My mother says he was their 'cat's-paw.' Ned told his aunt afterwards that he objected very strongly to doing it, but they just bulldozed him into it. There was a large house where they left out the lawn-mower, and they persuaded Ned to go late and take it. They expected to sell it, but Ned was caught, and now he has a taste of the jail, besides this great disgrace for life. Isn't it terrible?"

"Yes, terrible," answered Will; "but what had reading to do with it?"

"Well, I declare, you are a great fellow! When I wanted to tell you about that you hurried me right on to the end; but no matter, I'll go back. It was reading of this wicked scheme that made them want money, and being also familiar with crime, it did not seem so terrible to them. Ned's aunt did not explain what they were planning for; she wrote because she wanted my mother to find out what the boys in our village were about, and to urge them on no account to turn away from the right path. Mother couldn't sleep last night thinking about it, and this morning she said she had decided to start a reading club. I am to ask any boys that I like to join it. Don't you want to?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied Will; "but I'd rather know more about it before I say certainly. I never heard of such a club. How does your mother intend to manage it?"

"Well," said Archie, "she intends to invite the boys to meet at our house once a week. At those meetings we are to read short selections from the best authors. She will talk with us at that time about the best literary people. When the boys go home, she will give them each a book to read, and if they read one good book a week they can be members of the club, and if they don't, they can't be."

"Dear me!" broke in Will, "what a queer way! Will there be no exception to the rule?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Archie. "If a fellow is sick, or the family is in trouble, it would be all right, I guess; but mother said she meant to be real strict, for she wants them to learn to like good books. She intends to choose interesting ones, and she says she will watch the tastes of the boys in selecting for them. I don't worry about that part, for she knows all about books."

"But is that all there is to it?" said Will, still questioning.

"Oh, no!" said his companion; "there are some books which each boy must read and write his opinion about it. When all have done this the boys are to read their papers, and whoever has the best one gets a prize, which I believe is to be a nice book or set of books. Of course only one boy can get it, but all of us are to have ice-cream and other good things because we have tried. Any boy who neglects to write his paper is not invited to the feast, and, of course, he can't hear the papers nor see the prize awarded. I

think mother's scheme a pretty good one, don't you? Do you think the boys will take to it?"

"Yes," said Will, "most certainly they will, to the feast part; and if they are not mighty silly, they will take to the other part. It isn't every day that boys get a chance like this. We know how smart your mother is, and you needn't be afraid about it. She'll make it interesting if anyone can. But hurry up, there's Jack Halliday just ahead, and I know he'll want to join. He's always in for everything that's good."

And so the boys hurried on, while Archie explained that of course his mother hadn't perfected her plans, but he was sure it would be all right, for his mother always made a success of what she undertook. He also explained that his mother had said that if children cultivated a taste for good books early in life, it would keep them from much that is evil later in life.

CHAPTER XLI.

LESSON XXXIX.—SUBJECT: KEEPING THE SABBATH.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Exodus 16 : 29. The Lord hath given you the sabbath.

Sunday, Exodus 20 : 8. Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.

Monday, Exodus 31 : 14. Ye shall keep the sabbath.

Tuesday, Leviticus 16 : 31. It shall be a sabbath of rest unto you.

Wednesday, Isaiah 58 : 13. Call the sabbath a delight.

Thursday, Mark 2 : 27. The sabbath was made for man.

Friday, Acts 18 : 4. He reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath.

Outline.—When God left one day for rest, He knew all about how busy the world would become in later years, and He knew that if He did not leave a little time for people to have quiet and rest, there would be very little time to worship. How shall we keep the sabbath? By attending church and Sunday school, and by refraining as much as possible from all our week-day work.

Sunday sometimes is a tiresome day for children, but it need not be. How many attractive books there are to read, and there are other pleasant pastimes. You can write a nice little Bible story, or you can gather the family together and have Bible twenty questions; you can play Sunday school, or write a letter to some missionary friend; you can name the flowers, the rivers, the seas, etc., which are spoken of in the Bible, and the one who can name the longest will be the victor.

Do you know why the Jews keep Saturday for their church day? Saturday is really the seventh day, the one that God originally gave for rest; but as Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week, the early church took that day for Sunday, and have observed it for worship ever since. The Jews do not believe in Christ, so His resurrection has no value with them, and so they keep Saturday, or the seventh day.

An excellent little verse is the following:

"A sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And plenty of health for tomorrow
But a sabbath profaned,
No matter what's gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

OUR STORY.—"I DON'T WORK ON SUNDAY."

Many years ago, before the western part of our country was thickly settled, a great highway was built from Maryland to Indiana. Over this road could be seen long lines of wagons, with six heavy horses attached to each, which were crawling slowly along laden with the household goods of those who were seeking

new homes in the West. The wagons were driven by men called "regulars," who went backwards and forwards over the road carrying merchandise of various kinds. One of these regulars went by the name of "Devil Tom Beard,"—a title he well deserved, as he was foremost in all plans of mischief. He was a blasphemous man, taking the Lord's name in vain at every breath, and his best friends felt more fear than love for him.

When the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was built, the "regulars" lost their occupation, Tom Beard among the rest; he therefore bought a few acres, built a mill upon it, and became the proprietor of a large sawmill. One day, while standing in front of his door, a man drove up and said:

"My barn was burned down last night, and if you can saw me some lumber by noon on Monday, I can get a new one raised by Wednesday. I need it very much. Can you do it?"

"Utterly impossible," said Tom, "because I don't work on Sunday."

"Come, now," the man rejoined; "a wicked wretch like you can't work on Sunday! Don't pretend to be pious, do you?"

"No," replied Tom, "I don't pretend to be pious, but I won't run my sawmill on Sunday to please anybody, and I'll tell you why, if you want to know."

"I don't know that it would make much difference to me what such a blasphemous man as you should say, but you can go on with your story if you like, for I *would* like to know what you can have found to give you such a religious look."

Tom, not at all angered by such unfriendly criticism, related the following:

"Many years ago, when I was a 'regular' on the road, I owned two large wagons. I drove one of the teams myself and hired a man to drive the other team. Between us we had fourteen horses, six each in harness, and each of us led one behind his wagon. All who could afford it had an extra horse. We called a trip, from home to Baltimore, from there to Pittsburgh or Wheeling, from there to Baltimore, and then back home, a 'rounder.' Every wagoner who made a 'rounder,' whether a farmer or a 'regular,' always made his charges sufficiently high to cover the contingency of losing a horse thereby. During a 'rounder' one horse was sure to give out, and sometimes several would break down, and occasionally a horse would die for us.

"On one occasion, on Saturday evening, being full of fun and frolic, I was the leader of a gang who made a raid upon the field of a farmer near where we were stopping. We stole a large quantity of green corn, and, taking it to the tavern, compelled the women to cook it for us. The next morning, Sunday, found me too sick to proceed on my journey, so the other teamsters hitched up and drove off, leaving me and my hired man and my two teams behind.

"By Monday morning I had sufficiently recovered to follow after my friends. My horses were so fresh, and in such good condition, that I drove much farther than usual that day. As they still walked off freely on Tuesday, I drove as far as I had done on Monday. Showing no signs of fatigue on Wednesday, I drove that day to the regular stand and stopped with my companions. For the remainder of the week I traveled in their company. I said nothing, but I did a wonderful amount of thinking. I resolved to try it again. Consequently, the next Sunday morning I feigned

sickness, and they went off without me. Again I tried it, and always with the same result.

"Every week, on Wednesday night, I overtook my comrades and kept with them till Sunday morning. I continued it till I had made a 'rounder'; and you must not laugh when I tell you that, after resting at home for my accustomed three days, my twelve team horses were in such fine condition from having had their regular rest on Sunday, that I sold my two extra horses. I continued on the road for five years thereafter, and never lost another horse by death, never lost an hour's time on account of worn-out teams, for they did not wear out, and never bought another extra horse.

"Then the railroad destroyed our occupation and I sold off my teams. There being no sawmill around here, I bought this spot of land, had this establishment erected, hired an experienced workman, engaged in the new enterprise, and soon became master of the business.

"Having had the experience I have just related to you, I resolved that my sawmill should never run on Sunday. I knew that it was not flesh, blood and bones; that it did not require rest as my horses did; but I thought that even the inanimate wheels, cogs and saws might be the better for having a regular rest from constant motion; might be the better for resting from incessant friction; might be the better for cooling off. Besides, I knew that both my man and myself required one day's rest in seven.

"The first Sunday after the sawmill was started, my hired man and I were loafing among the cedars over there. Soon we heard the noise of several wagons coming over the road. In a short time they appeared

in sight to us, but we were hidden from them. Each wagon was loaded with logs for my sawmill. The drivers shouted themselves hoarse, but my man and I were deaf to their calls. At length they unhitched their horses, left their loaded wagons, and went home.

"About the middle of the forenoon on Monday the two farmers returned with their horses, and seemed to be in a bad humor. I helped them to unload their wagons without noticing the condition of their temper. After the logs were rolled off the wagons, I invited them into the room here, on the sawmill. I then told them, nearly as I have related to you, my experience when I was driving my team as a 'regular' on the National Turnpike Road.

"They could see, in my experience with themselves, that if my sawmill had been running on Sunday, thereafter many farmers, as well as they, would have taken Sunday for hauling logs to my sawmill. So that when I had determined not to run the sawmill on Sunday, without knowing it I was relieving many a poor horse in the settlement from working on Sunday, and really compelling the farmers, too, to rest on that day.

"I don't know much about the Bible; but I guess God knew what He was about when He set one day apart for rest. I've never broken my rule, and I never shall, not even if those who are pious, like yourself, do come and ask me."

Here Tom Beard stopped to enjoy the mortified look which spread over the man's face. He was so thoroughly ashamed of himself that he could not at first speak. When he did, he said:

"You are right, Tom Beard. God is with you in this matter. You have taught me a good lesson.

Never again shall I be found guilty, under any circumstance, of asking a person to break the sabbath day."

Thus did a wicked man teach a good lesson, which we hope the reader will never forget.—*Good Words.*

CHAPTER XLII.

LESSON XL.—SUBJECT: SLANDER.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalms 101 : 5. Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off.

Sunday, Proverbs 11 : 13. A talebearer revealeth secrets.

Monday, Proverbs 26 : 20. Where there be no talebearers the strife ceaseth.

Tuesday, Jeremiah 9 : 8. Their tongue is as an arrow shot out; it speaketh deceit.

Wednesday, Titus 1 : 10. There are many unruly and vain talkers.

Thursday, Titus 3 : 2. Speak evil of no man.

Friday, James 4 : 11. Speak not evil one of another.

Outline.—The Bible everywhere condemns a mischief-making spirit. It is a most cruel and wicked thing to talk about people behind their backs. A few false words can keep a whole neighborhood in a strife. Children very often are little busybodies. They run around repeating everything they hear, and are disliked by everybody. An excellent rule to make is this: "If you can't speak well of a person, don't say anything."

A lady used to stop slander in this way: whenever

she heard evil spoken of in another, she would instantly mention some good quality of the person, and the backbiting invariably would cease. It is a terrible thing to handle a person's good name carelessly.

OUR STORY.—HOW THE STORY GREW.

As Kitty Coleman and Maggie Weir were going to school one morning, Kitty said:

"I was over at Uncle Fred's last Saturday, and came near staying too late. We had such fun that I did not notice how near the sun was to setting, and I was very much afraid I might meet a tramp."

"Did you meet one?" inquired Maggie.

"No-one but Johnnie Gates. He was coming down the hill whistling, and with a big watermelon under his arm. I was scared at first, but when I saw who it was I got over it."

At recess, Maggie said to Mary Ford:

"Kitty told me that she saw Johnnie Gates carrying a great big watermelon on Saturday evening. Wonder where he got it and what he is going to do with it."

Before school, Mary whispered to Sallie Bates:

"Johnnie Gates was seen carrying a great big watermelon on Saturday evening. I wonder if he got it honestly."

"Mr. Hart's melon patch was robbed about that time; maybe that's where it came from," answered Sallie.

At noon Sallie told Susan and Jennie:

"I know something, and I'll tell you if you won't breathe it to a soul."

"Oh, no, we won't," cried both girls in one breath; "what is it?"

"Why, Johnnie Gates robbed Mr. Hart's melon patch one night last week."

"Oh, dear, isn't that awful!" exclaimed Susie.

"I always thought that Johnnie was not so much better than the rest of us, for all he made believe he was so honest," said Jennie.

"He couldn't have done it alone," Sallie said.

Whereupon Jennie hastened to a group of school-girls who were in the house, and told them "Johnnie Gates and a lot of other boys robbed Mr. Hart's melon patch and destroyed all they could not carry away."

Just at that moment Johnnie himself came in whistling, and looking like anything but a thief. "Oh, girls, get together quick; I've got something for you, and it's most school time."

The girls looked at each other, and with little movements of disgust turned away.

"Why, what's the matter with you all? Hurry up, as the bell will ring!" cried Johnnie.

"We know what you've got, Johnnie Gates," spoke up Sallie, "and we don't want any of your stolen melon, and I think you should be ashamed of yourself."

"Who says I stole a melon!" cried Johnnie, in an excited tone; "I guess he'd better not tell me so. I was over at Uncle Henry's, Saturday night, and he gave me a splendid one, and I saved it on purpose to give you all some; but if that is the way you are talking about me, you may do without."

"Well," said one of the girls, "that is what I heard, anyway."

"Who told you? I'd like to know."

Then all began to talk at once, and became so excited that they did not notice that their teacher was in the room until she spoke to Johnnie, asking him to explain

the cause of the confusion. Then she carefully examined into the matter until she found that it all came from Kitty Coleman saying that she had met Johnnie with a melon.

The children that had taken part in the story felt somewhat ashamed of themselves when they saw how much the story had grown in their hands.

The teacher said: "I hope every one of you will learn a lesson from this incident, and just now, before the habit becomes fixed, resolve that you will tell nothing but what you know to be true, and that what you do tell, you will tell exactly as you heard it; and not tell anything to injure another, even if it is true. I hope Johnnie will forgive you, and that you will never forget the lesson you have learned today."

I am glad to say that Johnnie did forgive them, and gave them a piece of the melon all around; and I hope that neither they nor any of my little readers will grow up to be gossiping men and women.—*Morning Star.*

CHAPTER XLIII.

LESSON XLI.—SUBJECT: THANKSGIVING.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Psalms 50 : 14. Offer unto God thanksgiving.

Sunday, Psalms 95 : 2. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving.

Monday, Psalms 97 : 12. Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

Tuesday, Psalms 147 : 7. Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.

Wednesday, Jonah 2 : 9. I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving.

Thursday, II Corinthians 9 : 15. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

Friday, Ephesians 5 : 20. Giving thanks always for all things.

Outline.—I want each child to write down ten things for which they are thankful. Do you know why we celebrate Thanksgiving Day? Well, I will tell you. Years ago, some very religious men and women (called Puritans) came to this country in order to have more freedom to worship God. They had a very hard time in this new country, surrounded by Indians, with little to eat. At last they were successful in raising a harvest, and then they appointed a day in which to give

thanks. You see Thanksgiving means just that,—giving thanks. Ever since that time our nation has set apart this day to return thanks to God for all His goodness to us, and we ought not to make it just a holiday, but we ought to go to church and with our whole heart give thanks for all the mercies that we receive. If you lived in other countries you would see that there are many things here to be grateful for that do not exist elsewhere.

People are too apt to receive God's gifts as a matter of course. They take the fruits of the field, and sit at their tables and eat them without once telling God that He is good, and they are thankful. Be sure always to say "Thank you" for any gift, however great or small.

OUR STORY.—MISS SALLIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

"I'm re'ly afraid I ain't goin' to like our new minister!" said Miss Sallie, regretfully, as she patted the creases out of her Sunday gloves, and laid them in a lavender-scented drawer. Then she rolled over her finger the ribbon ties of her bonnet, and placed it in its own particular box, for she was a careful soul. "No, I feel that I ain't goin' to take the comfort with him that I did with poor dear Doctor Lee."

Miss Sallie was quite an elderly woman, and lived alone, but for a parrot and cat; and as it is impossible for a human being to exist without speech, she had got into the way of talking to them and to herself, so she did not feel the need of other companionship.

When she now entered the pleasant little kitchen, Polly welcomed her noisily, and Tommy also tendered

a greeting. Miss Sallie set the teapot on the stove, and finding the potatoes, which she had placed in the oven before going to church, just done, she wrapped them in a napkin and sat down to wait for the tea to draw.

"Yes, I used to reckon on goin' to church, an' come home feelin' real comfortable in my mind, but now it's different; for every sermon this minister preaches stirs me all up, an' the worst of it is he brings all the disturbin' parts right out of the Bible. Now, today, talkin' 'bout Thanksgivin'—why, he made out that nobody's got any right to set down an' eat a good dinner, if there's anybody they know ain't got the same; leastways not till they've provided one for 'em. Now, always for a good many years, ever sense my folks all dropped off an' left me alone, I've had a roast chicken an' cranberry jell an' so on, an' felt thankful, an' thought I had a right to it as long as my store debt was settled, an' the pew-rent an' mission money paid in; but 'cordin' to this new doctrine, I hadn't no right to set down an' enjoy a mouthful, for I've thought of a half-dozen or more that I'm mortally sure hadn't no more on Thanksgivin' day than other days, an' not enough for comfort no time; an' it seems that I an' other folks ought to have seen to it, but I never have, that's a fact.

"Now last Thanksgivin' I remember I give a basket of apples to Neddy, my arrant-boy, an' I don't re'ly s'pose he nor his raft of brothers an' sisters had any other treat that day but jest them apples; windfalls, too, they was; an' I might have put in a couple of dozen crullers and cookies, as well as not, but I didn't. I used to think I was quite a decent Christian, but it seems I'm but little better than a heathen."

"You're a rascal!" screeched Polly.

"You shet up! I ain't so bad as that," said her mis-

tress, as she opened the cage door and let the saucy bird out for her daily recreation.

Polly and Tommy, the sleek cat, agreed very well, though Polly's temper was rather uncertain. She would spend an hour or two very quietly prowling about the room, and then she would perch on the back of Miss Sallie's chair and pick at her hair and ears and spectacles, until she lost patience, and then Polly would be hurried into her cage, to scold or sulk, as she chose. "Purty creetur!" she said as she stepped from her cage on this Sunday noon. "Purty creetur, ha-a-a!"

"You want a lump of sugar, don't you, Polly? Now will you be good an' not pull my hair?"

So Polly picked daintily at the sugar, Tommy lapped lazily at a saucer of milk, and Miss Sallie ate her dinner in comparative peace. She usually read her church paper and took a nap on Sunday afternoons, but somehow on this day she felt too restless to do either. Conscience was busy, and Miss Sallie was troubled. She wondered how the poor lame shoemaker got along since his wife died; she thought of the little friendless dressmaker on the corner, and the consumptive widow in the same house and her quiet little girl; and if these harassing thoughts about other people's troubles were not laid to rest, how was she ever to eat her Thanksgiving dinner in peace and thankfulness of heart?

"I'd jest like to have a talk with the new preacher," she said aloud. "Folks say he's dreadful pleasant to talk, for all he seems so stern somehow when he's preachin' 'bout one's duty. I want to do all that's my bounden duty to do, of course, but I never felt as if I'd gone so fur wide from it till he come here. How I do miss poor Doctor Lee! But I ain't no manner o' doubt

he's in a better world than this. I do hope, in mercy, I'll happen to have a fire in the spare-room when the new man does call!"

But early the next afternoon, in answering a knock at the front door, Miss Sallie was "struck all in a heap," as she afterward expressed it, by finding the new minister standing there.

There was no fire in the little parlor, so she led the way, nervously, into her always tidy living room, and drew the cushioned rocker near the fire for her caller. He had scarcely sat down when Polly, incensed at seeing a man in the house, ruffled her feathers and said, in her shrillest tone: "You're a rascal! a rascal, ha-a-a!"

The minister fairly jumped at the sound.

"Oh, please," gasped Miss Sallie, "*please* don't mind it, it's only that dreadful bird! I'm *so* sorry, but she *will* be saucy sometimes!"

But Polly kept up her assertion, until the amused visitor arose and approached the cage.

"You go 'way, go 'way! Ah, you rascal!"

"Polly, you be still this minute!" said her mistress. "I shall have to put you in the dark."

"Ah, purty creetur!" said Polly, coaxingly.

"Why, that is a wonderful bird; I never heard one speak so distinctly," said the minister, taking no offense at Polly's personal reflections.

"You see," said the mortified mistress, "you see, she hangs outdoors in warm weather, an' the children teases her; they can't seem to go by without hollerin' at her, an' she sasses back; an' I'm sure she knows when she's naughty, but I can't break her of nothin' she once learns. But she's a sight of company to me."

"I should think so. You're a smart bird, Polly."

"Jest see if she'll take a lump of sugar from your hand," said Miss Sallie, forgetting her awe of the new minister in her delight at his praise of her pet.

And so, the ice of reserve being broken, she found it no difficult matter to talk of other things, and to unburden her troubled heart and conscience as freely to him as to the lamented Doctor Lee.

His successor was a wise pastor as well as a good preacher, and all his words were fitly spoken. But finally he arose to go, and lingered a moment in the open door for a few parting words, when Polly screamed savagely:

"Shut that door!"

Laughing heartily, he complied, and the last words he heard, as he went down the steps, were:

"Such a rascal, ha-a-a! Purty creetur!"

"You wretched bird!" said Miss Sallie, wrathfully. "He's jest a blessed man, an' you'll git a shawl put over your cage an' set in the dark next time he comes, my lady! *Ain't* you ashamed of yourself?"

Polly subsided into silence, and her mistress soon forgot her anger in the rush of other thoughts.

"Yes," she said aloud, after awhile, "yes, he's a real good man; no doubt about that; but what a mercy that he didn't try to make a prayer, for, if he had, Poll would have completely upsot him!"

The next day Miss Sallie made some calls; and the day after she was the busiest woman in town.

One would have thought that she had a large family, judging by the rows of pies, the platters of crisp, brown crullers, and the loaves of spice and pound cake that graced her pantry shelves when the day's work was done. And besides, there were quivering moulds of crimson jelly and a plump, yellow-skinned turkey,

all of which the owner surveyed with pardonable pride.

"I do declare, I ain't been so happy before in ten year!" said Miss Sallie, as she sat down for her evening rest; in proof of which, she essayed to sing "Old Hundred," to the utter consternation of Polly and Tommy, for their esteemed mistress was no singer.

But the next day the mystery was explained, for company came — the old shoemaker, the little dressmaker and the delicate widow and child. Not a very brilliant gathering, some outsider might have said, but a very happy and thankful one, notwithstanding. Miss Sallie's dinner was perfect and heartily enjoyed. Polly exerted herself to be entertaining, and surpassed all her former efforts; while Tommy was petted and feasted to repletion.

And when the visitors departed in the twilight, they sincerely and profusely thanked their hostess, whose kindly thought had given them such a pleasant Thanksgiving. — *The Golden Rule.*

CHAPTER XLIV.

LESSON XLII.—CHRISTMAS.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, Matthew 2 : 1, 2. There came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.

Sunday, Matthew 2 : 9. Lo, the star which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

Monday, Luke 2 : 11. Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Tuesday, Luke 2 : 14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Wednesday, Luke 2 : 20. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God.

Thursday, John 3 : 16. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Friday, Hebrews 13 : 8. Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.

Outline.—Christmas is Christ's birthday, and it is customary to make gifts to people whenever their birthday arrives. Jesus is not now on earth, but the same

happy spirit exists that was felt by the wise men, who came with their presents thinking thus to show their love for the infant Jesus. We, too, give our gifts because we are glad that He was born. Would that we could take our gold and silver and kneel before Him as they did in olden times in Bethlehem! but that is not possible. How then can we offer gifts to this great king? Jesus said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Any offering to the needy or sorrowful is the same as given to Him. We should not try to see what we can get for ourselves, or how much we can do for those who are well off, but we should make many of our gifts to those who have little joy at this Christmas season.

The wise men bowed down and worshiped Him when He was but a little babe. How reverently should we adore Him, after all that He has done for us!

He first opened His eyes in a manger, and if He had not been divinely sent, He would never have been received as a Saviour of the world.

OUR STORY.—JEANIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

Jeanie's childish face wore a very thoughtful, earnest expression as she stood by the window watching the white snowflakes whirling like downy feathers as the wind swept them into drifts in the corners of steps and doorways.

Perhaps it was the sight of two ragged, shivering little children that had made her so unusually thoughtful, and her little heart was aching with pity for all the

poor homeless children who would have no share in the glad Christmas joy.

"Mamma," she said presently, leaving her position by the window, to rest herself in her little rocking-chair beside her mother. "Mamma, I wish I could do something to make some poor little children happier on Christmas. I shall be so happy myself that I would like to make somebody else happy, too."

"That is the right Christmas spirit, Jeanie, darling," said her mother, pausing in her work to kiss the earnest, upturned face. "We ought not to be selfish in our happiness."

"What can I do, mamma? There are so many poor little children, and I cannot help them all. Can't you think of something nice for me to do for some of them?"

Mamma thought for a few moments, while her needle went busily back and forth as it traveled down the long seam.

"I know of something you can do, girlie," she said at last, as she smiled into the expectant face. "You know I told you that you might have a party Christmas afternoon. Now, instead of inviting your little school friends, who will have happy times at home, how would you like to invite some poor little ones who are not expecting any presents, and who have never had a happy Christmas?"

Jeanie's face wore a mingled expression of pleasure and dismay.

"That would be nice, mamma," she said after a moment's hesitation, "but I'm afraid I'm selfish. I want to have the girls here from school so much. Couldn't I have two parties, one on Christmas for the poor children, and one afterwards for the girls?"

Mamma shook her head.

"I'm afraid not, dear. It would be too much expense. Besides, it would not be your Christmas gift, if you did not make any sacrifice for it. It would be papa's gift and mine. I will not urge you to do this, but you can think about it, and decide for yourself."

"What poor children could I invite to my party, mamma, if I decided to have them?" asked Jeanie.

"The little boy who brings the evening paper has two little sisters, one of them a poor little cripple who cannot walk without her crutch. You might invite those three. Then, when Mrs. Ellis brought the clothes home this morning, she told me of four little children whose mother is sick, and who have not enough to eat, even. They live in the same house with her, and she is trying to get help for the poor family, for they are nearly destitute. You could add those little ones to your list, and send the poor mother some Christmas cheer. We can soon find plenty to invite if you decide to have the poor little ones instead of your schoolmates."

Jeanie went back to her seat in the window and, with her face pressed close against the pane, watched the whirling snowflakes in silence, and thought until her brain was weary.

She wanted to make the poor little children happy, but then how could she give up the party to which she had been looking forward for so many weeks? She was going to have such a lovely new party dress, and that must be given up, too, if she gave up the party.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." She whispered the words softly to herself as they came into her mind, and somehow after that it did not seem so

hard to decide. Surely she could make this sacrifice for the Saviour, who had come to earth to bring the great gift of salvation!

"I have decided, mamma," she said resolutely a few moments later, and there was no sound of reluctance in her voice.

A happy party it was that gathered in Mrs. Maitland's spacious parlor Christmas afternoon. The pinched, wan faces of the little guests grew bright and rosy with happiness, which was reflected in Jeanie's own, and their delight was unbounded when toward the close of the afternoon they were ushered into a room where a brightly illuminated Christmas-tree was standing laden with wonderful fruit. There was a useful present for each one of the guests upon the wide branches, as well as candy and oranges, and little Jimmy, the newsboy, shouted with delight as he thrust his hands into the warm red mittens.

The poor sick mother was not forgotten, and a basket brimming over with good things gave her a taste of Christmas cheer.

It was hard to tell who was the happiest, Jeanie or her little guests; and when the last one had departed, she threw her arms about her mother's neck lovingly and whispered in her ear: "This is the happiest part of my Christmas, mamma, for I was happier in seeing those poor little children than when I got my own presents."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," was the loving answer.—*The Christian at Work.*

CHAPTER XLV.

LESSON XLIII.—NEW YEAR'S.

Mark and explain the following texts:

Saturday, Exodus 12 : 2. This month shall be the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you.

Sunday, Deuteronomy 11 : 12. The eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year.

Monday, Job 8 : 7. Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase.

Tuesday, Proverbs 1 : 7. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.

Wednesday, Proverbs 10 : 27. The years of the wicked shall be shortened.

Thursday, Luke 16 : 4. I am resolved what to do.

Friday, Acts 11 : 26. A whole year they assembled themselves with the church.

Outline.—New Year's is a time for making good resolutions. It is the time of year when business men go over their accounts and straighten them out. They find how they really stand. We, too, dear children, should search our hearts and see how we stand. See if you have become selfish, impatient, or unkind; look carefully at all your actions for a day, and then see what needs to be straightened out. Find your greatest

fault and choose a motto for the year, which will help you to overcome it. A little girl who was not prompt in obeying took for her text, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Another child, of a quarrelsome disposition, selected, "Be kindly affectioned one to another." With such helps and constant prayer almost any sin can be overcome.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

OUR STORY.—FARMER CREHORE'S NEW YEAR.

BY ESTHER CONVERSE.

Farmer Crehore's heavy wagon and strong bay horse were well known at Needham Four Corners. As they slowly moved up the hill, horse and wagon seemed to rightfully belong to the strong, well-built man in the blue frock and slouch hat.

"Going to town?" asked a man who stood apparently awaiting the slow-moving vehicle.

"I am; can I do anything for you?"

Just these few words said plainly that the rough exterior was no exponent of the man beneath; the rich, full voice and well enunciated words indicated something in Farmer Crehore not visible on the surface.

"Well, yes," said the man at the gate: "Father Watson wants the minister to come and see him; he's been uneasy about it all day; thinks he shan't last long."

"I'll call there," said the farmer, as he chirruped to his horse.

A little later he stood at the minister's door, but the tiny girl who answered the bell could not be trusted to deliver the message, and he was obliged to await the pastor in his study.

"Books and pictures make a room look pleasant," he thought, as he looked about him. "I wonder how ministers can afford them. When I was young, I used to think I'd have 'em, but I've missed it some way, though I guess I've more bank stock than he has." Just then the sun, streaming in through the western window, made the words framed over the study-table too conspicuous to be unnoticed:

> "To look up, and not down,
> To look out, and not in,
> To look forward, and not back,
> And to lend a hand."

These have since become household words, but they were new to Farmer Crehore; and long after he left the house they seemed to linger in his sight. Strangely enough, in thinking of the first, his thoughts flashed back to the Pilgrim's Progress of his childhood, to the man bending over the muck-rake, and seeing nothing of the glory around and beyond.

"It's just about the way I've bent my back over that meadow-lot the past year," thought the farmer; "and I've hardly looked higher than that five-foot wall I'm building. I used to have plans and hopes, but I seem to have given them all up lately. I've grown narrow. A farmer isn't of much account among men; I wish I'd been something else. I might be more than I am, though; I believe I will be; the New Year just coming makes it a good time to begin to look 'forward' and 'out.'" Here he glanced at the house he was nearing. "I wonder I haven't noticed those broken shutters before; the house looks shabby, that's a fact, and I've been looking down into that ditching all the time, and haven't seen it. That's a pretty view across the river," he continued. "I don't know what makes me notice it

so tonight; and it stretches on and on, over hill and valley, meadow lot and woodland; mine's but a bit of the whole. That isn't what those words mean, of course, yet there is an 'up' and an 'out' beyond where I've been looking so long. I won't buy that Porter lot, I've land enough; I'll spend a little of the money in broadening and fixing things."

The horse was unharnessed and fed, and the ordinary work attended to with the same accompaniment of "up and down," "out and in." Supper was ready when he entered the house, and he attended to the wants of the family in an absent way, as his mind repeated "forward and back," and "lend a hand."

"Abby's been here," said Mrs. Crehore, after the dishes were cleared away and the children gone to bed.

"Has she?" asked her husband absently.

"Yes, she seemed to want to talk things over, and come to an understanding: but I told her it only brought things back fresh to our minds; bygones couldn't be bygones with us."

"Well, I don't know, Julia, about that," said Mr. Crehore, slowly; "I guess we'd be happier if we'd stop looking back. There's no help for the past, and it's rather narrow to be looking back into the old year when there's a new one just ahead of us. We've learned wisdom, if they haven't."

Surprise kept Mrs. Crehore silent for a moment before she asked:

"Shall we make it up with them?"

"Why, yes, we might as well; I'm glad Abby's been over. You'd better ask them here to dinner New Year's day."

What had come over Daniel? Mrs. Crehore laid

down her knitting, and looked her astonishment. She asked no questions, however, but only said, "So we will, Daniel, and it will be right comfortable to be friends again. They are our own kin; we can't get away from that."

So far Mr. Crehore had only touched the outside of the motto, but, as the days passed, the words rang the changes of "forward and back" and "lend a hand," wearing each day a deeper track through heart and brain, and opening the mellow heart-soil that lay underneath the broken crust of selfishness.

The neighbors called Mr. Crehore close and unaccommodating; the hay-cart, harrow or extra team was seldom borrowed of him, and favors granted were sometimes little less agreeable than a gruff refusal would have been. It was his nature, but untoward circumstances had warped a generous heart, and misplaced confidence had rendered suspicious a naturally friendly and genial nature. His reserved manner repelled confidence, and, left more and more to himself, he had ceased to be thoughtful of others. But now opportunities seemed to be opening at every hand, and invitations to "lend a hand" poured in upon him. Why Captain Jones should try to deliver his wood when the roads were in such condition, and one of his horses disabled besides, he could not imagine; but as he saw the slow, labored movement of the team, his new impulse left him no choice, and his own strong pair of horses was brought out to help over the hill. What was it to him that neighbor Hall's horse strayed away? And when Mr. Croft's load of hay was overturned at the corner, why should he leave his work to help reload it? Widow Snow had always been able to send her butter to market without his aid; why did Julia interest

herself about it just now? He had no time to attend to all these wants; yet he *did* attend to them, and felt such deep satisfaction that he wondered he had so long deprived himself of such pleasure. He had less time now to brood over wrongs, real or fancied, and he determined that suspicion and distrust should no longer control him. The mind must have food; he would create new interests by joining the Farmers' Club, and subscribing for new periodicals; yes, and he would pay more attention to educational interests, and identify himself with church and town affairs.

Farmer Crehore was making ready for the new year. He was a man of few words, but his actions should give expression to the new purpose within.

Mrs. Crehore entered eagerly into his proposed plan for a New Year's dinner, and the pretty china service she received for her Christmas present added to the pleasure she felt in preparing the feast.

Our business at that festival is not with the bountifully spread table, but with the guests ranged around the board. There is the pastor, who has striven in vain to pierce the cold exterior of his parishioner; and just beyond the pastor's wife is Abby, who had been desirous of "talking things over." The narrow, grasping brother-in-law, seated just beyond, looks strangely ill at ease, although the invitation said as plainly as words that bygones were to be bygones. There is the teacher from the little district school-house. He can scarcely believe that his pleasant host and the man who met him so ungraciously a few weeks since are the same. And the young man at the foot of the table, shamefaced, yet happy, — he, too, understands that the misdemeanor for which he was discharged is overlooked.

On the wall above gleams the golden words that have been imprinted upon the heart of the host.

As they rise from the table, Farmer Crehore calls the minister's attention to it, saying, "I saw it first in your study, pastor, and it took a hold upon me I haven't been able to shake off."

The pastor needed no further explanation of the change that had surprised him. He warmly grasped the hand of his parishioner, saying, "Thank God; we will not only look forward, but we will go forward together into the New Year." — *The Golden Rule.*

CHAPTER XLVI.

LESSON XLIV.—EASTER.

Mark and explain these texts:

Saturday, John 11 : 25. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.

Sunday, John 14 : 2. I go to prepare a place for you.

Monday, Acts 24 : 15. There shall be a resurrection of the dead.

Tuesday, I Corinthians 15 : 20. Now is Christ risen from the dead.

Wednesday, I Thessalonians 4 : 13. Ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

Thursday, I Thessalonians 4 : 14. If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

Friday, Revelation 20 : 6. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.

Outline.—Resurrection means to rise again from the dead. This Jesus taught and proved by His own appearance on earth after He had died on the cross. They rolled a great stone in front of the tomb in which He was laid, and they set men to watch before it; and yet, without opening the door or being seen of men, He appeared again on earth to His disciples and many others. Christ appeared ten different times after He died, and

once He was seen by five hundred people. It is a very comforting thought that if our dear ones rise, we shall see them again. In some heathen countries they believe that when persons die they go into the bodies of animals. In India the natives will not eat a cow, for fear they might be eating their grandmother or some other relative. The Saviour taught us that we go up higher, instead of going lower and becoming like the beasts of the field.

Let us always try to think of our loved ones, who are in heaven, as resting from worldly cares, and pure as the angels of God. It is this thought of purity which leads us to decorate our altars with lilies at the happy Eastertide.

OUR STORY.—AN EASTER PARTY.

BY ELIZABETH GLOVER.

"It is two years since Effie's death," said Miss Armstead, glancing up at the house where the child had lived; "yet the blinds are all still closed. It seems as if her poor mother meant to shut out every ray of comfort forever. What can I do for her!"

She rang the bell, and was ushered into the darkened parlor. A portrait of Effie hung between the windows, and while Miss Armstead waited, she went and peered up at the sweet little face, as if to find in it some inspiration for the bereaved mother's help. She had loved the child, for Effie had been one of her Sunday-school class.

Presently Mrs. Averil appeared—a beautiful lady, but with a fixed expression of sorrow upon her face, and clad in deepest mourning. She greeted Miss Armstead kindly, and the latter met her with a gentle, en-

treating cheerfulness that strove to win her sick heart from its prepossession. Yet presently, for all Mrs. Averil's courtesy, it appeared from her every measured word that to make talk with her upon outside subjects was a useless effort. Miss Armstead ceased to attempt it, and turned directly upon the citadel of sorrow. She was an old friend, and the boldness of a heart full of pity inspired her.

"Next week is Easter," she said. "Oh, Edith! I want you so to take the comfort of it!"

"It will not bring me comfort," said Mrs. Averil, coldly.

"But Effie was such a true little Christian; she must be so happy to be with Jesus. Oh, do let it make you happy, too!"

"I would if I could," said the mother, mournfully. "I used to think I was a Christian till my child was taken. I have doubted if there were reality in any of it since."

"Oh, Edith, for Effie's sake, do not doubt!"

Mrs. Averil began to walk the room, full of excitement. "My child is dead to me," she said. "She is dead and gone. Nothing comforts me. I have prayed; I have tried to read books of comfort. They seem all a falsity. Effie is gone. I dread this Easter; I dread the whole spring-time. It seems like a ghastly mockery. It restores nothing."

"My dear," said Miss Armstead, going to her and laying a firm hand upon her arm, "listen to me. You say you cannot receive any comfort from Easter. I want you this week to seem as if you did. Sometimes to act as if we expected a blessing helps us to receive it. I want you this week to throw back these blinds and put some bright flowers here under her picture.

For her sake, dear," she added, as she saw her friend shrink at the suggestion: "for Effie's sake. Indeed, I think she would like it; don't you."

Mrs. Averil could not answer. She was weeping now. "And I have something else to ask," said Miss Armstead; "a very great thing, but it is something, too, that Effie would like. I want to have a little festivity at Easter for my class — for her class, you know. I cannot do that very well at my boarding-house. I want you to let me have it here. I will take all the trouble and care; but I want to have it here in this beautiful home."

Mrs. Averil ceased weeping, and looked at her friend in reproachful surprise.

"You do not know what you are asking, Harriet," she said. "I have not looked on the face of a child, if I could help it, since mine died. And a festivity here, in this desolated home!"

"But Effie loved her little girl friends. You know there never was a happier child than she when you made little companies for her. If you think it even possible that she is still living, you know such a thing as this would make her little heart happy. You would not lose the least possibility that you might still give her pleasure, would you?"

"Harriet, how can you ask me such things! I could not do it."

"For her sake," pleaded Miss Armstead. "For her sake, dear, you must open your heart and take in comfort. If you let sorrow separate you further from God, instead of drawing you nearer, surely that would be to be separated further from Effie, for she is with God."

"How can I help it?" cried the poor mother.

"By giving up the will of sorrow. Surely it has had

its way long enough — two whole years! See, dear Edith, I want to open these blinds now. I want more light on Effie's picture. I think she would sigh for it. Such a happy-hearted child could not like this darkened room."

And with a brave hand Harriet raised the sash and threw back the blinds of the long western window. Spring sunshine streamed through the lace curtains, and from the gilded wall paper a glow was reflected full upon Effie's portrait. It was as if a smile broke over the painted face, and the mother, who for two long years had averted her eyes from it, stood gazing and weeping and murmuring words of tenderness.

"She always loved the sunlight," said Miss Armstead. "Let us love it, too, Edith, for her sake."

"If I bring my little girls here," she presently continued, "I want to put flowers round this portrait; not white, funereal ones, but fresh pink azaleas, as spring-like and dainty as she herself always was. I do not want any shadow from her death to fall between her and them. I want to bring them here to rejoice in the thought of her life and happiness."

"You cannot bring that about, Harriet; it would be impossible."

"I can. They are children. They have the faith of children. Look out, Edith! that springing grass does not find the sunshine more natural and blessed than children find God's revelation of His love and life. I want you to have the help of children, dear Edith; I want you to learn from them."

"I fear them!" cried Edith. "I am afraid of their voices and faces. My heart is too sore."

"They will comfort it. Only let me bring them, and you will see."

Mrs. Averil did not reply. Some spell had entered with the sunlight which her heart could not resist. She presently seated herself by the windows, looking thoughtfully now out over the green grass and the border of snowdrops in bloom by the fence, and now up at the sunny face of her child. No wonder that she, who had embraced darkness, had felt so severed from that child. Her look now was pale and sad, but its fixed, immovable aspect of woe was broken up.

Harriet's heart lightened as she watched her. "Verily I believe I have not dared in vain," she thought.

She was not surprised to receive during the week a note from Mrs. Averil asking leave to make all the arrangements for the party herself. But the eager interest and lavish effort with which the bereaved mother presently threw herself into it was a surprise indeed. She sent out six little notes of invitation upon paper stamped with gold and silver butterflies. The day before Easter every window in the drawing-room was open. Gayly colored shades were drawn over the lights of the chandelier. Flowers were everywhere. A stand of callas was in one sunny window, pots of long-stemmed scarlet amaryllis in another; vases of roses and carnations, violets and mignonette were on all the tables. The wreath of fresh pink azaleas that Miss Armstead had asked for was around Effie's picture. The face that smiled out of it could not be associated with thoughts of pain and death.

There was a flush of life and interest upon Mrs. Averil's worn face. "Come out and see the children's table," she said.

She had spread it with the finest of damask and loaded it with every adornment. There were silver candle-

sticks with tulip cups to shield the flame. A pyramid of angel lilies was in the center of the table, and a string of delicately colored Easter eggs encircled it, lying upon a bed of roses. There were flowers and smilax depending from the gas-fixture above, and hovering down toward the lilies were some gay butterflies, suspended by tiny wires concealed amid the green.

At every plate was a pot of hyacinths just ready to bloom, each little pot wrapped daintily in a Japanese napkin. Beside each of these lay also a flowery Easter-card, a gilded, egg-shaped bonbon box, and a gayly dressed little doll. There was a big cake decorated with doves and lilies. "It has a souvenir in it," said the mother; a little ring with forget-me-nots upon it. Effie was so fond of having a cake with a ring in it."

There were crimson and amber pitchers of milk; little orange baskets heaped with clear jelly; a bird's-nest pudding; tiny cakes and animal crackers — everything that Mrs. Averil remembered had once pleased her child.

"How you must have worked!" said Harriet; "and how lavish you have been!"

"It has comforted me to do it. I have felt as if I were doing it for her, and she has seemed so near me all day."

How awake, how tender and sweet, was her thin, sad face!

"Will you mind having some of the games Effie liked?" she asked. "See, I have made a candy-bag, because she never thought her parties complete without one."

And she drew out a bag of bright-colored tissue paper tied with a gay ribbon, and, opening it, showed what looked like a heap of flowers, for every candy had been

wrapped in its separate bit of soft, bright paper — pink, green, rose, gold and blue. Harriet remembered the wild merriment of children over a candy-bag, and stood amazed.

The children came — all six — at the appointed time. They were a little timid and constrained at first, in a house they had so long associated with grief. But the tender smile with which Mrs. Averil met them, the bright decorations, the pink wreath about the smiling face of their lost playmate, were reassuring. Enough of a subduing memory lingered with them to prevent any wildness in their merriest games. And they played very merry ones, and were most childishly happy over the pretty supper-table and the wonderful gifts and the cake with the ring.

When the feast was over, Miss Armstead gathered them at the piano to sing an Easter hymn, and then talked to them about the hyacinth bulbs, the Easter eggs, and the butterflies, and their meaning at this time. Then she asked them for the verse she had taught them that held the reason for Easter joy, and made it fit that all happy and beautiful things should belong to the season of Christ's rising. And the children repeated together these words:

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The woman who had tried not to look on a child's face since her own died, stooped to kiss each of the little girls as they bade her good-night.

"I do not know how to thank you," she said to Harriet afterward; "you have helped me so much. You do not know how near to me my child has seemed all day."

"Because you have turned your face as hers is

turned, as the faces of all the angels are turned," cried her friend — "toward light, and toward life!"

"I will not turn it back," was the earnest answer. "I have felt there is something to live for. I want to do for children. I am going to give my life to work for the children."—*The Christian Union.*

CHAPTER XLVII.

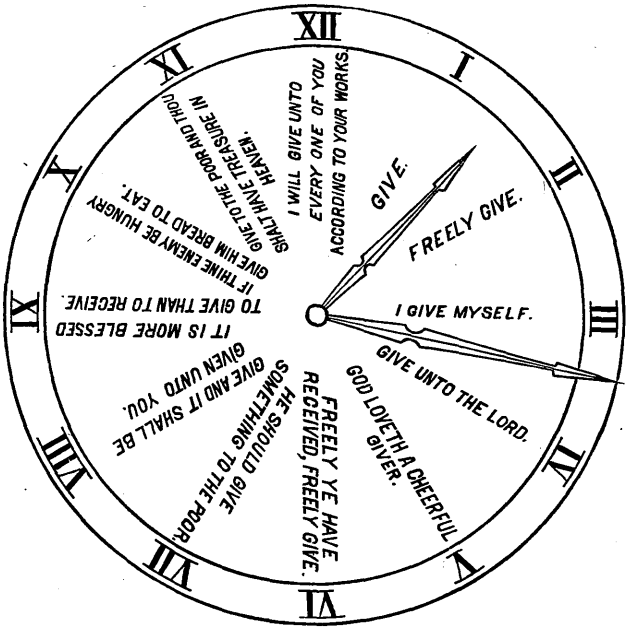
EXTRA PROGRAMMES, EXERCISES, ETC.

A meeting that will be found profitable, and which is calculated to enlist the attention and appreciation of the children, is one in which the favorite song of each child is sung and the favorite text recited. If the class is not too large, it is pleasant to hear why they selected them. Ask them to choose a text and hymn which will be in harmony.

A meeting which stimulates Bible study is one in which the children all stand, and in turn recite a text of scripture. When a child can no longer recite one, he or she sits down. The one who remains standing the longest is the victor and should have a handsome reward card. To make variety, two leaders can be selected who may choose the children for their sides, then alternate the recitation of Bible verses, and whichever side remains standing the longest will be entitled to a prize. It is conducted exactly like the old-fashioned spelling match, except that in this instance Bible texts are used.

Notice must be given of these meetings beforehand, in order that the children may have an opportunity to prepare. As the different verses are recited, a word may be fitly spoken by the leader, impressing the thought therein expressed.

THE CLOCK ON GIVING.



1 o'clock—Give.
2 o'clock—Freely give.
3 o'clock—I give myself.
4 o'clock—Give unto the Lord.
5 o'clock—God loveth a cheerful giver.
6 o'clock—Freely ye have received, freely give.
7 o'clock—He should give something to the poor.
8 o'clock—Give, and it shall be given unto you.
9 o'clock—It is more blessed to give than to receive.
10 o'clock—If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat.
11 o'clock—Give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.
12 o'clock—I will give unto every one of you, according to your works.

Strike a silver bell to indicate the hours.

THE GOSPEL ALPHABET.

All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.—Romans 3 : 23.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—John 1 : 29.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matthew 11 : 28.

Depart from evil and do good.—Psalms 34 : 14.

Enter ye in at the straight gate.—Matthew 7 : 13.

Fight the good fight of faith.—I Timothy 6 : 12.

Give me understanding and I shall keep thy law.—Psalms 119 : 34.

Ho! every one that thirsteth.—Isaiah 55 : 1.

I will arise and go to my father.—Luke 15 : 18.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.—Hebrews 13 : 8.

Knock and it shall be opened unto you.—Matthew 7 : 7.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor.—Romans 13 : 10.

My soul waiteth upon God.—Psalms 62 : 1.

Now is the accepted time.—II Corinthians 6 : 2.

One faith, one Lord, one baptism.—Ephesians 4 : 5.

Pray without ceasing.—I Thessalonians 5 : 17.

Quench not the spirit.—I Thessalonians 5 : 19.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Ecclesiastes 12 : 1.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God.—Matthew 6 : 33.

Teach me thy way, O Lord.—Psalms 27 : 11.

Understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.—Psalms 107 : 43.

Vow and pray unto the Lord your God.—Psalms 76 : 11.

Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.—Matthew 26 : 41.

Xcept a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven.—John 3 : 3.

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.—Matthew 6 : 24.

Zealous of good works.—Titus 2 : 14.

CATECHISM ON CHURCH FORMS.

Baptism.

What is baptism? A sprinkling, or immersing in water, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Why is it done? Water suggests being clean, and when used in baptism it shows that the heart must be kept clean by the help of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Who first taught it? John the Baptist.

Was Jesus baptized? Yes, in the river Jordan.

Uniting with the Church.

When should people unite with the church? When they love Christ and desire to do His will.

What do they then promise? To try to overcome their faults and be like the Lord Jesus Christ.

Is more expected of them after taking this step? Yes, they must try to set a good example, for they are known as Christians in the world. Evil actions will bring disgrace on their Lord and church.

The Lord's Supper.

What do you mean by the Lord's supper? The taking of bread and wine by members of the church.

Why is this done? To remind us of the last supper our Lord took on earth, with His disciples.

What did He say at that time? "Do this in remembrance of me."

What are we to remember? When we take the bread, we are to remember that His body was broken for us. (Explain what this means.)

What else are we to remember? When we take the wine, we are to remember that His blood was shed for us.

Could He have done more for us than to die for us? No.

How much, then, should we love Him? Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength.

TEMPERANCE CATECHISM.

What is alcohol? A liquid poison.

Name some kinds of liquor in which alcohol is found. Rum, brandy, whisky, gin, beer, wine, etc.

Where does liquor go when it is drank? Into the stomach.

What does the stomach do with it? It sends it into the blood and it is carried all over the body.

Why can you smell it in the breath? Because the blood carries it to the lungs and it is thrown out in the breath.

Does it injure the whole body? Yes, it injures the stomach, dulls the brain and makes the nose red.

What do alcoholic drinks do for men's minds? If used in too great quantity, it makes man worse than an idiot. He cannot talk or walk right, and often is not able to tell his own name.

Is he worse than an animal when he is in this condition? Yes, he does not know as much as any animal in the street, for they can walk.

Is it right to laugh at drunken men? No, the sight is too pitiful.

Do men commit crimes when intoxicated? Yes,

three-fourths of all the crimes are committed by men who have been using liquor.

Name some of the crimes. Murder, wife-beating, stealing, loss of life on ships, etc., etc.

Have people tried to stop the sale of liquors? Yes, various organizations have been formed for that purpose.

Name some of them. Women's Christian Temperance Union, Reform Clubs, Bands of Hope, etc.

What else have people tried, to rid the country of intemperance? Laws have been made.

What is prohibition? Trying to *stop the sale* of all liquors.

What is total abstinence? Refraining from *the use* of every kind of liquor.

Should we all work for the temperance cause? Yes, with all our hearts, for 60,000 fill drunkards' graves every year.

Is more expended for liquor each year than for education? Yes, much more. More even than for bread and meat.

Can children help? Yes. Recite this pledge:

"God help me, evermore, to keep
This promise that I make:
I will not chew, nor smoke, nor swear
Nor poisonous liquor take.

"I'll try to get my little friends
To make this promise, too,
And every day I'll try to find
Some temperance work to do."

TOBACCO CATECHISM.

What is tobacco? A poisonous plant.

Will animals use it? Not one will touch it?

How many cigars are smoked every year in New York city? Ans. 75,000,000.

How many people are employed every year in the manufacture of cigars in New York city alone? More than 20,000.

What is the effect on those who work in it? Their lives are shortened.

What part of tobacco is injurious? Nicotine.

What is nicotine? A poisonous oil which is found in the tobacco leaf.

What is the effect of nicotine on animals? Experiments have proved that it takes very little to kill a cat or dog.

What is the effect of the first cigar? It makes a person very sick.

What are the different ways in which tobacco is used? To smoke, snuff and chew.

Which is the most injurious form? Cigarette smoking.

Is it particularly injurious to the young. Yes, it stunts the growth and produces nervous diseases.

In what way does tobacco affect the health? It makes a disturbance in the blood, stomach, mouth, throat, heart, lungs and brain.

Have many noble men died from its use? Yes, hundreds.

What great man do you know? Gen. Grant, who died from a cancer in the lip, caused by smoking.

Give six reasons for not using tobacco.

I. It produces sickness, and sometimes death.

II. It occasionally leads to the use of liquor.

III. It produces bad manners, oftentimes.

IV. It is a habit which makes the home unhealthy and untidy.

V. It is a great waste of money.

VI. The children of smokers are often nervous and sickly.

Is there any benefit to persons who use tobacco? None whatever.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ADDITIONAL EXERCISES.

Sample of Bible story in which the children guess the names of the person of whom the story is told:

I see a dear little girl, with dark eyes and hair, whose mother is telling her to go down by the river and sit on the bank, and watch a little basket that is hidden in the tall green bushes there. She charges her that if she sees anyone touching it, to follow along and see where it is carried, and come home and tell her. She is a good, obedient child, so she goes and takes a seat where she can watch everything. She sees a beautiful lady come down with her maid to bathe in the river, and soon the lady spies the little basket and calls her waiting maid to take it out of the water; in it she finds a dear little baby, all safe and dry. While they are lifting it out, the little girl glides quietly down to the water's edge, and perhaps she hears the lady saying: "He's such a beautiful baby, I'd like to keep him, and I would, only I don't know how to take care of a baby. I wish I knew of a good nurse." Then the little girl speaks up politely and says: "I know of a good nurse who would love to take care of this dear little baby. She knows how, too, for she has had several children of her own. Shall I run and bring her?" The lady was pleased to see the child show so much interest, and said: "Go." So away ran the little girl and brought

the mother of the baby. Then she was very happy, for the baby was her own dear brother. Who was this obedient little girl? Miriam, the sister of Moses.

SUPPLIED WORDS.

A sample of Bible story in which the children supply the words which have been omitted:

There is a good boy spoken of in the Bible, who had many brothers that did not like him, because they were jealous of him, thinking their father liked him best. The father showed his love by giving him a ——— of many colors. The name of this boy was ———. He had a younger brother named ———. Joseph dreamed that he saw them binding sheaves in the field, and his sheaf stood up in the middle, higher than the rest, and all the other sheaves bowed down to his. He told his dream to his ———, and they determined to kill him. One day when he was in the field with them, they tore off his pretty coat and put him in a ———, intending to let him die there. Just then a band of men came along, and so they took him out of the pit and ——— him. They took his ——— and dipped it in ——— and carried it to their father, saying Joseph had been eaten up by a ———. The poor father mourned long for his lost son. Many years after there was a great ——— in the land, and people were obliged to get corn from the land of ———, to keep from starving. The older brothers of Joseph made a journey there for this purpose. The king at that time was ——— and he had been much troubled, on account of bad dreams. He could find no one to explain them except ———, who was there in ——— at the time, so he brought him out of prison, and after finding him to be very trustworthy, he made him ruler

over all the land of Egypt. He was in this position when his brothers came for ———. He did not tell them who he was at first, but puzzled them in various ways. At last he told them to bring their youngest brother. This the father for a time would not consent to do, but being pressed with hunger he at last consented. All went well until a silver cup was found in his sack of corn, but this led to Joseph making himself known, and then he sent his brothers back for his dear old ———. Jacob could scarcely believe the story, but he packed up and went down to Egypt and found his long-lost son, over whom he rejoiced greatly.

MODE OF ASKING THE TWENTY QUESTIONS.

Always take some object or person which is very familiar to all, and ask the questions something after the following manner. Take, for instance, "The Widow's Mites":

Question I. Is it in the Old Testament? Ans. No.

Question II. Is it in the Gospels of the New Testament? Ans. Yes.

Question III. Is it in Matthew? No.

Question IV. Is it in Mark? Yes.

Question V. Is it animal? No.

Question VI. Is it vegetable? No.

Question VII. Is it mineral? Yes.

Question VIII. Is it any kind of a stone? No.

Question IX. Is it any kind of metal? Yes.

Question X. Is it any kind of money? Yes.

Question XI. Was it the penny that Jesus held when he said, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's?" No.

Question XII. Was it the widow's mites? Yes.

In this instance there are yet eight questions to spare. It is well sometimes to ask in regard to size. All articles of silk, woolen or hair are called animal. Of cotton, grains, etc., of course, vegetable. The more difficult questions can be asked by an assistant. Call the names alphabetically and allow the children to ask in turn. If one does not care to, pass on to the next one. The following are some objects which are suitable to be taken for this purpose.

The burning bush, the brazen serpent, the golden sceptre that King Ahasuerus held out to Esther, the manna, the loaves which were given by the little boy to feed the multitude, the fig-tree which bore no fruit, the box of ointment which was broken, the pebble slung by David at Goliath, the golden calf made by the children of Israel in the wilderness.

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

Eve, the first woman spoken of in the Bible.
Sarah, the wife of Abraham.
Rebekah, Isaac's lady-love.
Rachael, the shepherdess.
Miriam, the sister of Moses.
Deborah, the prophetess.
Ruth, the gleaner.
Hannah, the mother of Samuel.
Abigail, the wife of David.
The Queen of Sheba.
Jezebel, the wicked Queen.
The Shunamite woman of great faith.
Esther, Queen.
Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist.
Mary, the mother of Jesus.
The widow who gave two mites.

Martha and Mary, the sisters of Lazarus.
Sapphira, the woman who told a falsehood.
Dorcas, the woman who worked for others.
Lydia, the woman who was converted at Macedonia.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

Isaac, Genesis 22.
Joseph, Genesis 37.
Benjamin, Genesis 44 : 25, 34.
Moses, Exodus 2 : 2, 10.
Miriam, Exodus 2 : 2, 10.
Samuel, I Samuel 3.
David, I Samuel 17.
The little maid who directed the great general, Naaman to a cure for his leprosy, II Kings 5.
Jesus, Luke 2 : 46, 52.
The boy who unselfishly gave up his loaves and fishes to feed the multitude, John 6 : 9.

THE SEAS OF THE BIBLE.

The Mediterranean, called also Great Sea, from its size. It is 2,200 miles long and 1,200 miles in the widest part. If placed in the United States it would reach from New York City to Salt Lake City, and from New Orleans to Chicago. Commerce was extensively carried on over its waters, and many missionaries sailed over it to carry the Gospel to other lands. Tyre and Sidon were wealthy cities picturesquely situated on its shores.

The Red Sea, over which the children of Israel passed in safety, is spoken of in Exodus 10 : 19, Exodus 13 : 18, Psalms 106 : 7, 9, 22.

The Dead Sea, called also the Salt Sea, is 40 miles

long and 8 miles wide. The water is so salt that fish cannot live in it. No one drowns there, for people who cannot swim can easily float. Sodom and Gomorrah were formerly on its shores. What was the fate of these cities? What persons were connected with them?

The Sea of Tiberias, or Galilee, is a most picturesque little lake, dropped in among surrounding mountains. In its waters fish were abundant, and several of the Apostles found their occupation in catching them. It was on this lake that Christ walked on the water, and Peter failed to, for lack of faith, Matthew 14 : 24. Here Christ stilled the tempest (Luke 8 : 22), and also aided in procuring the wonderful draught of fishes. On its shores He delivered many of His wonderful discourses, and in the surrounding mountains He spent much time in meditation and prayer.

" Wild the night on Galilee :
Louldly roared the angry sea,
When upon the tossing wave
Jesus walked, His own to save—
Calmed the tumult by His will,
Only saying, 'Peace, be still!'
Ruler of the storm was He,
On the raging Galilee.

" Once along thy rugged shore
He, who all our sorrows bore,
Journeyed oft, with weary feet,
Through the storm or burning heat ;
Healing all who came by faith,
Calling back to life from death :
King of kings from heaven was He,
Though so poor by Galilee ! "

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE BIBLE.

Ararat, on which the ark rested.—Genesis 8 : 4.

Calvary, on which Christ was crucified.—John 19 : 20.

Carmel.—I Samuel 15 : 12.

Ebal, mount of cursing.—Deuteronomy 27 : 13.

Ephraim, the possession of Ephraim, Joseph's second son.

Gerizim, mount of blessing.—Deuteronomy 27 : 12.

Gilboa, where Saul was killed.—I Samuel 31 : 1, 6.

Gilead, mount where "Mizpah" was spoken.—Genesis 31 : 47, 48.

Hermon.—Deuteronomy 3 : 8, 9.

Hor, where Aaron died.—Numbers 20 : 28, 29.

Horeb, one of the group of Mount Sinai.

Lebanon.—Isaiah 37 : 24.

Moriah, where Abraham offered Isaac.—Genesis 22 : 1, 2.

Peor.—Numbers 23 : 28.

Mount of Olives.—Matthew 24 : 3. Bethany on the eastern slope, from which Christ ascended.—Luke 24 : 50.

Pisgah, where Moses viewed the Promised Land.—Deuteronomy 34 : 1.

Sinai, where the law was given to Moses.—Exodus 19 : 1 to Exodus 20 : 19.

Tabor.—Jeremiah 46 : 18.

Zion.—Psalm 48 : 2. Used as a figure for heaven.

See a Bible Dictionary for a fuller account.

PRECIOUS STONES OF THE BIBLE.

Agate, Amethyst, Beryl, Carbuncle, Diamond, Onyx, Sardius,	Used in Aaron's breastplate when set apart as priest.—Exodus 28 : 18.

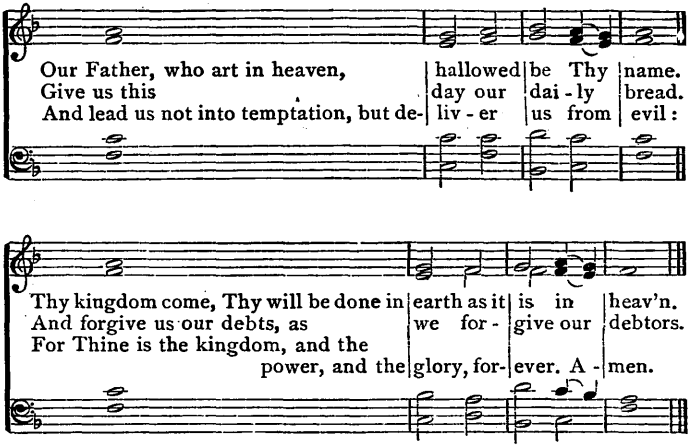
Chrysoprasus, (A green stone).
Chrysolyte, (A clear stone of gold color).
Chalcedony, (An agate of light brown).
Emerald,
Jacinth, (Yellowish red).
Topaz,
Sardonyx. A stone-like onyx, shading from red to [white.

Spoken of to indicate the beauties of heaven.—Revelation 21 : 20.

Crystal cannot equal
Coral is not to be mentioned with
Rubies are not so good as

Wisdom.—Job 28 : 17, 18.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



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